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Originals and Analogues

of some of

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

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Originals and Analogues

of some of

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, EDMUND BROCK,

AND

W. A. CLOUSTON.

41017
98.

"The larger works of fiction resemble those productions of a country which are consumed within itself; while Tales, like the more delicate and precious articles of traffic, which are exported from their native soil, have gladdened and delighted every land."—DUNLOP's *History of Fiction*.

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FOREWORDS.

THE purpose of this volume was to get together all the known sources of Chaucer's *Tales*, so that the student of the Poet might see what in them was borrowd, and what original. The Analogs were added in order to show how the stories that Chaucer used were modified by other minds in other lands. But few of these would have been given, had not Mr. W. A. Clouston, the well-known authority on the subject, most kindly volunteered his help. He has treated, as fully as he can, the *Franklin's Tale*, the *Merchant's Tale*, the *Man of Law's Tale*, the *Pardoner's Tale*, the *Manciple's Tale*, the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, and the *Clerk's Tale*. A like illustration of the other Tales—almost all of which admit it—would have sweld this volume to such unwieldy size, that Mr. Clouston advised its closing now, leaving him at liberty to take up the subject again when he can find time for it, either thro' a publisher or for the Society.

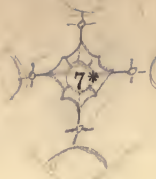
Mr. Clouston has also been good enough to revise Mr. W. M. Wood's Index to this volume, and to draw up the Contents, adding a List of the Tales illustrated by analogs, variants, &c. This was necessary, because the latter were printed as they came to hand. I never thought of waiting to get everything available for any Tale before anything about it was put forth. I still hope to arrange with Mr. Hy. Ward and some second Editor for the issue of the original of the *Knight's Tale*.

The Original of *Troilus and Cressida* has been edited for us by our kind helper, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. If Analogs or Originals can be found for any of Chaucer's Minor Poems, they will appear in a separate volume.

The thanks of all our Members are specially due to Mr. Clouston for the very interesting set of Eastern Analogs which he has contributed to this volume. I am responsible for pages 55-288 below.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Westfield Terrace, Bakewell, Derbyshire,
12 August, 1888.



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The following is a list of such of Trivet's works as I have been able to find intelligible references for:—

I. *Annales ab origine mundi ad Christum*.¹ Royal MS. 13 B xvi., MS. Phillipps. 1846, MS. Bibl. du Roi 4929.

II. *Annales Sex Regum Angliæ, qui a comitibus Andegavensibus originem traxerunt*. Arundel MSS. 46 and 220, Harleian MSS. 29 and 4322, Corpus Christi Coll. Camb. MS. 152, Merton Coll. Oxford MS. 256, Queen's Coll. Oxford MS. 304.

III. A Commentary on Augustine *De Civitate Dei*. Harl. MS. 4093, Balliol Coll. MS. 78 A, Merton Coll. MS. 31, Royal MS. 14 C xiii., Laud MS. 128.

IV. A Commentary on Seneca's Tragedies. Bodleian MS. 292, Burney MS. 250.

V. A Commentary on Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. Additional MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 19,585 and 27,875, Burney MS. 131, Camb. Univ. MS. Dd. I. 10, 11, &c.

VI. A Commentary on the *Flores Hugonis de S. Victore*. Royal MS. 8 D ix., MS. E Museo 139.

VII. A Commentary on *Valerii epistola ad Rufinum de uxore non ducenda*. Lincoln Coll. Oxford MS. 81.

VIII. *De officio missæ*. Harl. MSS. 3138 and 3768, Merton Coll. MS. 188, Lambeth MS. 150.

IX. *Expositio in Leviticum*. Merton Coll. MS. 188.

X. *Compotus Hebræorum*. Merton Coll. MS. 188.

XI. *Tabula Nicolai Trivet super allegorias libri Ovidii de transformatis, secundum ordinem alphabeti*. Merton Coll. MSS. 85 and 299.

XII. *Moralizatio fabularum Ovidii, sive commentarius super Ovidii metamorphoses*. Merton Coll. MSS. 85 and 299, St John the Baptist Coll. MS. 137.

XIII. *Questio determinata per Mag. Nicolaum dictum Trivet de ordine predicatorum, quod omnia sunt admittenda quæ tradit ecclesia circa passionem Christi*. Corpus Christi Coll. Camb. MS. 298. (? Royal MS. 6 B xi.)

¹ This is quite a distinct work from the *Chronicles* in French, though T. Hog supposes them to be one and the same. See his preface, p. xii-xiii.

XIV. Fr. Nicolai Trivet Opus in tres priores Libros Sententiarum. Lambeth MS. 347. (? Caius Coll. Camb. MS. 319.)

XV. Nic. Triveth Expositio literalis super Psalterium. Bodl. MS. 738. Strasbourg, Bibliothèque Publique. (See Haenel's *Catalogi Librorum Manuscriptorum*, col. 446.)

XVI. Nic. Triveth, Angli, ord. Præd. quodlibeta. (See Haenel, col. 594.)

XVII. Notes on *Senecæ Declamationes*. (See Haenel, col. 177.)

XVIII. Chronicles in French. Arundel MS. 56, Magdalen Coll. Oxford MS. 45, and a MS. in the Royal Library at Stockholm.

It is from this last work that the tale of Constance is extracted. In the Arundel MS. the heading runs thus:—

Ci comence les Cronicles qe Frere Nichol Tryuet escript a dame Marie, la fille moun seignour le Roi Edward, le fitz Henri.

After this follows a short preface, in which the author explains the scope of his work as follows:

Pvr ceo qe nous sumez auisez de ceux qe sount persons en estudie, qil sount ennoyez de la prolixete destoires & qe plusours en ount defaute de liures, il nous plust recoiller la counte de ceaux qe descenderount del primere pierre adam, droitement entendues, taunqe a la nesaunce nostre seignour iesu crist, si qe par la descripcioun qest myse soient les qeors plus attraez a regarder a la-bregement fete, qe len puisse la chose de plus leger entendre, & retenir de plus viue memorie; mes nous nescounteroms pas la verite de lestorie. Mes la monstrooms ordeinement solonc la descence de Adam par patriarches, Iuges, Rois, prophetes, & prestres, & des autres de lour temps iesques a nostre saueour, Et puis apres de les gestes des apostoles, emperours, & Rois taunt a lapostoile Iohan le xxij.

The story of Constance begins on leaf 45, back. Trivet represents it as the account of the Saxon chronicles. We need not inform the reader that the work known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle contains nothing of the kind.

GOWER, the contemporary of Chaucer, has versified the story of Constance in the second book of his *Confessio Amantis* (vol. i. pages 179—213, of Dr Pauli's edition). Beyond condensing the tale somewhat, he has altered it but little. The incidents follow each other in the same order as in Trivet. The following are the chief alterations:—

1. Gower makes no mention of the great learning of Constance (compare pp. 4-5, 12-13).
2. Nor of the 700 Saracens (cp. pp. 8-9).
3. The murderer of Hermingild, after being smitten by the hand, confesses his crime and dies (cp. pp. 24-25).
4. Constance is not taken to the Admiral, but Thelous sees her by the shore (cp. pp. 32-33, 34-35).
5. Thelous is thrown from the ship miraculously, in answer to Constance's prayer (cp. pp. 36-37).
6. Constance's ship floats into the Roman fleet till it reaches the senator's vessel, and then stops (cp. pp. 40-41).
7. Domild is not beheaded, but burnt to death (cp. pp. 38-39).
8. Constance goes forward to meet her father without the king (cp. pp. 50-51).

The only important addition made by Gower is the following passage :—

And þanne hire handes to þe heuene
 Sche Strawhte, and wip a milde steuene,
 Knelende vpon hire bare kne,
 Sche seide, " O hihe mageste,
 Which sest þe point of euery trowþe,
 Tak of þi wofull womman rowþe
 And of þis child þat I schal kepe."
 And with þat word sche gan to wepe,
 Sounende as ded ; and þer sche lay.
 Bot he which alle þinges may
 Conforted hire, and ate laste
 Sche lokep, and hire yhen caste
 Vpon hire child, and seide þis :
 " Of me no maner charge it is,
 What sorwe I soffre, bot of þee
 Me þenkþ it is a gret pite ;
 ffor if I sterue þou schalt deie,
 So mot I nedes be þat weie,
 ffor Moderhed and for tendresse,
 Wip al myn hole besinesse,
 Ordeigne me for þilke office,
 As sche which schal be þi Norrice."
 Thus was sche strengped for to stonde ;
 And þo sche tok hire child in honde,
 And ȝaf it sowke ; and euere among
 Sche wepte, and oþerwhile song

To rocke wiþ hire child a slepe.
And thus hire oghne child to kepe
Sche haþ, vnder þe goddes cure.

Harleian MS. 3869, leaf 67, back, 68.

CHAUCER tells the same story as Trivet, but tells it in his own language, and in a much shorter compass. He omits little or nothing of importance, and alters only the details. As the reader can easily compare any passage of Trivet's version with the corresponding passage in the *Man of Law's Tale* by means of the numbers in the margin, we need only mention a few of the more striking differences.

Trivet ascribes great learning to Constance and a knowledge of many languages; Chaucer passes this by, and where Trivet makes her speak Saxon so as to be mistaken for a Saxon princess, Chaucer says (ll. 516—520):—

In hir langage / mercy she bisoghte
The lyf / out of hire body for to twynne
Hire to deliuere / of wo / that she was Inne
A maner latyn corrupt / was hir speche
But algates / ther by was she vnderstonde

Trivet makes the drowning of Thelous a premeditated act on the part of Constance; Chaucer treats it as an accident:

But blisful Marie / heelp hire right anon
ffor with hir struglyng wel and myghtily
The theef fil ouer bord / al sodeynly
And in the see / he dreynte for vengeance
And thus hath Crist vnwemmed kept Custance

ll. 920—924.

In Trivet Constance sends Maurice to invite the Emperor; but Chaucer says:

Som men wold seyn / how þat the child Maurice
Dooth this Message / vn to this Emperour
But as I gesse / Alla was nat so nyce
To hym that was / of so souereyn honour
As he that is / of cristen folk the flour
Sente any child / but it is bet to deeme
He wente hym self / and so it may wel seeme.

ll. 1086—1092.

Chaucer's additions are many; of the 1029 lines of which the tale consists, about 350 are Chaucer's additions. The passages are these:

I. Two stanzas on the great book of heaven, ll. 190—203:

Paraventure / in thilke large book /
That no wight kan wel rede it atte fulle¹

II. A bit of chaff about husbands all being good; then Constance's farewell words to her parents, ll. 270—287:

And to be bounden / vnder subieccioñ
And to been / vnder mannes gouernance

III. Three astrological stanzas, ll. 295—315:

O firste moeuyng / crueel firmament
Allas / we been / to lewed or to slowe

IV. The Sultanness's speech to the Saracen conspirators, ll. 330—343:

Lordes / she seyde / ye knowen euerichon
And I shal make vs sauf for eueremoore

V. Another speech of the Sultanness, ll. 351—357:

We shul first feyne vs / cristendom to take
Thogh she / a font ful water / with hire lede

¹ Tyrwhitt says, "This passage is imitated from the *Megacosmus* of BERNARDUS SYLVESTRIS, an eminent philosopher and poet about the middle of the xiith century. Fabric. Bibl. Med. Ætat. in v. *Bernardus Carnotensis et Sylvestris*. I will transcribe here the original lines from MS. Bod. 1265.

Præjacet in stellis series, quam longior ætas
Explicet et spatiis temporis ordo suis,
Sceptra Phoronei, fratrum discordia Thebis,
Flamma Phæthontis, Deucalionis aquæ
In stellis Codri paupertas, copia Croesi,
Incestus Paridis, Hippolytique pudor.
In stellis Priami species, audacia Turni,
Sensus Ulyxeus, Herculesque rigor.
In stellis pugil est Pollux et navita Typhis
Et Cicero rhetor et geometra Thales.
In stellis lepidum dietat Maro, Milo figurat,
Fulgurat in Latia nobilitate Nero.
Astra notat Persis, Ægyptus parturit artes,
Græcia docta legit, prælia Roma gerit.

The four lines in Italics are quoted in the Margin of MS. C. 1, (the good paper MS. Dd. 4. 24, Univ. Libr. Cambr.); and others: see the Six-Text.

VI. Chaucer apostrophizes the Sultanesse, and then Satan, ll. 358—371 :

O Sowdanesse / roote of Iniquitee
Makestow of wommen / whan thou wolt bigile

VII. Some lines setting forth the splendour of Constance's reception in the Saracen city, ll. 400—410 :

Noght trowe I / the triumphe of Iulius
And thus / in murthe and ioye I lete hem dwelle

VIII. A stanza on the shortness of worldly joy, ll. 421—427 :

O sodeyn wo / that euere art successour
The vnwar wo / or harm þat comth bihynde

IX. A prayer of Constance, ll. 449—462 :

She blesseth hire / and with ful pitous voys
Me helpe / and yif me myght / my lyf tamenden

X. Five stanzas on God's power to deliver from various dangers, ll. 470—504 :

Men myghten asken / why she was nat slayn
God sente his foyson / at hir grete neede

XI. Four stanzas describing Constance's defenceless condition, ll. 631—658 :

Allas Custance / thou hast no champion
ffer been thy freendes / at thy grete nede

XII. Some lines on the wedding, ll. 701—714 :

Me list nat of the chaf / or of the stree
As for the tyme / it may no bet bitide

XIII. Chaucer apostrophizes the drunken messenger and the treacherous Domgild, ll. 771—784 :

O Messager / fulfild of dronkenesse
Thogh thou heere walke / thy spirit is in helle

XIV. The constable's lament on receiving the counterfeit letter, ll. 811—819 :

Lord Crist quod he / how may this world endure
On shames deeth / ther is noon oother weye

XV. Constance's prayer before going to ship, her attentions to her child, prayer to Mary, words of pity for her innocent babe, and her leave-taking, ll. 825—868 :

————— and knelynge on the Stronde
She blissed hire / and in to ship she wente

XVI. On the end of the 'lust of luxurie', and whence Constance got her strength against the renegade, ll. 925—945 :

O foule lust of luxurie / lo thyn ende
So sente he myght and vigour to Custance

XVII. Alla's thoughts after seeing Maurice, ll. 1037—1043 :

Parfay thoghte he / fantome is in myn heed
To my contree / fro thennes that she wente

XVIII. The pain and joy of Alla's meeting with his long-lost wife, ll. 1052—1078 :

And weep / that it was routhe for to see
Hath seyn or / shal / whil þat the world may dure

XIX. On the unlastingness of all human joy, ll. 1132—1141 :

But litel while it lasteth / I yow heete
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance

The tale of Emare in the Cotton MS. Caligula A ii. printed by Ritson in his *Romances*, seems, in all but its bad beginning, to be merely an altered version of the Constance story. We give an outline only.

A rich and mighty emperor, named Artyus, has by his wife Erayne an only child, Emare. The empress dies before her daughter can walk or talk ; and the child is entrusted to a nurse named Abro. Sir Tergaunte, the king of Sicily, presents the Emperor with a wondrous cloth of gold, set with all manner of precious stones. It was made by the 'Ameraille dowȝter of heȝennes,' and formerly belonged to the Sowdan, from whom Tergaunt's father won it. The Emperor sends messengers to fetch Emare and her nurse, and has a garment made for her of the wonderful cloth. When he sees his daughter thus attired, he becomes enamoured of her, and wishes to make an incestuous marriage with her. He actually gets a bull from the pope for that purpose. But Emare refuses. Whereupon

the wrathful Emperor swears that she shall die. She is put into a boat without food or drink 'in the robe of noble blee'. The wind drives the boat from the land. When her father has lost sight of her, he repents and sends ships after her, but in vain. The boat is driven 'into a lond that hy3th Galys y vnþurstond'. Emare is found by the king's steward, Sir Kador, who makes a feast, whereat the king sees Emare and falls in love with her. The king marries her sorely against his mother's will. Soon after he goes to help the king of France against the Saracens, leaving his queen, now with child by him, in charge of his steward and a bishop. In due time she bears a son, who is named Segramour. The steward sends news of the queen's safe delivery to the king. But the messenger, on his way, goes to the king's mother, who makes him drunk, steals and burns the steward's letter, and writes a counterfeit one, saying that the queen is a devil, and her child a monster. On reading the false letter, the king's grief is great, but he orders the queen to be safely kept. The messenger returns, again calling on the king's mother, who again makes him drunk and counterfeits the king's letter, giving order that the queen shall be sent out to sea. This is done. She is drifted to Rome, where a merchant named Iurdan finds her boat, and takes her home with him. She abides there. The king of Wales returns from the wars. The treachery of the king's mother is discovered, and she is banished. After some years the king goes to Rome to get absolution from the pope. He takes his lodging at the house of the burgess, where Emare dwells. Emare's son serves the king, who asks his name, and finds it the same as his son's. The old Emperor, thinking of his former sin and of his lost daughter, goes to the pope. The king and Segramour go to meet the Emperor and tell him about his daughter. A joyful meeting takes place.

The Stockholm MS. marked III was many years ago found by Professor G. Stephens to contain the story of Constance. See his catalogue entitled "*Förteckning öfver de förnämsta brittiska och fransyska handskrifterna, uti kongl. biblioteket i Stockholm* (1847), p. 20. This MS. was kindly sent over by the authorities of the Royal Library at Stockholm, and deposited at the British Museum

for the use of the Chaucer Society. Whilst it lay there Mr Ward of the MS. Department identified it with Trivet's Chronicle in the Arundel MS. 56, which Mr Thomas Wright had pointed out, in his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, as containing the story of Constance. As the Arundel MS. was older and better, it was chosen for the text of the present edition, the Stockholm MS. being used to supply omitted words or letters, and in some cases to correct false readings. Since the text has been in type, I find that there are several other MSS. of the work in this country, namely, Magdalen Coll. Oxford 45, Trin. Coll. Camb. Gale O. 4. 32, Bodl. Lib. Rawl. B. 178, Douce, 119. (See Sir T. Hardy's *Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the early History of Great Britain*, iii. 349.¹)

In printing the text I have most carefully followed the MSS. The contractions are represented as usual by Italics.² In collating the Stockholm MS. I have for the most part disregarded mere differences of spelling.

I have to thank M. Paul Meyer for some corrections which he kindly made in my translation.

E. BROCK.

Cambridge, Jan. 1872.

¹ I am sorry to find that Sir T. Hardy copies T. Hog's mistake of confounding the French Chronicle with the Latin work, *Annales Mundi*.

² The word 'xpian' I have printed as '*christien*' throughout, notwithstanding that the scribe, when writing in full, spells it '*cristien*'. See p. 9, line 3 from below.

OBSERVE. All words marked ° in the text are wanting in the Stockholm MS. Where the Stockholm MS. has *additional* words, they are either put into the text in crotchets [], or else into the footnotes with a dagger † before them. This dagger has been substituted for the sign + (*plus*), which was found inconvenient for the printer.

1.

The Life of Constance

(the source of Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale")

from

the Anglo-Norman Chronicle of Nicholas Trivet

(AFTER A.D. 1334).

COPIED FROM THE ARUNDEL MS. 56, COLLATED WITH A MS. IN THE
ROYAL LIBRARY AT STOCKHOLM, AND EDITED WITH
A TRANSLATION

BY

EDMUND BROCK.

The Life of Constance.

Translation.

*Man of Lan's
Tale, line*

In the time of this Emperor Tiberius Constantinus, as some chronicles tell, there was a right valiant knight of the country of Cappadocia, called Maurice. This Maurice was chosen by the foresaid Tiberius to be emperor with himself; and (the emperor) gave him to wife his daughter Constance, and made her his heir. But, as the ancient chronicles of the Saxons say, this Maurice was not more than seventeen years old when he was appointed by Tiberius to the empire; a very gracious youth, and wondrously strong for his age, and wise and sharp of wit. According to the history of the Saxons aforesaid, he was the son of Constance, the daughter of Tiberius, by a king of the Saxons, Alle, beforenamed, who was the second king of Northumberland; and he was called (Maurice) of Cappadocia, because he was nourished twelve years in the court of the Senator Tarquinius of Rome, who was from Cappadocia. Then it gives us to understand that this Tiberius Constantinus, whilst he ruled the court and provinces of the empire under the Emperor Justin, as is aforesaid at the beginning of the forty-sixth history, begat on his wife Italia a daughter Constance. And because he had no other child, therefore with great diligence

The Life of Constance.

[Arundel MS. 56, leaf 45, back.]

¶ En le temps cist Thiberie Constantin, emperour^o, com dient lez vns cronikes, estoit vn tresuailaunt cheualer del pais de^o Capadoce, apele Moriz. Cist Moris fu eslu par le auant-dit Thiberie destre Emperour ou lui; et lui dona femme Constaunce sa fille, & la clama son heire. Mes come dient¹ lez Aunciene cronikes de sessounz, cist Moris nestoit mes de^o dissept² auntz, quant il fu ordeine par Thiberie al empire, trop gracios Iuencel, & merueilleusement vigerous de son Age, & de sen sages³ * & agu. Cist, solom⁴ lestoire de⁵ sessouns auantdites,⁶ estoit le fitz constaunce, la fille Tyberie, de vn rei de⁷ sessouns, Alle, auantnome, que estoit le secund Roi de Northumbre;⁸ & fu dit de Capadoce, quar dozze anz estoit norri en la Court le senatour Tarquinnus⁹ de Rome questoit de Capadoce. Dount¹⁰ fait assaouir que cist Tyberie Constantin, taunt com il gouverna la Court & lez prouinces del Empire soutz lempereur Iustin, com auant est dit al commencement del¹¹ quarantime sisme¹² estoire, engendra de sa femme ytalie vne fille Constaunce. Et pur ceo que nul autre enfaunt auoit, pur ceo a¹³ grant diligence

Tiberius Constantinus chose a knight named Maurice to be *Moris*, emperor,

and gave him his daughter Constance to wife.

[* leaf 46]
But according to the chronicles of the Saxons, this Maurice was the son of Constance.

Tiberius, having no other child, caused his

¹ diount. ² xvij.

³ sage.

⁴ solonc : so elsewhere.

⁵ lestoires dez.

⁶ auantditz. ⁷ dez.

⁸ Northumberland.

⁹ Tarquinius.

¹⁰ done : so elsewhere.

¹¹ de. ¹² xlvij. ¹³ od.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

- he caused her to be taught the Christian faith and instructed by learned masters in the seven sciences, which are logic, physics, morals, astronomy, geometry, music, perspective, which are called secular sciences; and he had her instructed in various tongues. Then, when she
- 134** had entered the thirteenth year of her age, there came to the court of her father Tiberius heathen merchants out of the great Saracenland, bearing divers and rich merchandise; and Constance went down to them to look at their riches, and asked them about their land and their belief. And when she understood that they were heathens, she preached to them the Christian faith. And after they had assented to the faith, she caused them to be baptized, and perfectly taught the faith of
- 173** Jesus Christ. Then they returned to their country. And when they acknowledged the faith before their Saracen neighbours and kinsfolk, they were accused to the high Sultan concerning their faith. And after they were brought before him, they were rebuked by the wise men for their religion, that they should believe in a crucified and mortal man. But after they had sufficiently defended the religion of Jesus Christ against the heathen, who no longer knew how to gainsay it,
- 183** they began to praise the maid Constance, who had converted and fully instructed them, for very high and noble wit and wisdom, and great marvellous beauty, and gentleness, and nobleness of blood; through which words the Sultan, greatly overcome with love for the maiden, he being a young man, sent those same Christians again whom she converted to the faith, and with them a heathen Admiral, with great pomp and wealth and presents to Tiberius and his daughter, asking the maiden in marriage, with great promise

la fist enseignier la foi *christien*, & endoctriner par¹ mestres sachaunz en lez² sept sciences, *que* sount logiciene, Naturel, Morale, astronomie, geometrie, Musique, perspectiue, *que* sount philosophies seculeres apeletz; & la fist endoctriner en diuerses langages. Puis, quant ele estoit entree le trezime aan de son age, vindrent a la court son pere Tiberie, Marchauntz paens hors de la graunde sarazine, portaunts³ diuers & riches Marchandies; a queus⁴ descendi Constance pur Auiser lour⁵ richesses, si lour demaunda de lour terre & de lour⁶ creauce. Et quant ele entendi qil estoient paens, lour prescha la foi *christiene*. Et puis qil auoient assentu⁷ a la fey,⁸ les fit baptizer & en-seiner parfitement en^o la fei iesu crist. Puis retournerent a lour terre. ¶ Et quant reconustrent la foi deuaunt lour veisines e parens sarazines, estoient accuses al haut soudan de lour foi Et apres qil⁹ estoient amenes deuant lui, furent repris par¹⁰ les sages de lour ley, qil¹¹ deueyent crere en vn homme crucifie & mortel. Mes puis^o qil aueyent suffisauntment defendu¹² la loy¹³ iesu crist encounter les paens, qe ne sauoient plus^o countre-dire,¹⁴ comenserunt¹⁵ de preiser la pucele constance, qui les auoit conuertu¹⁶ [& pleinerement enseigne,]¹⁷ de trop haut & noble seen & sapience, & de graunte merueilleuse beaute & gentirise & noblesce de saunc; par queles paroles lui¹⁸ soudan, trop suppris del amour¹⁹ de la pucele, com il estoit homme de loeue age, maunda de nouel mesmes ceux *christiens*, qil²⁰ conuertit²¹ a la foy, e ouesques eus vn admiral²² paen oue grant aparail &^o richesses & presentz a Tyberie &²³ sa file, en demaundaunt la pucele en mariage, oue grant promescie

daughter to be instructed in the Christian faith and in the seven sciences.

Heathen merchants came to Rome, and were converted through hearing Constance.

Conversio paganorum

They returned to their own country; and being brought before the sultan,

they defended their faith and spoke in praise of Constance.

The sultan falls in love with her, and sends messengers with rich gifts to ask her in marriage.

¹ † lez.

² le.

³ † multz.

⁴ as quex.

⁵ lez.

⁶ la.

⁷ assenti.

⁸ † *christiene*.

⁹ ils.

¹⁰ de.

¹¹ qils: *so elsewhere*.

¹² defendi.

¹³ foy.

¹⁴ † come.

¹⁵ comencèrent.

¹⁶ conuertiz.

¹⁷ From S.

¹⁸ le: *so elsewhere*.

¹⁹ damour.

²⁰ ia. ²¹ conuertez.

²² admirable.

²³ † a.

Man of Law's of peace and alliance between the countries of the
Tale, line Christians and the Saracens. And after that Tiberius

- 234 had consulted, concerning this request, Pope John (who was spoken of before in the forty-sixth history,) and the other great ones of Holy Church, and the Romans of the Senate, he answered the Admiral and messengers, that if the Sultan would consent to deny his idols and his false beliefs, and receive baptism and the religion of Jesus Christ—on this condition Tiberius would consent to the alliance, but in no other way. And hereupon he sent his letters to the Sultan, and greatly honoured the messengers. And these men, on their return, praised above all things to the Sultan, the maiden, and the splendour of the court, and the gentle lordship of Tiberius. And the Admiral, before the Sultan and all his council, vowed himself to the Christian faith, if the Sultan should consent. Then after a few days, the Sultan sent this same Admiral, and worshipful messengers of the greatest men of his land, and under their conduct, twelve Saracen children, sons of the great Saracens, as hostages to Tiberius, in form of a
- 244 security for his daughter ; and moreover he sent his full consent to the arrangement of the Christians, and also sent his letters sealed, (assuring) good and entire peace between all Christians and all Saracens, and free passage to go freely and trade, and to visit the holy places of the Sepulchre, and Mount Calvary, and Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, and all other holy places within the bounds of his dominion. And he relinquished the city of Jerusalem to the dominion of the Christians, for them to inhabit, and (gave) liberty to the Christian bishops and their clergy to preach, and to teach the peoples of his land the right faith, and to baptize, and to build churches,

de pees & daliance entre ¹ les parties de° *christiens* & sarazins. Et puis *que* tiberie auoit counseile sur cest demaunde² le pape Iohan, (de qui est auaunt dit en le quarantisme sisme³ estoire,) & les autres *grantz* de seint esglise, & les Romeyns del Senat, respoundi al admiral & as messagiers, Qe si° luy soudan se voleit assentir de reneer ses maumetz & sa mescreaunce,⁴ & resceiuere bapteme & la loi⁵ iesu crist—a⁶ cest couenaunt Tyberius sassentireit⁷ a la-liaunce, mes ne pas en autere fourme. Et sur ceo maunda ses⁸ lettres a luy soudan & *grantment* honura les messagiers. Et cistz,⁹ a lour retourner, sur tote riens preiserent la pucele a luy soudan, & la nobleie de¹⁰ la court, & la gentil seignurie Tyberie. Et lui admiral, deuaunt [le Sodan & deuaunt] tot soun conseil, se vowa a la foi *christien*, si le soudan sassentiseit.¹¹ Puis apres poy de¹² iours, le soudan maunda° mesmes cesti¹³ admiral & solempnes messagiers dez¹⁴ plus *grantz* de sa terre, &, en lour conduit, duzze enfauntz sarazins, fitz as *grantz* sarazins, en° hostages¹⁵ a Tyberie, en fourme de seurte pur sa fille, & a ceo maunda son assent, haut & baas, de lordinaunce des *christienes*, & a ceo enuoia ses lettres asseles, [de bone] e entere pees entre tous *christienes* & touz sarazins, &¹⁶ fraunche passage de aler fraunchement e° Marcaunder,° & pur¹⁷ visiter lez seintz luz del¹⁸ sepulcre, & del mount de Caluarie, & de Bethелеem, & de Nazareth, & del¹⁹ val de Iosaphat, & tous autres [lieux] seyns deins les Marches de son power. Et la Cite de ierusalem abaundona a la seignurie des *christienes* pur enhabiter, & Fraunchises²⁰ as Euesques *christienes* & a° lour clergie de prechier, e enseigner les gentz de sa²¹ terre²² la droit foy, & de baptizer, & desglisez

The emperor consents to the alliance on condition that the sultan shall become a Christian.

Obligacio Soldani.

The sultan declares there shall be peace between all Christians and all Saracens, and free passage to the holy places.

Jerusalem is ceded to the Christians.

¹ MS. countre, S. entre.

² demanda. ³ xlvij.

⁴ mescreance.

⁵ foy. ⁶ En.

⁷ Tyberie assentireit.

⁸ comaunda lez.

⁹ ils. ¹⁰ &.

¹¹ sassenti. ¹² dez.

¹³ cest. ¹⁴ de lez.

¹⁵ hostageres.

¹⁶ *christiens* en.

¹⁷ puis.

¹⁸ lieux seintz de.

¹⁹ de. ²⁰ fraunchise.

²¹ la. ²² † de.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

- and to destroy the idol-temples. And moreover he sent his letters to the apostle [= pope] and to the clergy, and to Tiberius and to the maid Constance, and to all the Senate, with rich gifts and treasures, by great persons. And through their conferences upon this message they all agreed, and in time sent the maiden
- 268** from her father's house, and from her acquaintance, among strange barbarians, amid great grief, and tears, and cry, and noise, and complaint of all the city of
- 253** Rome. On this voyage were sent a cardinal bishop, and a cardinal priest, with a great number of clergy, and a senator of Rome, with noble chivalry and great and rich array, and with a great number of Christians who went thither, some on pilgrimage, others to take possession of Jerusalem.
- 323** It came to pass that the Sultan's mother, who was still living (alas ! but for the will of God), seeing that her religion was already on the point of being destroyed by Christians who were in the Saracens' country, plotted evil and treason. Then, after she had secret alliance by covenant with seven hundred Saracens who gave themselves up to live or die in the quarrel, she
- 375** went to her son, when she heard of the coming of the maiden and the Christians very near to land, within a few days' journey, and began greatly to thank and praise God that she had resolved to embrace the Christian religion, and swore to him that for a long time she had been secretly in the same mind ; then, at last, she
- 379** begged her son, the Sultan, that he would grant her the first feast before the wedding ; and he, thanking her, complied. Then were the maiden and the Christians
- 396** received by the Sultan and his mother with great honour, and with great splendour. And the first
- 414** day of their coming, the feast was provided in the

feré,¹ & les temples de² Maumetz destrure. Et a ceo enuoya ses lettres a la-postoile, & a la clergie, & a Tyberie, & a la pucele constauce, & a tout le senat oue riches dounes & tresours par [grantz] persones. Et pur lour comunes sur³ cest maundement, tous se acorderent, & en temps maunderent la pucele hors de la meson son pere, & hors de sa conisaunce, entre estranges barbaryns, a grant doel, & lermes, & crie, & noise, & pleynt, de tote la citee de Rome. En cele⁴ veiage estoit enueye vn Euesque Cardinal & vn prestre Cardinal oue grant nombre de Clergie, & vne senatour de Rome oue⁵ noble chivalrie &⁶ grant & riche apparail, *& oue^o grant noumbre de⁷ christiens que i alerent, les vns pur pelerinage, les autres pur la seysine de ierusalem.

The maid is sent away from her father's house among strange barbarians.

[* leaf 46, back]

¶ Avynt que la mere le soudan, que vnkore viuoit, (allas ! si ne fut la volonte dieu,) veaunte que sa ley estoit ia en poynt destre destrute par christiens qi furent⁸ en saraisines, sen-pensa de mal & de tresoun. Dount puis qele auoit priue alliaunce de couenaunt ouesque sept [C dez] sarazines, qe sabaundonerent de viure &⁹ morier en la querele, Mist a son fitz, quant ele oy la venue de la pucele & de¹⁰ christienes bien pres de la terre, a poy¹¹ dez¹² iourneis, &¹³ comensca moult mercier & loer dieu, qel¹⁴ auoit le purpos¹⁵ de la ley christien, & lui iura que par grant¹⁶ temps auoit ele este en mesme la volonte priuement ; dount finaument¹⁷ pria son fitz, le soudan, qe¹⁸ lui grauntast la prime fest auant les esposailles, & il¹⁹ en merciaunt ly octrey. Puis fu la pucele & les cristiens resceu del soudan & de sa mere, a grant honour & a grant nobleie. Et le primer iour de lour²⁰ venu fu la feste puruew en le

The sultan's mother, seeing her religion about to be destroyed, lays a plot and hires 700 Saracens.

Tresoun.

She feigns to become a Christian ; and arranges to hold a feast before the marriage.

¹ de faire esglises.

² des.

³ & par lour conues.
Sour.

⁴ † temps &.

⁵ † graunt &.

⁶ † oue.

⁷ dez. ⁸ suruenauntz.

⁹ † de.

¹⁰ des.

¹¹ apres. ¹² † ij. ¹³ † ele.

¹⁴ qil. ¹⁵ la purpose.

¹⁶ grauntz. ¹⁷ finalment.

¹⁸ qi. ¹⁹ luy. ²⁰ sa.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

palace of the Sultanness ; and the banquet was so arranged that all the males, Christian and Saracens, should eat in the hall of the Sultan, and that in the Sultanness's hall and feast should be women alone, except the seven hundred hired Saracens who were appointed to serve at both feasts. And these seven hundred hirelings, when the feast was most joyful, came armed, with another great
429 multitude of their retainers, upon the feasters. And according to the order of the Sultanness, they killed all the Christians, male and female, except only the maiden ; and they slew the Sultan and the Admiral,
435 and the other converts to the faith. And through all the court, whatever common people of the Christians they found, they put to death. But three Christian young men escaped, when first they heard the affray, and came to Rome, and related to the Emperor the mischance and the treason, and the death of his daughter Constance, as they supposed. At this news the Emperor and all the clergy and the Senate were alarmed, and great grief was manifested throughout Rome.

438 In this manner Constance remained alone, bewildered, entirely in the hands of her enemies. Then, after that she, for no fair promise of wealth or honour, nor for any threat of punishment or death, would deny her faith, the member of the devil, the Sultanness, planned for her a new torment ; which, though it came to her of cruel will, nevertheless the providence of God did not fail therein, which in tribulation never fails those who have hope in Him. Then she (the Sultanness) caused a ship to be stored with victuals, bread which is called biscuit, peas, beans, sugar, honey, and wine, to sustain the life of the maiden for three years. And in this
442 ship she caused to be placed all the riches and the treasure which the Emperor Tiberius had sent with the maid

paleis le souldane ; e estoit la mangerie ordeigne issint *que* les hales li soudan mangasent tous madles,¹ *chris-* tiens & sarazins, & qe en les hales & en la feste le soudane² fusent soules femmes, sauntz les sept centz sarazins lowes, qe furent ordeignes *pur service* del vne feste & del autre. E ces sept centz lowis, *quant* la feste fust plus lee, vyndrent Armes, oue vne autre graunde multitude de lour reteinaunce, sur lez mangeuntez.³ E solom lordinaunce de la soudane, tuerent tous les *chrestiens*, madles & femeles, fors soule la pucele ; & occirent le soudan, et ladmiral, & lez autres conuertiez a la foi. Et *par* tote la court, *quant* qil⁴ trouerent del⁵ comun peouple de⁶ *chrestiens*, mistrent a la mort. Mes treis valletz⁷ *chrestienes* eschaperent, *quant* primerement oierent lefray,⁸ & vindrent a Rome, & Counterent al emperour la mescheaunce & le traisoun, & la mort sa file constaunce, come il entendirent. ¶ A ceste nouele estoit lempereur, & tote la clergie, & le Senat affraiez ; & *grant* doel fu demene *par* mi⁹ rome.

In the midst of the feast the 700 armed men fall upon the guests, and slay all the Christians except Constance.

¶ A ceste manere demorra Constaunce soule, degarre, toute¹⁰ en les meyns sez enemis ; puis apres *que* ele ne voleit *pur* nule bele promesse de Richesse ne de honour, ne *pur*¹¹ nule manace de peyne ne de mort, reneier sa fey, le membre au diable, la soudane, senpensa de lui¹² nouel turment ; *que*, tut li vienesit¹³ de cruele volunte, nepurquant la purueaunce dieu ni¹⁴ faili poynt, qi en tribulacioun ia ne faut a ceaus¹⁵ qi ount en lui esperance.¹⁶ Dount ele fist estorier vne neef de vitale, de payn *quest* apele bisquit, & de peis, & de feues, de sucre, & de Meel, & de vyn, *pur* sustenaunce de la vie de la pucele *pur* treis aunz. E en cele neef fit mettre [tout] la richesse & le tresour *que* lempire¹⁷ Tiberie auoit maunde oue la pucele Con-

Constance remained alone in the hands of her foes. As no promises and no threats could make her deny her faith,

the sultanness caused a ship to be stored with three years' provisions, and Constance to be put therein,

¹ MS. medles, S. madles.

² † sa miere.

³ MS. mangeauncez.

⁴ ils. ⁵ de. ⁶ dez.

⁷ veils.

⁸ par demy.

⁹ tout degarre.

¹⁰ se pensa dune.

¹¹ laffray.

¹² par.

¹³ luy vensist.

¹⁴ ne.

¹⁵ failli point as ceux.

¹⁶ sperance.

¹⁷ lempere.

Man of Law's Constance, his daughter ; and in this ship the
Tale, line Sultaness caused the maiden to be put, without sail
 440 or oar, or any kind of human aid. And thus she
 caused her to be conveyed by other ships to the high
 sea, where no land was visible to them, and so the
 mariners left her all alone, and committed her to the
 four winds. But God was her mariner ; for during
 three whole years she was on the great ocean ; in all
 the time she never saw or met with man or ship ; but
 God only had comforted and counselled her by His
 speech.

Then, in the eighth month of the fourth year, God,
 who steered the ship of the holy man Noah in the
 505 great flood, sent a favourable wind, and drove the ship
 to England, under a castle in the kingdom of Northum-
 berland, near Humber ; and the ship went ashore on the
 eve of the Nativity of Jesus Christ. And when the
 mariners, who were near the shore in their ships, saw
 this marvel, that is to wit, a maiden of fair and gentle
 form, but discoloured, in strange attire, and furnished
 with great treasure, they went to the warden of the
 castle, who at that time was a Saxon named Elda,—for
 the Britons had already lost the dominion over the
 island, as before was related in the end of the forty-fifth
 512 history,—and told him the wonder. And Elda went
 down to the maid in her ship, and asked her of her con-
 519 dition. And she answered him in Saxon, which was
 the language of Elda, as one who was learned in divers
 languages, as is aforesaid ; and told him that, as to her
 belief, she was of the Christian faith ; as to her lineage,
 that she was extracted from rich and noble people ; and
 that through her lineage she was given in marriage to a
 great prince ; but because she displeased the great ones

staunce, sa fille ; e en cele neef fist la soudane mettre la pucele saunz sigle, & sauntz neuiroun,¹ & sauntz chescune maner de^e eide de homme. Et issint la fist mener par autres neefs tanke a la haut mere, &^e ou nule terre lour apparut ; & issint les mariners la lesserent soule, & la comaunder[ent] a quatre ventz.² Mes dieu estoit soun Mariner, quar par treis auntz entiers^o fu ele mesme^o en la graunde ocean ; en tut le temps, vnqes homme ne^o neef ne vist [ne] nen-countra ; Mes dieux soul lauoit counforte & counseile de sa par-lance.

and taken out to the high seas and there left to the four winds.
constancia ducitur in exilium.

¶ Puis le oytime moys del quart aan, dieu que gouverna la neef le^o seint^o homme^o Noe en le graunde diluue,³ maunda vn vent couenable & enchasa la neef En Engleterre, de-south⁴ vn chastel en le Reaume de Northombre, pres humbre ; & a-riua la neef la veille de la Natiuite iesu crist. Et quant les^o Mariners, que estoient pres de la riuaile en lour neefs,⁵ virent ceste merueile, ceo est⁶ assauoir, vne pucele de bele & genti afeiture,⁷ mes descoloure, en estraunge atir, & estoffe de⁸ graunt tresour, alerent al gardeyn del chastel, que adounque estoit vn sessoun, qi auoit a⁹ noun Elda¹⁰—quar lez bretouns auoient ia perdu la seigneurie del isle, comme Auant est countee en la fin del quarantisme quint estoire—& lui counterent la merueile. Et Elda descendi a la pucele en sa neef, & lui¹¹ demaunda de son estre. E ele lui respoundi en sessoneys, que fu la langage Elda, come celui¹² que estoit apais en diuerses langagez, come auant est dit. Et lui disoit qe quant a sa creaunce, ele estoit de cristiene foy ; Quant a¹³ linage, qele estoit de¹⁴ riches & noblez gentz estret ; E qe par son linage estoit ele done en mariage a vne graunt prince ; Mes pur ceo qe ele desplut as grantes

Miraculum.

But God who steered the ship of Noah, sent a favourable wind which drove the ship ashore in Northumberland, by a castle.

Elda, the warden of the castle, came down to Constance, and asked her several questions, which she answered wisely.

¹ nauiroun.

² nefz.

⁶ Cest.

¹⁰ Olda : so throughout.

³ MS. diliuie, S. deluue.

⁷ & de gentil feture.

¹¹ le.

¹² cele.

⁴ de-souz.

⁵ nef.

⁸ stoffe del.

⁹ souz.

¹³ al.

¹⁴ dez.

*Man of Law's
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of the land, therefore was she in such wise banished.

And among her sayings she would reveal nothing concerning Tiberius the emperor, her father, nor concerning the Sultan; for the adventure of the murder of the Sultan and the Christians was now known through all lands. And when Elda had heard her speak his language so correctly, and found with her so great treasure, he hoped she was the daughter of some king of Saxons beyond the sea, as of Germany, or Saxony, or Sweden, or Denmark. And with great joy, he received her into the castle, courteously and honourably; and the treasure which he had found with her he shut into a chest under a double lock, one key of which he delivered to the maid, the other he kept for himself; and he bade his company to receive the maiden honourably in their chamber. Then, after a little time, when she was well strengthened with good meats, and comforted with baths and other conveniences, she regained her beauty and her fair colour. And albeit she was wondrous fair in body, nevertheless she excelled in the beauty of virtues, as she whom God had predestined to grace, and virtue, and temptation, and joy. Then, when Hermingild the wife of Elda perceived her noble
535 and virtuous life, she was so much smitten with love for her, that nothing could happen to her, that she would not do according to her will.

Then, when she had affirmed this saying to her several times, one day, as Hermingild again repeated the saying to her, the holy maiden answered her: "And since there is nothing," said she, "that you will not do at my wish, then you yourself shall be such as I am." And Hermingild answered her: "To that," said she, "I can never attain; for you are quite peerless

de la terre, *pur* ceo fu ele en tiel manere exilee. E¹ entre sez ditz riens ne voleit reconustre de Tiberie, *lempereur, son piere, ne del² soudan; *quar* laaaventure del³ mourdre del⁴ soudan & de les⁵ *christiens* estoit ia conue *par* totes terres. Et puis *que* Elda lauoi⁶ oy si renablement *parlier* sa langage,⁷ & troua oue lui si grant tresour, esperoit qele estoit file dascun Roi de⁸ sessoneys outre⁹ meer, com de Allmeyne, ou de sessoyne, ou de Swete,¹⁰ ou de Denemarche. E a graunt ioie, curteisement & honorablement, la resceut en le¹¹ chastel, e le tresour qil auoit ou lui troue, ferma eyns¹² vne huche soutz¹³ double serure, de quele il baila la pucele le^o vne clef,¹⁴ et deuers soi retient¹⁵ lautre. Et comaunda sa compaignie *quele* resceut la pucele¹⁶ honorablement en sa chaumbre. ¶ Puis apres vn poi de temps, qele estoit bien auigorie de¹⁷ bones viaundes, & counforte de¹⁸ bayns & dautre¹⁹ esementz, ele reprist sa beaute & sa^o bele colour. Et tut fut ele bele a²⁰ merueille de corps, nepurquant ele passa en beaute dez vertues, come cele *que* dieu auoit predestine a grace, &²¹ vertue, &²² temptacioun, &²³ ioie. Dount quant hermyngild, la femme Elda, aperceut sa²⁴ noble vie & vertuose, taunt fu de sa amour supprise, qe riens ne lui poeit²⁵ Auenir qe ele ne freit a sa volunte.

[* leaf 47]

Then he received
her into the
castle.

Hermingild, the
wife of Elda,
seeing the
virtuous life of
Constance,
becomes greatly
attached to her.

Notabile.

¶ Lors, quant plusours foitz lui auoit ceste parole afferme, vn iour com hermyngilde lui rehersa autrefoit²⁶ la parole, la seint pucele lui respondi: "Et puis *que* riens nest,"²⁷ dit ele, "*que* vous ne freez a ma volunte, dount vous *serretz* mesmes tiel²⁸ com ieo suy." Et hermyngilde lui respoundi: "A ceo," dit ele, "Ia ne purray²⁹ ieo atendre, quar vous etez entere³⁰ sauntz peer

¹ mes.² de le.⁴ de le.⁶ auoit.⁸ des.¹⁰ Suece.³ de la.⁵ dez.⁷ lange.⁹ † le.¹¹ souz.¹² deinz.¹⁴ vn clefz.¹⁶ damiseil.¹⁸ dez.²⁰ &.²² en temptacions.¹³ deinz.¹⁵ retynt.¹⁷ dez.¹⁹ autres.²¹ † a.²³ a.²⁵ poit.²⁶ autrefoitz.²⁷ est.²⁹ purra.³⁰ estez en terre.²⁴ le.²⁸ celle.

Man of Law's Tale, line in virtue." And Constance answered her, "You may come to that, if you will believe in that God who is lord of all

533 virtue." For Hermingild and Elda, and the other Saxons who then had the lordship over the land, were still heathens. And Hermingild listened humbly and devoutly to the doctrine of the faith, by the mouth of Constance, who taught her the power of God in making all the world, and his vengeance which he took for sin by the great flood, and afterwards by plunging the great cities into hell for sin, both men and beasts, and whatever was therein. Then she shewed her the great love of God in his birth, and his kindness and virtue in his death and passion, and the virtue of the Godhead of Jesus Christ in his resurrection and ascension, and all the nature of one only God and three persons in Trinity, and in the coming of the Holy Spirit. And when she had taught her for several days concerning the faith and the sacraments and the commandments, then she taught her to love and desire the joy of heaven, and to fear the pains of hell. Then Hermingild, after this instruction, 538 devoutly begged to be baptized according to the form of Holy Church ; but because her lord was a heathen, she could not yet carry out her purpose.

And it came to pass, as Elda and Hermingild and 556 Constance went one day to see the beach, and the fishers fishing in the sea, that they saw coming towards them a poor blind Christian Briton. He, being strange to them all, but taught by the Holy Spirit, began to cry 561 out before all, "Hermingild, wife of Elda and disciple of Constance, I pray thee in the name of Jesus, in whom thou believest, to make the sign of the rood on my blind eyes!" At this word, Hermingild,

en vertue."¹ Et custaunce² lui respount³, "A ceo poiez vous venir, si creer voudrez en celui dieu *quest seigneur de tote vertue*."⁴ [qar] Hermygyld, e Elda, & lez^o autres sessouns, qe auoient dounque la seignurie de la terre, estoient vnqore paens. et hermygild humblement & deuotement escota la doctrine de la fey par la⁵ bouche Constance, *que* lui aprist la puissaunce dieu en la fesaunce de tut le mounde, & sa vengeance quil prist [de pecche] par la grant deluue⁶, & apres par les grantz cites qil enfoundrie en enfer⁷ pur pecche, &⁸ homes, & bestes, & quant *que* leins estoit. Puis lui moustra le grant Amour dieu en⁸ sa nesaunce, & sa boneirte⁹ & vertue en sa mort e en sa passioun, & la vertue de la deite iesu crist en sa resurrexioun e en sa ascensioun, & tote la nature dun¹⁰ soul dieu & trois persones en^o trinite,^o &^o en la venu del¹¹ seint esprit. Et quant par^o plusours iours lauoit de la foi apris,¹² & les sacrementz, & de^o les¹³ comaundementz, [Puis] lui aprist amour¹⁴ & desir a la ioie de ciel, & les peynes denfern douter.¹⁵ Dount hermygilde, apres¹⁶ ceste apriſe, deuotement¹⁷ pria destre baptize solom la fourme de seint esglise; Mes pur ceo *que* soun baroun estoit paen, ele ne poiet¹⁸ vnqore purceure¹⁹ son purpose.

¶ Et auient qe^o auxint com elda & hermygilde & constaunce alerent vn iour de veer la marine²⁰ & les personers, peschauntz en la meer, & voient encountraunt vne pouere *christiene* Britoun enuegles. Cist *questoit* de tous²¹ estraunge, Mes apris del²² seint esprit, comensca de^o crier deuant touz, "Hermyngilde, la femme Elda & la desciple counstaunce, te pri en le noun iesu²³, en qui tu crois, *que* tu me facis le signe de la crois sur mes eus enweugleis." A ceste parole, her-

Hermyngild
listens to the
teaching of
Constance,

and desires to be-
come a Christian.

One day a blind
Briton met
Hermyngild and
Constance;

and besought
Hermyngild to
make the sign
of the cross on
his eyes.

¹ vertues. ² Constance.

³ respondist.

⁴ touz vertues.

⁵ MS. deliue, S. deluue.

⁶ enfer. ⁷ oue.

⁸ &. ⁹ debonerte.

¹⁰ en vn. ¹¹ de.

¹² apris de la foy.

¹³ † .x. ¹⁴ lamour.

¹⁵ de eschuer.

¹⁶ aprist.

¹⁷ † &.

¹⁸ poiast. ¹⁹ pursuer.

²⁰ iour deuers Marinie

²¹ tout. ²² de.

²³ † crist.

Man of Law's Tale, line greatly affrighted, was dismayed ; but Constance, understanding the power of God to be in the blind man's

566 word, strengthened Hermingild, and said to her, " Hide not, lady, the virtue which God has given thee ! " And Hermingild, before Elda and his household which followed him, in good and firm faith made the holy cross on the eyes of the blind man, and said to him in her Saxon tongue, " Blind man, in the name of Jesus, slain on rood, have thy sight ! " And he was immediately enlightened, and saw well and clearly. When

568 Elda had seen this, he wondered greatly where his wife had learnt so fair an art. And after he had asked her, she replied, that if he would listen to her advice he should do such a marvel, and yet greater. Then Hermingild and Constance ceased not to preach to Elda and all his household the faith of Jesus Christ. And this poor Briton they received and maintained for the
574 love of Jesus Christ. Then Elda right joyfully received the doctrine of the faith ; and by common consent they sent the said Briton privily into Wales, whither most of the Britons had fled (as is aforesaid in the end of the forty-fifth history), to fetch thence a British bishop who might baptize Elda and his wife, and their household. And in the mean time Elda caused their idols which they had worshipped, to be broken, and commanded them to be cast into jakes.

Then this poor Briton, returning from Wales, brought with him Lucius, one of the bishops of Wales, from Bangor. This Lucius, after he had tested and proved that Elda and his wife and household were instructed according to the right form of the religion and faith, praised God devoutly, and baptized them to the number of four score and eleven. Then Elda, by great deliberation and secret

migild trop affraie estoit abaie ; Mes constaunce, en-
 tendaunt la vertue dieu [estre]¹ en la parole lenueugle,²
 conforta hermigilde & lui dist, "Ne mucez pas, dame,
 la vertue qe dieu te³ ad done." E hermygilde, deuauant
 Elda e sa mene qe lui suy, de bone fey & ferme, fist sur
 les eus de lui enueugles⁴ la seinte crois, & lui dist en
 sa langage sessone, "Bisene⁵ man, in *iesus*⁶ name in⁷
 rode Islawe, haue *thi* sight." Et⁸ meyntinaunt fu
 allumine,⁹ e regardoit bien & clerment. Qant Elda
 auoit ceo veu, moult senmerueila¹⁰ oue sa femme auoit
 aprise si¹¹ bele mestrie. Et apres qil auoit demaunde,
 ele lui respoundi *que*, sil escotat son conseil, tiel¹²
 merueil freit & plus graunde. Puis hermigild & con-
 staunce ne cesserent [de *precher*] a Elda & A tote sa
 mene la fey Iesu crist. E¹³ cil pouere britoun receurent
 & sustindrent *pur* lamour iesu crist.¹³ Lors Elda trop
 ioiusement receut¹⁴ la doctrine de la fey ; & par comun
 assent maunderent priuement le dit Britoun en¹⁵ Gales,
 ou estoient le plus de¹⁶ Britouns fuitz,¹⁷ com auant est
 dit en la fyn del quarauntisme quinte estoire, pur
 amener de illoques vn Euesqe Britoun qi poiet¹⁸ Elda &
 sa femme & lour¹⁹ mene baptizer. E^o en le mene²⁰
 temps, Elda fit debrusier lour Mahounet²¹, qil auoient²²
 aoure, & les comaunda getter en longgaynes.

Hermingild was
 greatly abashed ;
 but being
 encouraged by
 Constance,

she made the
 holy cross on the
 eyes of the blind ;
 and he immedi-
 ately received
 his sight.
Miraculum.

Elda embraces
 the Christian
 faith ; and the
 poor Briton is
 sent to Wales to
 fetch a bishop.

¶ Puis cist pouere britoun, returnaunt²³ de Ga*les,²⁴
 amena ouesqe lui Lucius, vn dez Euesques de Gales, de
 Bangor. Cist lucius, apres ceo^o qil auoit assaie &
 esproue *que* Elda oue sa femme & sa menee estoient
 solom droit fourme de la ley^o &^o fey enfourmes, loa
 dieux deuoutement, & les baptiza al noumbre de quatre
 vinz & vnze. Puis Elda, par grant auisement & priue

[* leaf 47, back]
 He returns with
 Bishop Lucius
 of Bangor,
 who baptizes
 Elda and his
 household to the
 number of four
 score and eleven.

¹ estre estre.

² de le veugle. ³ toy.

⁴ veuglez. ⁵ bisine.

⁶ iesu. ⁷ † the.

⁸ † cil. ⁹ illumine.

¹⁰ se merueila.

¹¹ celle.

¹² † meistre &.

¹³ S. omits from *E cil* to
crist.

¹⁴ resceut trop ioyouse-
ment.

¹⁵ a. ¹⁶ lez plusours dez.

¹⁷ Puis. ¹⁸ puist.

¹⁹ sa. ²⁰ mesme.

²¹ Mahouns.

²² auoit.

²³ retournoit. ²⁴ † &.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

counsel with himself, as he who through great confidence for honesty and good sense had the supreme charge of the kingdom after the king, went to his lord the king of Northumberland, Alle beforenamed, and in private council told him of the maid Constance. And when the king had heard all his sayings in secret council between them two, he was greatly desirous of seeing and speaking with the maiden. And with this desire, he promised Elda that he would come privily to visit her.

- 582 At this same time, a Saxon knight of Elda's household, already baptized among the others, and to whom Elda had committed the keeping of the castle until his return from the king, was, by secret temptation, smitten with love for the maid Constance. And, because in the absence (of Elda) all the keeping was left to him, by evil instruction and temptation of the devil, he
- 589 went to solicit the maid Constance to consent to carnal sin. And after she had reproved him once and again, the third time she reviled him with great indignation, saying that he was like a hound, who after the holy sacrament of his baptism would return to his dung. Then he, fearing that he would be accused for his fault
- 591 to his lord Elda at his return, forecast him of evil. For in the dawn after the night in which Elda was to enter the castle on his return from the king, when Her-
- 596 mingild and Constance were soundly asleep after long watchings and prayers, this man, who was wholly taken in the devil's hand, cut the throat of Hermingild, his lady, beside Constance who was sleeping soundly in the same bed. And when he had accomplished the crime, he hid the bloody knife behind the
- 601 maid Constance's pillow. Thereupon after a little

couns[e]il de lui mesmes, ala a son seigneur, le Roi de Northumbre,¹ alle,² auaunt nome, & en priue conseil lui counta de la pucele constaunce, come celui *que* par³ grant affiaunce de leaute & seen auoit sa⁴ souereyne garde de⁵ reaume apres lui Rois. Et quant lui Roi auoit tous sez dis priue⁶ en conseil entre eus dois escote, mout fu desirous de la pucele veer & parler. Et a cest desir promist a Elda qil⁷ priuement la vendreit⁸ visiter.

Elda goes to his lord King Alle and tells him of Constance;

whereupon the king is very desirous of seeing her.

¶ En cel mesme temps, vn chivalier sessoun de la meyne Elda, entre les autres ia baptize, a quy Elda auoit baile la garde del chastel tanque a sa venue del Roys, estoit par⁹ priue temptacioun suppris en lamur la pucele Constance. Et [pur ceo qen labsence tout la garde estoit a luy demure,] par mauaise aprise & temptacioun del diable, ala surquere la pucele constaunce de assent de pesche charnel. Et puis quele¹⁰ auoit [luy] repris vne foitz & autre, La tierce foitz oue grant qore¹¹ lui reuli en disaunt¹² qil estoit com cheen, *que*, apres si¹³ seinte sacrement de son baptisme, voleit retourner a son merde.¹⁴ ¶ Puis cist,¹⁵ dotaunt qil fust¹⁶ accuse de sa mesprise a son seigneur, Elda, a son retourner, de mal se purueint.¹⁷ Qar en la-iournaunte de la nuyt a quele Elda deuoit entrer le chastel en le turnaunt¹⁸ del Roy, Puis *que* hermyngilde & constaunce estoient forment¹⁹ endormies apres longe veileit²⁰ e orisouns, cist, *que* tut estoit pris en la mayn al²¹ diable, trencha la goule hermigilde, sa dame, a coste²² constaunce, *que*²³ fu forment²⁴ endormie en mesme le lyt. Et quant il auoit parfait la²⁵ felonie, musca le cotel senglaunt en lorier constaunce,²⁶ la^o pucele^o. ¶ A ceo apres²⁷ poy de

During Elda's absence, a Saxon knight, whom he had left in charge of the castle, tempts Constance to sin.

Being repulsed for the third time, and fearing he shall be accused, he seeks for revenge.

At daybreak when the two ladies are fast asleep, he cuts Hermyngild's throat and hides tresoun the knife behind Constance's pillow.

¹ Northumberlonde.

² S. puts *alle* after *seigneur*.

³ *qi pur.* ⁴ *la.* ⁵ *del.*

⁶ *ditz priuez.* ⁷ *qi.*

⁸ *luy viendroit.* ⁹ *en.*

¹⁰ *qil.* ¹¹ *quere.*

¹² *reculi & disoit.*

¹⁴ *merdayle.*

¹⁶ *serroit.*

¹⁷ *purueit.*

¹⁸ *soun retourner.*

¹⁹ *fortement.*

²⁰ *longs veilles.*

¹³ *sa.*

¹⁵ *cil.*

²² MS. E ceste, S. a coste.

²³ *&.* ²⁴ *fortement.*

²⁵ *sa.*

²⁶ MS. en constaunt lorier, S. aderer lorier Constance.

²⁷ *Après ceo.*

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

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while, Elda entered the castle, and came in haste to his consort's chamber to tell the news of the king's coming. Constance, who was wakened with the noise, thinking the lady slept, moved her hand to awake her ; and when she felt that her body was all wet with blood, in great alarm she cried out, "My lady is dead !" At which word, Elda and those who were present, greatly amazed at the word, as those who knew naught of the crime, 605 shouting, "Light ! light !" found the throat of Hermingild hideously cut, and her body all covered with blood. And when all exclaimed at the cruelty, asking 620 Constance the truth, this traitor, who had done the crime, heaped the death hugely on the maid ; and for a pretence that he took the death of the lady more to heart than others, he leapt about in all directions like a mad man, until he had found the knife where he himself had hid it ; and showing before all the instrument of the crime, with a great cry he accused the 659 maiden of treachery. But Elda, who could not think this cruelty of the maid, kindly defended her. And this bad man in haste took into his hands the book of Bishop Lucius beforenamed, which was a book of the Gospels that the holy women, Hermingild and Constance, had beside them every night by devotion ; and on this 667 book he swore, crying out, that, so help him God and the Gospel, and his baptism which he had already lately received, Constance was the criminal, the murderer of the lady. Scarcely had he ended the word, when a closed hand, like a man's fist, appeared before 669 Elda and all who were present, and smote such a blow on the nape of the felon's neck, that both his eyes flew out of his head, and his teeth out of his mouth ; and the felon fell smitten down to the earth.

temps, entra Elda le chastel,¹ & en haste vint a la chaumbre sa compaignie *pur* contier nouele de la venue le Roy.² Constaunce, *que* oue la noyse estoit auiele, quidaunt la dame dormaunte, lui moueyt la mayn *pur* la-veiler. Et quant ele senti *que* le corps lui^o estoit tut moyl de saunc, A grant affrai dit en criaunt, "Ma dame est mort!" A quele parole, Elda & qui estoient enpresent, trop abais de la parole, come ceus *que* riens nentendirent de^o la felonie, accriauns, "lumer! lumer^o!" trouerent la goule hermigild hidousement trenche, & le corps tut envolupe en saunc. Et quant tous acrierent la crueute, en demaundaunt de constaunce la verite, cist tretur,³ *que* auoit fait la felonie, hugement surmist la mort sur la pucele, & par countenaunce *que* la mort⁴ lui estoit plus pres a quoe^r qe as autres, saili a toute⁵ pars come home arage, tanqe il eust troue le cotel la ou il lauoit mesmes⁶ musce; & deuant touz mous-traunt⁷ le instrument de la felonie, a huge crie apela la pucele de tresoun. Mes Elda, qi ne poeit⁸ cele crueute penser de la pucele, bonement la defendi. E cil maueys en haste prist entre mayns le liure leseuesque,⁹ Lucius, auant nome, *questoit* liure des Ewangeiles, qe¹⁰ les seintes femmes, *hermyngilde* & constaunce, chescune nuyt *par* deuocioun auoient encoste¹¹ eles; & sur cel liure iura, en criaunt, si dieu lui eydeit¹² & le Ewangelie & son baptesme, *que* ia^o nouelement auoit resceu, qe Custaunce fu la felonesse, mordrer La dame.¹³ a peine auoit fini¹⁴ la parole, qe vne mayn close, com poyn de homme, apparut deuant Elda Et quant *questoient* en presence, & ferri tiel coup en le haterel le feloun, *que* ambedeus lez eus lui enuolerent de la teste, & lez dentz hors de la bouche; & le feloun chai abatu a la terre.

Shortly after Elda returns, and comes to his wife's chamber.

Hermigild is found with her throat cut;

and the traitor lays the crime upon Constance.

Elda defends her; but the wretch swears upon the gospels that she is the murderess.

mirabilis vindicta. A closed hand appears, and smites him such a blow on the nape of his neck that his eyes fly out.

¹ † mitant.

² † &.

⁷ demonstraunt.

¹² aidast.

³ tretres.

⁸ poit.

¹³ fist la felonie *pur* mourdrer la dame.

⁴ lamour de la dame.

⁹ del Euesque.

¹⁴ parfini.

⁵ de touz.

¹⁰ quel.

⁶ il mesmes auoit.

¹¹ encostes.

Man of Law's Tale, line

673 And thereupon a voice said in the hearing of all,
"Against the daughter of Mother Church thou wert
laying a scandal: this hast thou done, and I have held
my peace." And because the coming of the king was
near, therefore Elda would not give judgment on the
treason until his coming, and put the felon into prison.

687 Then within a few days judgment was given by the
king that he should die. Then the king—for the
great love which he had to the maid, and for the
miracles shown by God—the king Alle caused himself
to be baptized by Bishop Lucius aforementioned; and
691 wedded the maid, who conceived by the king a male
child.

Then after half a year, news came to the king that
the people of Albania, who are the Scots, had passed
718 their bounds, and warred on the king's lands. Then
by common counsel the king gathered his host to rebut
his foes. And before his departure towards Scotland,
he committed Queen Constance his wife to the keeping
716 of Elda, the constable of the castle, and Lucius, bishop
of Bangor, and charged them that when she was de-
livered of her child they should hastily let him know
the news. And above all things he charged them that
the queen should be quite at her ease. At that time
King Alle's mother was still living, a fair lady and
proud of heart, who right mortally hated Constance the
694 queen. For she had great disdain that King Alle had,
for the love of a strange woman whose lineage was un-
known to him, forsaken his former religion which all
his ancestors had loyally and entirely kept. Moreover
great envy had wounded her heart, that Constance, by
all people, rich and poor, was, without comparison of
her or any other lady in the land, more highly praised
for goodness and holiness and marvellous beauty. And

Et a ceo dist vne voiz en le oyaunce¹ de touz : "*Adversus filiam matris ecclesie ponebas scandalum ; hec fecisti &² tacui.*" Et pur ceo que la venue [le Roy fu pres, pur ceo ne voloit Olda jugement doner sur le tresoun ieskes a sa venue] ; Et mist le feloun en prisoun. Puis deyns poy de³ iours, par le Roi fu le^o iuggement done de sa mort. Puis le Roi—pur le^o grant Amour qil auoyt a la pucele, & pur les miracles par dieux moustrez—le Roi Alle soy⁴ fist baptizer del Euesque lucius, auant nome ; Et esposa la pucele, qe conceut del Roi [vn] enfaunt madle.⁵

After a few days the king comes and passes sentence of death on the felon.

Conversio Alle Regis

The king is baptized and marries Constance. News comes to the king that the Scots have warred upon his lands.

He gathers his host and departs.

¶ Puis a vn demy aan passe, vint⁶ nouele al Roy que lez gentz de Albanie, qe sountz⁷ les escotz,⁸ furent passes lour boundes & guerrirent les terres le Roy. Dount par comun conseil, le Roi assemble son ost de rebouter ses enemis. Et auant son departir vers escoce,⁹ baila la Reine Constance, sa femme, en la garde Elda, le^o Conestable du¹⁰ chastel, & a lucius, leuesqe¹¹ de Bangor ; si lour chargea que quant ele fu deliueres denfaunt, qui lui feisoient¹² hastiue*ment sauoir la nouele. Et sur tote riens¹³ lour chargea que la reine fut a totes sez eises.¹⁴ vnqore a cel temps estoit la mere lui Rois Alle en vie, [bele] dame & fere de corage, & que trop morteument hey¹⁵ constance, la reine. Qar grant dedeyne¹⁶ auoit que le Rois alle auoit pur lamour vne femme estrange, & qi lynage lui nestoit pas conu, sa primer ley guerpi, quele touz ses auncestres auoient [loialment] e enterement¹⁷ gardez. Dautre part graunt^o enuye lui^o auoit le quer naufre, que constance estoit de toutez¹⁸ gentz, riches & poueres, saunz comparison de lui ou de nule [autre] de la terre, plus grantement preise de bounte & de seintite & de merueilleuse beaute. Et

[* leaf 48]

At that time the king's mother, who mortally hated Constance, was still living.

¹ loye.

² † non.

¹¹ Euesque.

¹⁶ enuie.

³ dez.

⁴ se.

¹² feissent.

¹⁷ loialment & entierment auoient.

⁵ masle.

⁶ vient.

¹³ touz rienz.

¹⁸ dez touz.

⁷ sount.

⁸ escotez.

¹⁴ touz choses eisez.

⁹ Scoce.

¹⁰ del.

¹⁵ mortelement hay.

Man of Law's Tale, line it seemed to her that her praise and glory were already brought to naught for the great esteem of Constance.

And her wrath increased greatly at the songs which the maidens of the land made and sung of her. The mother's name was Domild. Then when God and

722 nature would, Constance was delivered of a male child, a beautiful child and great, well begotten, well born; and at his baptism he was named Maurice. Then Elda and Lucius hastily sent the king gracious news of the queen who was well and hearty, and of her child of which she was delivered. At that time Domild, the king's mother, was at Knaresborough, between England and Scotland, as in an intermediate place. It came to

729 pass that the messenger sent by Elda and Lucius went through Knaresborough in order to carry and tell the king's mother good news, as he reasonably supposed. And when she heard the news, she feigned very great joy in the sight of the people, and gave the messenger right great and rich gifts, to show her joy. But she thought more than she said; for that night she made

743 the messenger so drunk with an evil drink which laid hold of his brain, and bound his senses so strongly, that he lay as if insensible, and as a dead man. Then, by the assent and advice of her clerk, she opened the messenger's box, and opened the letters sent to the

746 king by Earl Elda and Bishop Lucius, and counterfeited them under the same seals, and wrote, in the names of the said lords, other letters bearing such import: that the Queen Constance, delivered into their keeping, after the king's departure was changed in

754 manner and condition, as into another creature; for she was an evil spirit in form of woman; and the wonders which she wrought, and which seemed to be

lui fu auis qe sa¹ loaunge & sa glorie fu ia anentize² pur le grant pris de constaunce. Et mout lui^o encrut sa ire [de] les chaunsounez que les pucels de la terre fesoient & chauntoyent de lui. la Miere auoit a noun domulde. Puis quant dieux & nature voleient, constaunce fu deliueriez de vn enfaunt Madle,³ bel enfaunt^o &^o graunt,⁴ ben engendre, bien nee; & al baptisme fu nome Moris. Puis Elda & lucius hastiement maundement noueles gracieusez⁵ al Roy de la Reigne, que fu sein &^o heite^o, & de son enfaunt dount ele^o estoit deliueres. A cel temps estoit Domulde, la mere le Roy,⁶ a knaresbourgh entre Engleterre & Escoce, auxi come en lieu⁷ mene. A-vint⁸ que le Messenger, maunde par Elda & lucius, ala par knaresburgh pur⁹ porter & nuncier a la mere le Roi bone nouele, com il quidoit par resoun. Et ele oye¹⁰ la nouele, feynt¹¹ trop grant ioie engard de¹² gentz, E al messenger dona trop grauntz dounz & richez en moustraunce de ioie. Mes plus pensa que ne dit; Qar cele nuyt enyueri taunt le messagier de vn malicieuse beyuere,¹³ que lui purprist la cerueile & si fort le¹⁴ lia les sens, qil iueut¹⁵ com¹⁶ saunz sens, & come homme mort. Puis, par lassent & le conseil de soun clerk, ouery la boiste le messagier & ouery les lettres, maundez al Roy par le Counte Elda e leuesqe Lucius, & les fausa de-soutz mesmes les¹⁷ seales, E escript¹⁸ en lez nouns¹⁹ les ditz seignurs altres lettres, tiele sentence portaunce:²⁰ que la Reigne constaunce, baille en²¹ lour garde, puis le departier le Roi fu en manere & en condicioun chaunge, come en vn auter creature; qar ele fu malueise esprit en fourme de femme, dount les merueiles que ele fist, que semblent²²

Constance is delivered of fine man child. He is named Maurice.

Elda and Lucius send the king word;

but their messenger goes by way of Knaresborough that he may tell the news to the old queen.

She feigns great joy, gives the messenger an evil drink,

Tresoun

and causes the letters to be counterfeited.

Constance is declared to be an evil spirit in

¹ soun.

² aneintee.

³ † bien. ⁴ † &.

⁵ nouvelle gracieuse.

⁶ dez Roys.

⁷ MS. la, S. lieu.

⁸ auient.

⁹ &. ¹⁰ & come ele oy.

¹¹ fesoit.

¹² en agarde dez.

¹³ boire.

¹⁴ luy. ¹⁵ ieut.

¹⁶ † home.

¹⁷ ceux.

¹⁸ MS. escriptz, S. escript.

¹⁹ † de.

²⁰ portantz.

²¹ a. ²² qi sembloient.

Man of Law's Tale, line

751

miracles, were the deeds of the evil spirit in her body. "Whereto witnesseth the child born of her, which resembles not a human form, but a cursed form, hideous and doleful. And therefore, sir king, that shame might not come to your person and to your royal honour, for a show, we caused another child to be baptized, and named him Maurice ; and the other demoniac form we have shut up privily in an iron cage, until it please your lordship to send word back what is to be done, to your honour, with Constance and her hideous offspring. These marvels we have written to your lordship with sorrow and tears, according as we were charged by your lordly commandment to send you all the truth concerning your wife and her delivery ; and the thing is unknown to the bearer of these (letters), who supposes he knows other than he does know." Then, in the morning, the messenger arose, quite sick and ill-at-ease through the badness of the drink which had envenomed his brain ; and, after false embraces and false promises of Domild, he went his way, being charged to return, on his departure from the king, by the same road. And when he was come to the king, he related to him, by word of mouth, true and joyful news. But the letters brought back his pain, and made him to be disbelieved, for the king,

757 when he had looked at the letters, hastily overtaken with great sorrow and deep thought, forbade the messenger, with great threats of punishment, to speak anything of his wife or the child. And immediately he

759 wrote back to Elda and Lucius, replying to the letters which he supposed he had received by their sending and commandment, that although the news was to him marvellous, and, saving the grace of such honest men writing,

764 almost incredible, he commanded that, without all contra-

miracles, furent faitz del mauneys esprit¹ en son corps. "A qei testmoyne lenfaunt de lui nee, *que* ne recemble pas a fourme de homme, mes a vne maladie² fourme, hidouse & dolorouse. Et pur ceo, sir Roi, *que* a ta persone ne vensist³ a hountage & a ton real honour, feymus⁴ en moustraunce vn autre enfaunt baptize,⁵ & le nomamez⁶ Moriz; & lautre fourme demoniac auomus⁷ priuement ferme en vne cage de feer, taunque il plesse a ta seigneurie remaunder *que* nous estoit fere⁸ a toun honour, de constaunce e de sa hidouse engendrure. Cestes merueyles escriuomus⁹ a ta seigneurie ou dolour & lermes, solonc *que* nous sumus¹⁰ chargiez par ton seignuriel comaundement a¹¹ toy tote^o la verite maundier de ta femme & de sa deliuerance; & al portour de¹² cestes la chose est desconue, *que* autre quide¹³ sauoir qil ne seet." Puis a matyn se leua le messagier, tut malade & deheite pur la malice del boire, *que* lui auoit la ceruel enuenime, & apres faucez embracementz & faucez promesses de Domyldes, sen ala son chemyn, charge de retourner, a son departier del Roi, par^o mesme le chymyn. Et quant il^o estoit al Roi venuz, de bouche lui counta veritable nouele & ioieuse. Mes lez lettres lui firent¹⁴ retourner a dolour, & lui fist nouncreable; qar lui Rois quant [il] Auoit les lettres regarde, hastiement surpris de grant dolour & parfond pensee, defendi¹⁵ al Messagier¹⁶, a¹⁷ grantz manacez¹⁸ de peyne, *que* riens de sa femme ne del enfaunt parlat. Et meyn-tenaunt rescrit a Elda & lucius, en responaunt a les lettres qil entendi auer receu de lour maundement & comaundement,¹⁹ *que* tout le²⁰ fusent les noueles merueylouses &, sauue la grace de si lele gentz escriuant, a poy noun creables, comaunda qe sauntz nule countre-

human form,
and her child a
hideous monster.

On the morrow
the messenger
rises and goes
his way, being
charged to return
by the same
road.

The king replies
to the letters,

and commands

¹ fesaunces dez malueis
espiritiz.

² maudit. ³ venisist.

⁴ feimes. ⁵ baptiser.

⁶ luy nomez.

⁷ auoms.

⁸ vous estez a faire.

⁹ escriuoms. ¹⁰ fumes.

¹¹ de. ¹² du. ¹³ † de.

¹⁴ la lettre luy fist.

¹⁵ descendi.

¹⁶ MS. adds: al Messenger.

¹⁷ oue. ¹⁸ minasses.

¹⁹ commandoit.

²⁰ lez.

*Man of Law's
Tale line*

785

diction, they should have his wife safely kept, and advise him of her,¹ until his return. Then, with these letters, the foolish messenger returned at an evil hour, by the way of Domild, and when he was come there he complained bitterly of the king's behaviour and

788

manner. But the traitress comforted him greatly with her false show ; and that night she made him drunk, as before. And after she had opened and looked at the king's letters, she perceived that this order was by no means favourable to her. Then, under the same seal

793

of the king, she wrote to Elda and Lucius, in the king's name, with such import, as if to make answer to the first letters sent by them : that since one may, in a strange country, often hear more news than at home in the neighbourhood, therefore by reason that he had heard news of Constance, his wife, that if she abode in the land it would come to war and destruction of all the land by foreign nations, therefore he commanded Elda,

795

on pain of forfeiting his life and his lands and whatever he had, and of disinheritorship of all his lineage, that within four days after reading the letters, he should

799

cause a ship to be prepared and victualled for five years with food and drink for Constance, and have put in the ship the same treasure which was found in her former ship, and that she, with her child Maurice, should be exiled in the same manner in this ship without sail, or oar, or any other device, as she entered the land. And the same thing he commanded Lucius, bishop of Bangor, on pain of perpetual imprisonment.

809

Then when the said lords had received these letters they showed great grief and sorrow. And because the blessed lady perceived their manner quite changed and

¹ Keep him acquainted with her state.

dit feisent sa femme sauvement garder, & le moustrer de luy, tank a son retourner. ¶ Puis oue^o cestes lettres retourna le fol messagier a male heure par Domyld, & quant estoit la venuz, durement se pleynout¹ de la chier le Roi & de son² semblaunt. Mes la treteresce mout le³ conforta de son⁴ fauz semblaunt; e cele nuyt lenyueri come autre foitz.⁵ Et puis qe ele auoit les lettres le Roi ouert & regarde, aperceut qe cel maundement⁶ ne lui fut de riens fauorable: dount de-soutz mesme le seal au rei,⁷ Escript a Elda & lucius *en la persone [le Roy], en tiele⁸ sentence, com par⁹ respouns fere a les primers lettres par eus maunde: Qe¹⁰ pur ceo que en estraunge pays put¹¹ homme souent noueles oyer¹² plus qe a meson en veisenage, pur cec¹³ par la resoun qil auoit nouel oy de Constaunce, sa femme, qe si ele en la terre demorat, ceo auendreit¹⁴ a^o guere^o &¹⁵ destruccioun de toute la terre par estraunge naciouns, Et^o pur ceo comaunda¹⁶ a Elda en forfeiture de vie & de sez terres & quant qil auoit, & deshe[r]itement¹⁷ de tout son linage, qe deynz quatre iours apres lez lettres luez, feit¹⁸ apparailier vne neef & vitaille pur cync aunz de manger &¹⁹ boire pur constaunce, e en la neef mettre mesme le tresour que fu en sa primer neef troue, & que en mesme la manier en cele neef, sauntz sigle & sauntz nauiroun²⁰ ou saunz nul autre engyn, fut oue son enfaunt²¹ Moris de la terre exile, come ele en la terre entra. & mesme la chose comaunda a lucius, euesqe de Bangor, sur peyne de perpetuel enprisonement. Puis quant lez ditz seignurs auoient cestes²² lettres resceu, grant duel²³ & grant dolour demeneient.²⁴ Et pur ceo que la beneite dame aperceut lour semblaunt trop chaunge &

his wife to be safely kept till he comes back.

The messenger returns to Domild, and is again made drunk.

The traitress opens and reads the letters; and writes in the king's name,

[* leaf 48, back]

commanding Elda, on pain of death,

to prepare a ship and store it with provisions for five years, and to banish Constance and her son therein.

Elda and Lucius are full of sorrow.

Constance perceives it,

¹ plenoit. ² † lorud.

³ se. ⁴ dessouz.

⁵ † auoit fait.

⁶ comaundement.

⁷ del Roy.

⁸ celle.

⁹ pur.

¹⁰ Et. ¹¹ poit.

¹² oyer nouelles.

¹³ † que.

¹⁴ deuindroit.

¹⁵ en. ¹⁶ maunda.

¹⁷ desheritesement.

¹⁸ fist. ¹⁹ † de.

²⁰ MS. enuiron, S. nauiroun.

²¹ fiz. ²² lez.

²³ dolour.

²⁴ dou en auoient.

Man of Law's sad, and because no message had come to her from the
Tale, line

king, she suspected the death of her lord; and with great prayer she besought them that no truth should be hid from her. Then the messenger told her that the king made him so hard an encounter, that he would hear no word concerning the lady or the child. Then the lords showed her the king's letters with great sorrow and tears. But Constance, full of God, and ready for all his will and ordinances, said to them, "Never may the day come that the land should be destroyed for me, and that ye, my dear friends, should have death or trouble for me! But since my banishment pleases

826 God and my lord the king, I must take it in good will, in hope that God will bring a hard beginning to a good end, and that He will be able to save me on the sea, who, by sea and land, is almighty."

823 Then, on the fourth day, she was exiled with Maurice, her sweet son, who learnt seamanship young.

820 And so much sorrow and crying and weeping was in the city and town, of rich and poor, old and young, when they heard the sorrowful tidings, that no heart can think it; for all people lamented her. And, albeit he had no fault, all men cursed King Alle. And after her ship was already brought by other ships upon the high sea, where neither England nor any other land appeared to them, the mariners with great grief com-

874 mended her to God, praying that she might again return to the land with joy.

Then God guided her ship unto the sea of Spain to-
 904 wards the eastern country, under a castle of an Admiral of the heathen. This Admiral had for his seneschal a renegade from the Christian faith, named Thelous. This man, when he saw the lady brought from her ship, with her son,

mournes, & *que* a lui nul maundement nestoit¹ del Rois
venuz, soucha la mort son seignur; & a grant priere
lour requist *que* nule verite Luy fut celee. Lors lui
dist lui messagier qe lui Rois lui² fist si dure encountrer³
qil ne voleit de la dame ne del enfaunt nul parole oyer.
Puis⁴ les seignurs ly ount les lettres le Rois moustre ou
grant dolour & lermes. Mes constaunce, pleyn deu⁵ &
prest a totes sez voluntés & a sez ordinauncez, lour dist,
“Ia ne veigne ceo⁶ iour qe pur moy la terre fut⁷ des-
trut, & *que* pur moy⁸ mes cheres amyz eusez mort ou⁸
moleste. Mes puis *que* a dieu plest, & a⁹ mon seignur,
le Rois, mon exil, a bon gree le doys prendre en esper-
aunce qe⁹ dure comencement amenera dieu a bon fyn,¹⁰
et qil me purra en la⁹ mere sauuer, qi en mere & en
terre est de toute puissaunce.”

and begs to be
told the whole
truth.

¶ Lors le quart iour fu ele exile oue Moriz, son
douz¹¹ fitz, qi Ioeuenes aprist marinage. Et taunt de do-
lour & ¹² crie & ¹³ plour fu en la cite & ¹⁴ ville, de ¹⁵ richéz
& pouers, veuz¹⁶ & Iouenes, quant oyrent de⁹ la dolour-
ouse nouele, qe nule quore ne le⁹ pout¹⁷ comprendre;
qar touz gentz la weymentent.¹⁸ & tut ne vst il¹⁹ coupe,
al²⁰ Roi Alle, touz²¹ maudisoient. Et puis *que* sa neef
par autre nauie estoit ia amene en le haut Miere, ou ia
Engleterre ne autre terre lour apparust, les mariners a
grantz dolours²² la comaunderent-a dieu, en priaunt qe
vnqore peut ele a²³ ioie a la terre retourner.

notabile.
Constancia
hic exulitur.

The ship is taken
out to sea and
Constance com-
mended to God.

¶ Lors dieu gya sa neef tanque en la Mere despayn,
envers la terre del orient, de-souz vn chastel dun Ad-
miral de²⁴ paens. Cist admiral auoit le⁹ soen²⁵ seneschal
vn renee de la foy *christiene*, Thelous nome. Cist,
quant vit la dame de sa neef amene,²⁶ oue son fitz,

Her ship comes
to land under
the castle of
a heathen
admiral.

¹ estoit.	² se.	¹⁰ a boun fyn amenera	¹⁸ waymenterent.
⁵ encontre.	⁴ † <i>que</i> .	dieux.	¹⁹ † la. ²⁰ le.
⁵ de dieux.		¹¹ enfaunt & tresdouce.	²¹ † luy.
⁶ le. ⁷ fuist la terre.		¹² † de. ¹³ † de.	²² graunt dolour.
⁸ sont (?) mys en.		¹⁴ † en. ¹⁵ dez.	²³ oue. ²⁴ dez.
⁹ † <i>par</i> .		¹⁶ veilles. ¹⁷ poit.	²⁵ soun. ²⁶ Mene.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

before the Admiral, had great pity for her ; and, through him, she was very graciously received. And after she was well refreshed with meat and drink, in the evening she would not lodge anywhere but in her ship ; for they were heathens, and she had her hope rather to float on the waste sea under the steering of God, than to lodge among the enemies of God. Then God, who never fails his friends in tribulation, gave her grace before the Admiral ; for he commanded the aforesaid Thelous, his seneschal, to take care of her, so that no evil or annoyance should come to the lady through any one. And Thelous, right glad and joyous of the charge,

914 at dead of night went down alone, bearing great treasure of gold and silver and precious stones. And when he had acknowledged his fault to the lady, in that he who had been a Christian was a renegade traitor towards God for fear of death and lust of earthly honour, he prayed her that he might put himself with her into the hand of God to return somewhere to his faith, by the grace of God, among Christians. Then, by the help of his friends, being put-off from land, they came to the high sea. And the enemy, who everywhere strives to work ill, moved the renegade knight with grievous temptation to entice the lady to consent of sin. But God, to whom she had given her heart by faith (*or* from childhood), would not suffer her to assent

917 to such evil. Then, when this Thelous would force her by heavy threats, she restrained his folly by reason ; for the child Maurice, as it was already full two years since he was exiled from England, might have understanding and remembrance of a thing done in his presence. This then was her pretext to defend herself from sin. And she begged Thelous to look on all sides whether he might see no land, and when they might reach

deuaunt ladmiral, grant pite en auoit & par lui fut mout gracieusement resceu. Et apres ~~que~~ ele estoit bien refete de manger & de boire, asseir¹ ne voleit par alliours mes en sa neef herbergier; qar il estoient paiens, & ele meuz² auoit sa esperaunce³ en la gast mere soutz le gouvernement dieu floter, ~~que~~ entre les enemys dieu herberger. ¶ lors dieu, qi a ses amys ia ne faut en tribulacioun, lui dona grace deuaunt Ladmiral; qar il comaunda a lui auant dist Thelous, son seneschal, qe il en eut cure, ~~que~~ mal ne moleste par nuly avensist a la dame. Et Thelous, de la garde trop lee & ioious, en la nuyt parfounde descendi soul, portaunt grant tresour dor & dargent &⁴ peres precieusez. Et quant auoit reconu a la dame son errour, ~~que~~ cil ~~que~~ auoit este cristien fu tretur⁵ renees enuers dieu pur pour de mort & pur coueitise de terren honour, lui pria qil se peut ou lui mettre⁶ en la meyn dieu pur retourner ascun lieu a sa foy par la grace dieu^o entre⁷ christienes. Puis, par eide de sez priuez aloynez de la terre, vindrent a⁸ haut mere. E lenemy, qi par tut sen-force⁹ de male fere, moueit le chiualier renee a greuouse temptacioun de ticer¹⁰ la dame a consent de pesche. Mes dieu, a qi ele auoit done son quore daffiaunce,¹¹ ne la voleit suffrier assentir a tiel mal. Dount, quant cist^o Theolous par dures manacez la voleit afforcier, ele refreynt sa folie par resoun; ¹² Qar^o lenfaunt Moris, ~~que~~ ia estoit de dois aunz entiers puis qil estoit exiles Dengleterre, poiet auoir entendement & memorie¹³ de chose faite en sa presence—Adonqe dount¹⁴ ceste fut sa colour pur soi defendre de pesche—e pria a^o thelous qil ausat de tote parz, si puet¹⁵ nule terre veer, Et quant a la terre puis-

The admiral gives his seneschal Thelous charge to take care of her.

Thelous confesses his sin in renouncing his faith, and begs to go with Constance to some Christian land.

Being tempted by the devil, he tries to entice her to sin;

but she excuses herself on the child's account.

Constance then begs him to look out for land;

¹ asoir.

² MS. mout, S. meuz.

³ sperance. ⁴ † des.

⁵ tretres.

⁶ mestre.

⁷ † lez. ⁸ en le.

⁹ tout enforce.

¹⁰ tempter.

¹¹ denfaunce.

¹² & ele luy respount par resouns sages & bels si dit.

¹³ memoire.

¹⁴ presence puit auenir graunt peril.

¹⁵ que sauisa par touz pars sil peust.

Man of Law's Tale, line the land, in a suitable place, she would perform his desire.

And he, upon this promise, very anxious, standing on the forepart of the ship, looked on all sides whether he could not see land. And while he was most anxious,
922 Constance, to save her chastity, came privily behind his back, and thrust him into the sea.

Within this time, King Alle, already possessed of the victory in Scotland over his enemies the Picts,
876 hastened with great desire and grief into England; for it was told him by the goers to and fro that his blessed wife, Constance, was already banished from his land, by his commandment, with her son Maurice. And as the king went his way through cities and towns, by day, in England, there came against him men and women, children and old men, and reviled him with crying and reproaches, throwing upon him and his men mud and filth and great stones; and women and naked children, in mockery, showed him their hind-quarters; and so severe was the persecution, that it behoved him and his host thenceforward to take their journeys by night. Then, when he was come to the aforesaid castle, in great fear of his life, he caused Elda
878 and Lucius to be called, asking in great wrath where his wife Constance was, whom they called an evil spirit in form of woman, and what had become of the demoniac monster, his child. And they, abashed at the word, said they knew naught of such thing, but that his wife was good and holy, and his offspring fair and graceful. And he, like a madman, asked them what reason moved them to send him such treasonable letters, as he could openly show them. Then, the
882 letters of both sides being seen, the king knew nothing of the letters which he saw sealed with his own seal; no more did they of the other side. Then they

sent atendre, en lieu couenable, parfroist son talent. Et cil, sur ceste promesse mout corious, esteaunt en le uant¹ partie de la neef, de toute² pars aisa si nule terre puit³ veer. Et taunt com fu plus *curious, constaunce, pur sa chastite sauuer, priuement luy vient rere au dos, ele lui⁴ tresbucha en la mer.

and when he
is most intent,
[* leaf 49]
comes behind
him and pushes
him overboard.

Deyns cest temps, le Rois alle, ia esploite de la^o victorie en Escoce de lez piteis,⁵ sez enemis, a grant desir e dolour se hasta en Engleterre; quar counte ly⁶ estoit par⁷ entre alauntz que sa beneyte femme, constaunce, ia estoit par son comaundement de sa terre oue son⁸ fitz Moris exilez. ¶ Et com ly Rois erra soun chemyn par citez & viles, de iour, en Engleterre, luy vindrent contrarius⁹ hommes e femmes, enfauntz e veillars, e le¹⁰ reuilerent de crie e le-dengge,¹¹ gettauntz sur lui & les¹² seuns tay & ordure & grosse peres, e femmes & enfauntz deuestuz par despit luy moustrent¹³ lour derere; et taunt dure fu la persecucioun, que lui couenoit &¹⁴ son ost desoremes^o de nuyt prendre lour iourneis. Puis, quant il estoit¹⁵ al auant dit chastel venuz a grant poure de sa vie, fist apeller Elda & lucius, a grant felonie demandaunt ou fu sa femme, Constaunce, qil apellerent maueys esprit en fourme de femme, e ou fut deuenuz le demoniac monstre, son enfaunt. Et cil, abays de la parole, se diseient riens sauoir de tiel¹⁶ chose, Mes que sa femme estoit bone & seynt, & sa engendrur¹⁷ bele & gracieuse. ¶ Et cil, com homme arage, lour demaunda qele resoun lour moueit¹⁸ si tresonels lettres a lui maunder, com apertement lour^o poeit¹⁹ moustre. Puis, veuz lez lettres dun part & dautre, ia le Roy les lettres riens ne conysoit qil²⁰ vist de son seal assellez, Ne ceaus del autre²¹ part auxint. Dount dautre²² part

King Alle on his
return from
Scotland is

maltreated by
the people of
England.

Arrived at the
castle, he summons
Elda and
Lucius;

and asks
what made them
write such
treasonable
letters.

¹ la haut. ² touz.

³ sil peust nulle terre.

⁴ a dos & le.

⁵ puteus. ⁶ luy.

⁷ † lez. ⁸ † douce.

⁹ encountrantz. ¹⁰ luy.

¹¹ de l'engge.

¹² MS. dles. S. & les.

¹³ moustrent.

¹⁴ oue. ¹⁵ auoit.

¹⁶ celle.

¹⁷ soun enfaunt nee.

¹⁸ meuoit. ¹⁹ purroit.

²⁰ quex il.

²¹ ceux dautre. ²² lautre.

Man of Law's Tale, line could not suspect treachery in any quarter but that of the messenger. And he at last said that he felt

886 guilty of no treason, nevertheless he freely acknowledged to them his drunkenness at the court of Domild, the king's mother; and if there were treason, there was the source. And the king, now quite inflamed with wrath, began to travel by night, until he came to where his mother was. And when he had gone in to his mother, who was asleep, he cried out at her with a hideous voice, "traitress!" and commanded her hastily to show the letters which she had treacherously counterfeited. And she, suddenly overtaken with fear, and seeing the king like a man out of his wits, holding the naked sword over her, and well knowing she was guilty of so great a treachery, without more delay, begging for mercy, acknowledged all her crime. And the king, with great fierceness, told her that he would have no mercy upon her but as her treason required. "For you had no pity on me, nor on my wife, nor on my child, neither will I ever have pity on you." And with that

894 he cut off her head and (hewed) her body all to pieces, as she lay naked in her bed. Then Alle solemnly made his vow before Lucius, the bishop of Bangor, that never more would he marry wife, until the mercy of God should send him news of Constance.

Then this Constance, the third year after she had drowned Thelous in the sea, which was the fifth year of this exile, as she was floating on the sea, beheld afar a wood as it were appear to her. And as her right good and courteous guide, God, steered and guided her ship nearer and nearer, at last she perceived that it was the masts of a great navy, which lay in the haven of a
969 city by the sea. And when the mariners saw a ship so marvellously floating on the sea, they supposed that

ne sauoient soucher la tresoun mes ver le Messager. Et cist finaument dit qe de nul tresoun se senti coupable, *Nepurquant* bien lour reconust de sa yueresce en la court dommylde, la mere le Roi; & si tresoun fust, la fu la source.¹ Et le Roi, ia tut enflaume de ire, comensca de nuyz errer, taunque il vynt² ou sa mere estoit. ¶ Et quant il^o estoit entre sur sa mere ia endormis, oue hidouse voiz la escria, "tretresce!" Et lui comaunda hastiurement moustrer les *lettres* qe³ ele^o auoit treitrousement⁴ fause. Et ele, sudeinement suprise de pour, & veaunte le Roi, com homme hors de senz, tenant⁵ lespeie nue outre lui, & bien sachaut sei coupable de si grant tresoun, sauntz *plus* de relees, en^o priaunt mercy, reconisoit toute sa felonie. Et le Roi, a⁶ grant ferte,⁷ ly dist *que* nul⁸ mercy^o nen auereyt⁹ mes^o com sa tresoun demaunda. "Qar de moy, ne de ma femme, ne de mon enfaunt vous nen auiez pite,¹⁰ ne ieo de vous ia pite naueray."¹¹ Et a ceo ly coupa la teste e le corps tut apecees,¹² com ele iut nue en soun lit. ¶ Lors alle solempnement fit son vou¹³ deuant lucius, leuesque¹⁴ de^o Bangor,^o qe iammes femme ne esposereit, taunqe la misericorde dieu ly enueiat noueles¹⁵ de constaunce.

¶ Puis ceste Constaunce, le tiers aan¹⁶ apres qe ele¹⁷ auoit neey theolous en la mere, qe fu le quinte an de cest exil, come ele fu flotaunt sur la mere, regardoit de loins¹⁸ luy apparer com vn boys. E com son trebon & courteis giour, dieux, gouverna^o &^o gya sa neef plus pres & plus, a la fyn aperceut *que* ceo estoient mastes de vne¹⁹ graunde naue, qe reposa en le port de vn cite sur la mere. Et quant les mariners virent vne neef si me[r]uelousement sure la mere flotaunt, sucherent *que*

The messenger is examined, and acknowledges his drunkenness at Domild's court.

The king goes to his mother and commands her to show the letters.

She, being overtaken with sudden fear, begs for mercy, and confesses her crime.

But the king will have no mercy on her, and hews her to pieces as she lies in her bed.

In the fifth year of her exile,

Constance meets with a great fleet riding in a haven.

¹ sourcee.

² vient. ³ quex.

⁴ tresserousement.

⁵ teignaunt. ⁶ od.

⁷ ferite. ⁸ tiele.

⁹ aueroit.

¹⁰ ne auoistez pitie.

¹¹ auera. ¹² a peces.

¹³ awove.

¹⁴ Euesque.

¹⁵ nouelle.

¹⁶ la tierce an. ¹⁷ qil.

¹⁸ loigne.

¹⁹ MS. mastode vne, S. mastes dune.

Man of Law's Tale, line it had been a ship quitted by the mariners through storm.

- But when they were come nigh, they found a woman, and a child of five years, richly furnished with treasure, but full poor of victuals. And after the mariners had spoken with the lady, they brought her and her child into the city, to a palace, where a senator of Rome, not unknown to the maiden, was harboured. This man was called Arsemius of Cappadocia, a very wise and worthy knight, and greatly excelling in letters, and of the Emperor Tiberius Constantinus, the father of Constance, much loved and familiar. He, when he saw
- 971 Constance, by no means knew her, which the lady took in great joy. And she knew him well enough ; for often enough had she seen him in the house of the emperor, her father. This Arsemius was leader of all that navy. And after he had asked the lady several questions as to her condition and fortune, and she had
- 972 wisely answered him, without revealing anything concerning her lineage or the emperor, (that) since her fortune was not all gracious as regarded the world, though it pleased her as regarded God, and since she was married to a rich lord, who had begotten the child, (but) to whom she, by her fortune, was not pleasing in all points, therefore she suffered such penance. And after he had asked her name, she had answered him that she was named Couste ; for thus the Saxons called her. Then the lady asked him what was the meaning of that great fleet which he led. And he answered her that it was the Emperor Tiberius's fleet, sent by him to the Holy Land, against the Saracens, who had treacherously murdered his daughter Constance, and a great number of the Christians, and the Sultan and his allies, who were friends to the Christians ; and he told her that, on all sides, God had given them happy achievement over their enemies ; for the Sultanness was burnt, and of the Saracens,

ceo vst este vne neef par tempest veude de sez mariners.
 Mes quant estoient venuz ades, trouverent vne femme &
 vn enfaunt de cink aaunz, richement estoiffe de tresor,
 Mes trop [poures] de vitaille. Et apres *que* les Mariners
 auoient la dame aresones, amenerent lui & son enfaunt
 en la Cite a vn paleys, ou vn senatour de Rome, ne pas
 de la pucele desconu, estoit recette. Cist estoit apele
 Arcemius¹ de Capadoce, tresage chyualer e pruz, &
 mout excellent en lettrure, Et del Emperour Tiberie
 constantin, le pere Constance, mout ame e secre.
 Cist, quant vist constance, de riens la conisoit, qe² la
 dame prist a grant ioie. Et cele assetz lui conisoit²;
 qar assetz lauait veu en la meson lempereur, son pere.
 Cist Arcemius³ estoit dustre de toute cele nauie. E
 puis qil auoit demaunde la dame plusours demaundes
 de son estre e de sa fortune, e ele luy auoit sagement
 respondu,⁴ sauntz riens decouerir de son lynage ou del
 Emperour, Et pur ceo qe sa fortune ne luy estoit solom
 le secle tote⁵ gracieuse, tut ly plust ele^o solom dieu,
 Et pur ceo qele estoit marie a vn riche seignur, qi auoit
 engendre lenfaunt, a qi par sa fortune ele nestoit pas
 plesaunte en touz poyns, & pur ceo suffri ele tiel pen-
 aunce. Et puis qil auoit son noun demaunde, ele lui
 auoit^o respondu⁶ qele estoit Couste nome; quar issint
 la-pellerent lez sessoneys.⁷ Puis lui demaunda la dame
 quey amounta cele graunde nauie qil amena. E il^o ly
 respondi *que* ceo estoit⁸ *la nauie lempereur Tiberie,
 enueie par lui en la terre seynte, encountre les sarazins,
que auoient tretrousement moudre^o sa fille,⁹ constance,
 & grant noubre dez *christiens*, E le soudan & sez
 alliez *que* estoient amys a¹⁰ *christiens*; e luy disoit *que*
 de toute parz dieu lour auoit done eurous esplot de
 lour enemys; quar la soudane fu arse, ¶ Et de¹¹ sarazins,

The mariners
bring the lady
and her child
to a palace,
where she finds a
senator whom
she knows,

though he does
not recognize her.

He informs her
that the fleet was
sent by the
emperor against
[* leaf 49, back]
the Saracens who
had murdered
his daughter.

¹ Arcenius.

² S. omits from *qe* to
conisoit.

³ Arcenius.

⁴ respondi.

⁵ trop.

⁶ respondist.

⁷ Sessouns.

⁸ gestoit.

⁹ la fille lempereur.

¹⁰ as.

¹¹ dez.

- Man of Law's* more than eleven thousand were slain, but never a
Tale, line Christian in his host was lost or wounded; and that all the bodies of the Christians, who were murdered by the Saracens, he and his host had found, except only the body of Constance, who, according to the Saracens' saying, was drowned in the sea. Then the maiden besought him that she might pass, under his conduct, to Rome. And Arsemius, with great joy, granted (it) her, and took into his keeping her, and her son, and all her treasure.
- 974 And after he was come to Rome, he commended Couste to his Roman wife, Helen, the daughter of Sallustius, the brother of the Emperor Tiberius, and the uncle of Constance. This Helen, the cousin of Constance, loved her cousin, and Maurice her kinsman, so tenderly that she had no other joy so great in her life. And maybe her joy would have been increased, if Constance had told her all the truth. Then Constance, with her
- 979 son Maurice, abode twelve whole years in the company of Arsemius and Helen, a lady of all holiness and truth. And Arsemius and Helen, who had no offspring, claimed Maurice, in love and nurture, as their
- 988 son and heir. At this same time, Alle, king of England, by the advice of Lucius, bishop of Bangor, and Elda his seneschal and constable, went with (his) men to make his pilgrimage to Rome and have absolution from the pope for the slaughter of his mother. At the same time, he committed the keeping of his kingdom to Edwin his son, who was the third king after him. And when Alle was seven days' journey from Rome, he sent Elda forward to make honourable provision. And when Elda was come to Rome, and had inquired where the king of England and his people might honourably lodge, he was answered that Arsemius, the senator of the city, was nobly endowed with several castles

estoyent plus de vnze Mil tuez, Mes vnkes vn *christien* nestoit¹ perdu ne naufre en son ost ; Et *que* touz les corps dez *christiens* Auoient il et² son ost trouet, *que* par sarazins estoient moudrez, fors soulement le corps constaunce, *que* solom le dist de³ sarazins estoit nee en la mere. Puis lui pria la pucele *que* ele puit en son conduyt passer tank*que* a Rome. Et arsemius a⁴ grant ioie lui granta ; E la prist en sa garde, e son fitz, e tout son tresour. E puis qil estoit⁵ a Rome venuz, recomaunda Custe a sa femme Romeyne, heleyne, la fille salustius, le frere lempereur Tiberie e le vnclre Constaunce. Cest heleyne, la nece Constaunce, taunt tendrement ama sa nece & moris son cosyn *que* autre si grant ioie en sa vie nauoit. E pust estre *que* sa ioie ly eust escrue, si constaunce lui [eust] tote verite countee. Puis Constaunce, oue son fitz Moris, demora en la compagnie Arsemye⁶ & heleyne douze auntz entiers, dame de toute seyntete & verite.⁷ Et Arsemius⁸ e heleyne, *que* nul engendure nauoient,⁹ Moris en¹⁰ amour e norture, come lour fitz luy clamerent &^o lour eyr. En cel mesme temps, Alle, le Roi dengleterre, par le conceil lucius, euesque de Bangor, e Elda, son Seneschalle^o &^o Conestable, ala oue gentz *pur* fere^o son pelrinage a Rome & dauer absolucion del pape de la occisioun sa mere. ¶ En mesme le temps, baila la garde de son reame a Edwyn, son fitz, *que* estoit le tierz Roy apres lui^o. Et quant Alle estoit a^o sept Iourneis de Rome, Maunda Elda deuaunt, *pur* honorable *purueaunce* fere.¹¹ Et quant Elda estoit a Rome venuz, & auoit conquis¹² ou le Roi dengleterre e¹³ sez gentz pussent honorablement herberger, Luy fu Respondu¹⁴ qe Arsemius,¹⁵ le senatour de la Cite,¹⁶ estoit noblement dowe de¹⁷ plusours chas-

He and his host had found the bodies of all the murdered Christians except Constance.

Arsemius takes her to Rome and recommends her to his wife Helen, Constance's cousin.

Constance and her son remain twelve years with Arsemius.

Then King Alle makes a pilgrimage to Rome to get absolution from the Pope.

Elda is sent forward to find honourable quarters for the king,

¹ ne fuist.

² MS. en, S. &.

³ lez ditz dez.

⁴ Arsenius od.

⁵ qils estoient.

⁶ Arseni[us].

⁷ bountee.

⁸ Arsenius.

⁹ engendrure auoient.

¹⁰ † lour.

¹¹ † encontre luy.

¹² enquis.

¹³ ou[e]. ¹⁴ responde.

¹⁵ Arcenius.

¹⁶ de Rome. ¹⁷ dez.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

and fair palaces. Then, at that news, Elda went to Arse-
mius to beg it; and he kindly caused him to be shown
his castles and manors, which were already emptied,
without any delay. And after Elda had chosen hon-
ourably for the king, Arsemius returned thence to his
palace. And when he had entered his wife's chamber,
where Constance was, he asked them if they wished to
hear news, and told them that Alle, the king of England,
would come to the city within ten days, and would be
lodged in his castles; and for that cause he (the king)
had sent a great count and castellan, his marshall.
And when Constance heard the tidings, for secret and
hidden joy she fell down in a swoon. And after her
spirits had returned to her, on their asking what ailed
her, she excused herself by the weakness of her brain,
which came to her at sea. Then, before the said ten
days, when King Alle was coming near the city of

998 Rome, Arsemius the senator, who was to receive him
within his castles, went to meet him honourably with
all the knighthood of Rome and the rich Roman
citizens, and received him courteously. And as the
senator's wife Helen, and Constance, stood upon a
tower fitted with steps, that they might see the king
of England, and look at the knights (*or* cavalcade), a
knight who had seen the king upon the road before his
coming to the city, and who was appointed to show the
ladies the king's person, showed them the person as
he rode under the tower, and said, "Ladies, that is
King Alle." And the king, hearing his name men-
tioned, looked upwards. And when Constance saw
his face, she fell down in a swoon near Helen, who
supposed it to be naught but weakness. At this
time of the king's coming to Rome, Maurice began

teaus e bieus paleys. ¶ Puis a ceste nouele, Elda ala a arsemius¹ de ceo prier; & il bonement ly fist moustrer² sez chasteus & maners *questoient* ia veudez, saunz nul demoraunce.³ Et puis *que* Elda auoit *pur* le Roi honurablement choisi, Arsemius⁴ sen est retourne a son paleys. Et puis *que* il estoit en la chambre sa femme entre, ou estoit Constaunce, *lour* demaunda si eles voleynt noueles⁵ oyer; Et *lour* counta *que* alle, Roys dengleterre, deynz lez dis iourz vendreit en⁶ vile, & serreit herberge en sez⁷ chasteus; & a ceo auoit maunde vn grant counte &^o chasteleyn, son Mareschalle. Et quant Constaunce oy la nouele, de⁸ priuee e celee ioie, chey en paimeson.⁹ Et puis *que* sez espirit^z luy^o estoient reuenuz, a *lour* demaunde¹⁰ *que* ele deuoit, se acundut *par* feblesse de sa^o seruele¹¹ *que* luy auent en la mere. Puis eynz¹² lez dist^o dis iours, quant le Rois Alle fust en^o uenaunt *pres* a¹³ la Cite de Rome, Arsemius¹⁴ le senatour, qy¹⁵ ly^o deuoit receyuere deins sez chasteus, ly ala encountraunt honurablement ou tote la cheualrie de Rome & oue les riches citeseinz Romeyns, e ly receust curtesement. Et come la femme le senatour, heleyne, e Custaunce, esteirent¹⁶ sur vn bretage¹⁷ ordine de gre, qe eles¹⁸ puissent vere le Rois dengleterre, & auiser la chialrie,¹⁹ vn chialier *que* auoit veu le Rois auant²⁰ sa venu a la Cite *par* chemyn, e qestoit assigne *pur* les dames moustrer la *persoun* le Roy, *lour* moustra la²¹ *persoun*, com il chiuacha de-soutz le Bretage,²² Et dit, “veez si, dames, luy Rois Alle.” Et lui Rois, oyaunt son noun nomer, reguarda vers mount. Et quant Constaunce vist son visage, chey enpres²³ helyne paume, qi ne quidoit autre mes feblesse. A ceo²⁴ temps de la venuz²⁵ le Roi a Rome, comensca

and choses the castle of Arsemius.

Constance on hearing the news swoons for secret joy.

Arsemius and the chivalry of Rome go out to meet the king.

Constance sees her lord from a tower, and falls down in a swoon.

¹ Arcenius.

² moustre.

³ demurant.

⁴ Arsenius. ⁵ nouelle.

⁶ † la.

⁷ ceux.

⁸ del.

¹⁰ demaunda.

¹¹ ceruele.

¹³ de.

¹⁵ qil.

⁹ paumisoun.

¹² deinz.

¹⁴ Arsenius.

¹⁶ esturent.

¹⁷ bretarche.

¹⁹ chiuachie.

²⁰ deuaunt.

²² bretarche.

²⁴ ceste.

¹⁸ lez.

²¹ sa.

²³ † de.

²⁵ venue.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

1013

- his eighteenth year. He was secretly instructed by his mother Constance, that when he should go to the feast with his lord the senator, he should leave all other things and put himself before the king of England, when he should be seated at meat, in order to serve him, and that he should stir nowhere out of the king's sight, and that he should strive well and courteously to serve him ; for he greatly resembled his mother. Then, when the king
- 1016 beheld the child standing before him, he was greatly struck by the resemblance, and asked him whose son he was ; and he answered him that he was the son of Arsemius the senator, who sat on his right. And upon the king's asking, the senator told him that he held him (Maurice) as his son, because he had made him his heir.
- 1020 And he knew his mother well, but not his father ; for his mother would never acknowledge that to him, in the time of twelve years. And the youth knew him not ; for the mother and he were sent into exile when he was but ten weeks old. Thereupon the king asked the youth his name, and he answered that his name was Maurice. Then the king became very thoughtful.
- 1030 both on account of the name and the resemblance in the face, and for the sayings of the senator. And he asked the senator, if he pleased, to show him the lady, the youth's mother. And he answered him that she was in his house. Upon this the king, greatly comforted, caused the meal to be hastened. And when he
- 1036 was come down to the senator's palace, his wife appeared, who was coming towards him with the senator's wife. And the king, after he had greeted the
- 1051 lady of the palace, for certain knowledge, went to embrace and kiss his wife. And such open demonstration of love made he, that the senator, and the lady, and all that were there, were not a little astonished. And at that the king cries out aloud, " I have found my wife ! "

moris son diseotisme aan. Cist estoit aprius priuement de sa mere Constance, qe, *quant* il irreit a la feste ou son seignur le senatour, *que*, totes autres choses lessetz, se meit¹ de-naunt le Roi dengleterre, *quant* il fust assis a manger, *pur* lui seruier; Et *que* de nule part se remuat hors del regard al Roi, e qe il se afforsat bien & curteisement lui^o servir; *quar* il^o durement ressembla sa mere. ¶ Puis, *quant* li Rois lenfaunt regarda,² esteaunt deuaunt lui, trop fu surpris de la ressemblance,³ & ly demaunda qi⁴ fitz estoit;⁵ & ly respoundi qil estoit⁶ fitz a^o Arsemie,⁷ le senatour, qi ly site⁸ a destre. E a sa demaunde,⁹ ly senatour lui dist qe son fitz lui tient¹⁰ il, *pur* ceo qil lauioit¹¹ fait son heir. E sa mere sauoit il bien, mes noun pas son pere; *quar* vnkes sa mere ceo ne lui voleit reconustre, en le temps de dozze aunz. E le Iuuenel ne sauoit; qar la¹² mere e luy estoient mys en exil, *quant* nestoit forke de dis symaynes. *¶ A ceo le Roi demaunda del Iuuenel¹³ son noun; Et il respondi *que* son noun fu Moris. Dount le Roi deuient en grant pense, e^o del noun, & de la ressemblance de visage, E *pur* le¹⁴ ditz le senatour; Et demanda del Senatour, si ly plust fere moustraunce de la dame, la mere le¹⁵ Iuuenel. E il¹⁶ lui respoundi *que* ele estoit en sa mesoun. Sur ceo le Roi, trop counforte, fist hastier le manger.¹⁷ E *quant* il estoit descendu al paleys le Senatour, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senatour. E lui Rois, apres qil auoit la dame del paleis salue, *par certeyn* conisaunce ala sa femme embracer & beisire. Et taunt apert moustrance damour¹⁸ lui fesoit, *que* le senatour & la dame, & *quanqe* i¹⁹ esteient, ne esteient pas poi merueles. Et le Roi a ceo, tut en haut escrie, "Ieo ay troue ma femme!"

Maurice is instructed by his mother to serve King Alle at the feast, and not to stir from him.

The king is struck with the lad's resemblance to his wife, and asks him whose son he is.

[* leaf 50]
He finds that his name is Maurice, and asks whether he may see the youth's mother.

When Constance appears, the king embraces her and cries out,

"I have found my wife!"

¹ mist.

² regarda lenfaunt.

³ semblance. ⁴ quel.

⁵ MS. repeats: e lui demaunda qi fitz estoit.

⁶ † le.

⁸ seoit.

⁹ demanda.

¹⁰ le tynt.

¹² sa.

⁷ Arsenie.

¹¹ auoit.

¹³ del Iuuenel demanda.

¹⁴ lez. ¹⁵ del.

¹⁶ ele.

¹⁷ maungerie.

¹⁸ de lamour. ¹⁹ ia.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

- Then Elda and Lucius greeted the lady, and with great joy, thanked God, who never fails those who put their trust in Him. On the morrow, the king went to take his absolution for the death of his mother. And after he had told the Pope Pelagius, beforenamed, all the adventures, the pope returned thanks to God. Then, after the king had dwelt forty days at Rome,
- 1079** one night Constance besought him to request the emperor, who dwelt twelve leagues from Rome, that he would do him the honour to be pleased to eat with him at Rome. And as the request pleased the king, Constance
- 1086** charged her son Maurice with the message ; and told him, if the emperor would not grant him his petition, that then he should beseech him for the love he bore the soul of his daughter Constance ; for then she well knew that the emperor would not deny him his request, as he did no one who, for his daughter's soul, prayed him for anything. And then, when Maurice was come before the emperor, with the honourable company, and had done his message on behalf of the king his father, the emperor, greatly smitten with love for the youth,
- 1096** said to his knights, weeping, "God ! how marvellously that youth resembles my daughter Constance !" And then he gave Maurice great gifts, but would not grant him his petition ; because, for the grief which he had taken for his daughter whom he thought dead, he would never after eat at a joyful feast nor hear minstrelsy. Then Maurice prayed him according to the
- 1091** form aforesaid ; and the emperor granted him. It came to pass on the eve of St John the Baptist, her birthday, when the feast was to be made on the following day, Constance said to the king, that for his courtesy he should ride honourably to meet the emperor, to receive

puis Elda & lucius ount salue la dame, & a grant ioie ount dieu merceye, *que* iames ne faut a¹ ceus *que* ly² ount affiaunce.³ Lendemayn le Rois ala prendre son absolucioun del mort sa mere. Et puis qil auoit counte al pape pelagie, auant nome, tote les auentures, Le pape rendi *grace*⁴ a dieu. Puis apres quaraunte iours *que* lui Rois auoit demore A Rome, vne noet⁵ ly pria Custaunce qil demaundast⁶ al Emperere, *que* demorra de Rome a^o dozze lieus, qil vousist⁷ lui fere lonur⁸ *que* lui plust oue lui manger a Rome. E puis *que* la priere plust au Roi, Constaunce charga son fitz Morice del messenger⁹; Et lui dist, Si Lemperour ne lui granttast poynt sa priere, *que* dount ly request¹⁰ *pur* lamour qil auoit al alme sa fille Constaunce; qar dount¹¹ sauoit ele bien *qe* lempour ne lui deneiroit¹² pas son¹³ demaunde, com a nuly ne¹⁴ fist *qe* *pur* lalme¹⁵ sa^o fille^o riens lui priast. Et^o puis, quant morice estoit deuaunt Lemperour venuz, oue la^o compaignie honorable, & auoit son¹⁶ message fest de part le Roi son pere, Lemperour, trop surpris de lamur del¹⁷ Iuencel, dist a sez chiualers en ploraunt¹⁸, "Dieu! com cel¹⁹ Iuencel meruelousement ressemble ma fille Constaunce!" Et puis qil auoit²⁰ a Morice done^o *grauntz* douns, mes ne lui voleit otreyer sa priere, *pur*^o ceo^o *que*^o *pur* le doel *qe* il auoit pris *pur* sa fille, quil quida morte,²¹ vnqes apres ne voleit a feste de ioie manger ne Mynistraucie oyer. Dount lui pria morice solom la fourme auaunt dist; e lempour²² lui granta. A-vynt²³ la veil seynt Iohan le^o Baptistre, la feste de sa natiuite, quant la fest²⁴ se deuoit fere le iour ensuaunt, Constaunce dist al Rey,²⁵ *que* a sa curtesie²⁶ cheuachast honurablement encountre lempour, *pur* lui

Forty days after Constance besought the king to invite the emperor to a feast.

Maurice is charged with the message.

The emperor will not consent at first, but being

entreated to do so for his daughter's sake, he yields.

¹ as. ⁹ qen luy.

³ esperance.

⁴ graces. ⁵ nuyt.

⁶ maundast.

⁷ vensist.

⁹ message.

⁸ honour.

¹⁰ adonques luy requist.

¹¹ donque.

¹² denyeroit.

¹⁴ le.

¹⁶ sa.

¹⁸ emplorant.

¹³ sa.

¹⁵ sa alme.

¹⁷ luy.

¹⁹ cist.

²⁰ il dona.

²¹ qi quida ele estre mort qi.

²² † tost.

²⁴ le Maungerie.

²⁵ † & luy pria. ²⁶ † qil.

²³ Auient.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

- him in the city ; and so it was done. And when the noble chivalry of Rome, with the citizens, came honourably in the company of the king, Constance begged her lord to alight from his horse to meet the emperor, whom she already saw coming near. And Constance, before all the company, took her lord the king with her right hand, and Maurice her son with the left, and came and
- 1105** greeted her father in these words : “ My lord and fair father Tiberius, I, Constance, your daughter, thank God, who has granted me life even unto this day, that I see you in health.” And after the emperor had heard and seen his daughter, he had his heart seized with never so sudden joy, that well nigh he had fallen from his horse ; but King Alle and his son Maurice supported
- 1114** him. Then with good right they made great joy. And Constance told her father all her adventures, and how she had dwelt already twelve years in the house of the Senator Arsemius and Helen, who then for the first time recognized her cousin, her uncle's daughter. Then, after other forty days were passed, when King Alle returned thence into his own country, the Emperor Tiberius, by the consent of Pope Pelagius and all the senate of Rome, on account of his old age, took
- 1121** Maurice as his companion in the Empire, and appointed him his heir. And he was named Maurice of Cappadocia, because of Arsemius who was from Cappadocia, as is said before, at the beginning of this story. This Maurice was called by the Romans in Latin, “ *Mauritius Christianissimus imperator*,” that is to say, “ Maurice the Christian emperor.” Then Alle the king
- 1142** of England, the ninth month after he had come to England, rendered his soul holily to God. And nigh half a year after, Constance, who was in great honour

receyuer en la Cite ; & en-si fu fest. Et quant la noble chivalrie de Rome ou lez citezeynz vindrent en la compaignie le Rois honorablement, Constance pria son seignur¹ descendre de son destrer e^o encoutre Lempereur,² que ele ia vit³ venier depres.⁴ E Constance, de-vaut tote la compaignie, prist son seignur le Roi, en la⁵ meyn destre & morice son fitz en la synistre,⁶ & vyent son pier saluer en cest paroles : ¶ “ Mon seignur & beau pere Tiberye, ieo, Constance, vostre fille, mercy dieux, qe vnqore a ceo⁷ iour mad graunte la vie, que ieo vous veye en saunte.” E puis que lempereur out⁸ sa fille oy e vieu, com⁹ ia de si sudeyne ieoye auoit le quore suspris, que apoi estoit de son destrer trebuche ; Mes le Rois Alle¹⁰ e son fitz Moris le supporterent.¹¹ Dount a boun dreit, grant ioie demenerent. E Constance counta a soun pere¹² totes sez auentures, e coment ele auoit ia dozze aunz demore en la mesoun al senatour Arsemie¹³ & heleyne, que ore primerement reconuseyt sa nece, la fille son vncler. ¶ Puz apres autre^o quarante iours passetz, quant le Roi Alle sen returna en son pais,¹⁴ lempereur¹⁵ Tiberie, par assent le¹⁶ pape pelagie e de tout le senat de Rome, pur sa veillesse,¹⁷ prist morice compeignon de¹⁸ Empire, e lui clama son eyr. E estoit Moris de Capadoce nome pur Arsemie¹⁹ questoit de Capadoce, com auant est dist al commencement de cest estoire. ¶ Cist moris fu²⁰ apelle de²¹ Romeyns en latin, “ *Mauricius christianissimus imperator.*”²² Ceo est²³ a dire, “ Morice, Le *christien* emperor.” ¶ Puis Alle, le rei dengleterre, Le neofime moys apres qil estoit venuz en Engleterre, rendy lalme a dieu seintment.²⁴ E apoy apres²⁵ vn demi aan, Constance, que en grant honour

The king and his company go out to meet the emperor.

Constance addresses her father,

who is so overjoyed that he well nigh falls from his horse.

Constance tells her father all her adventures.

Forty days after, King Alle returns to England. Tiberius, on account of his great age, makes Maurice co-emperor.

Alle dies.

Constance

¹ † le Roy.

² † & ³ veut ia.

⁴ den prees a pee.

⁵ sa. ⁶ senestre.

⁷ cest. ⁸ vst.

⁹ bien conu. ¹⁰ Allee.

¹¹ luy supponerent.

¹² † lempereur.

¹³ Arsenie le senatour.

¹⁴ vers Engleterre.

¹⁵ lempereur.

¹⁶ lassent del.

¹⁷ S. puts pur sa veillesse after Tyberie.

¹⁸ del.

¹⁹ Puis Arsenye.

²⁰ estoit. ²¹ dez.

²² Emperor.

²³ cest.

²⁴ † & deuoutement.

²⁵ pres.

*Man of Law's
Tale, line*

1148

and love with all the land, returned to Rome by reason of the news which she heard of her father's sickness. The thirteenth day after her coming, Tiberius died holily in the arms of his daughter, and rendered his soul to God. And she, a year after, departed to God, in the year of the incarnation five hundred eighty and four, on St Clement's day; and was buried at Rome, near her father, in the church of St Peter. And Elda, who had brought Constance back to Rome, whilst returning to England, died devoutly at Tours, and was buried by Lucius, bishop of Bangor aforesaid, in the church of St Martin. Then Lucius returned to his church of Bangor. The body of King Alle, king of England, was buried in the church of St Amphibius at Winchester, where he died.

& *amur* estoit a tote la terre, returna a Rome pur la returns to Rome.
 nouele *que* ele¹ oy de la maladie son piere;² le tres-
 sime iour apres³ sa venu, morust Tiberie seintement Tiberius dies.
 deyns les bras sa fille,⁴ & rendi lalme a dieu. E ele
 apres vn⁵ aan trepassa⁶ a dieu, Laan del incarnation Constance dies.
 cync Cent octaunte *quarte*, le iour seynt clement.
 ¶ E fu⁷ enterre a Rome prede⁸ son pere, en leglise de
 seint pere. Et Elda, *que* auoit Constaunce remene a Elda dies.
 Rome, en retournaunt vers⁹ Engleterre, morust deuoute-
 ment a tours, E par Lucius, Euesqe de Bangor, auant
 dit, fu enterre en lesglise¹⁰ seyn Martyn. ¶ Puis
 Lucius retourna a sa Esglise [de Bangor. le corps le Roy
 Allee, Roy dengleterre, fuist enterre en laglise seint
 Amphibe a] Wyncestre, ou il morust.

¹ quel.² † &.³ de.⁵ dune.⁶ trepassoit.⁹ enuers.⁴ † Constance.⁷ † ele.⁸ pres.¹⁰ † de.

2.

The Tale of
The Wife of Melchlauss the
Emperor

(FROM SHIRLEY'S MS. OF THE EARLY-ENGLISH VERSION OF THE
GESTA ROMANORUM, Harl. 7333)

CONTAINING ANALOGUES OF

The Treason that the false Knight wrought Constance
(Group B, l. 619, l. 591-617),

AND OF

The renegade Steward's attempt on her chastity
(Group B, l. 914-24).

Mr Thomas Wright's note on Chaucer's *Constance*, in his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, is as follows :

"The Man of Lawes Tale . . was probably taken direct from a French Romance. All the incidents in it are of frequent occurrence in medieval stories. The whole story is found in Gower; and a similar story forms the plot of *Emare* (printed in Ritson's *Metrical Romances*) [thus far Tyrwhitt]. The treachery of King Alla's mother enters into the French romance of King Offa, preserved in a Latin form by Matthew Paris. It is also found in the Italian collection, said to have been composed in 1378, under the title of *Il Pecorone di ser Giovanni Fiorentino* (an imitation of the *Decameron*) giorno X, No. 1. The treason of the knight who murders Hermengilde is an incident in the French *Roman de la Violette*; and in the English metrical romance of *Le bone Florence of Rome* (printed in Ritson's collection); and is found in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 69 (ed. Madden), joined in the latter place with Constance's adventure with the steward. It is also found in Vincent of Beauvais, and other writers. Gower's version appears to be taken from the French chronicle of Nicolas Trivet, MS. Arundel, No. 56, fol. 45 v°."

Following this information, I add to Trivet's *Constance*, the *Gesta* Tale of "Merelaus the Emperor" from Shirley's Harleian MS. 7333, which Sir F. Madden suggests was written by a scribe Impingham, as that name is signed at the end of one of the poems (*Gesta Rom.*, ed. Madden, Roxburghe Club, 1838, p. xiii, note at foot).

This Tale was versified by Occleve, who called Merelaus, 'Gerelaus'; and Warton quotes Occleve's lines describing how the 'feendly man' stabs the Earl's child, and then puts the bloody knife into the sleeping Empress's hand,

For men shoulde have noon othir deemyng,
But she had guilty ben of this murdring.

(Warton, i. 296, ed. 1871.)

The author of the *Gesta Romanorum* was, says Warton (i. 297), 'Petrus Berchorius, or Pierre Bercheur, a native of Poitou, who died prior of the Benedictine convent of Saint Eloi at Paris in the year 1362.'

Following *Merelaus* in the present volume, is Matthew Paris's story about the intercepted letters from his life of Offa the First, in Wats's edition. Miss L. Toulmin Smith has read both our prints with their originals.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

Merelaus the Emperour. *from Gæth Romanorum 2 by Pierre de a Benedictine monk who d. 1411*

[Harl. MS. 7333, leaf 201, col. 2.]

Merelaus regnyd a wise Emperour; and he had weddide¹ to wife þe kyngys dowter of Hungery, þe whiche was a faire woman, and fulle of werkis of mercy. So in a certeyne tyme, þe Emperour as he lay in his bed, purposid to visite þe holy lond; and þerfore in þe morowe he callid to him þe Empresse, and his brothir, and þenne he saide, "Dame, it may not be laynd, or helid, or kepte fro þe, that I wolle to þe holy lond; þat is my ful purpose; and þerfore I ordene and sette þe in my stede, for to rule and gouerne þe Empire, in worship to me, and profite to my peple." Thenne saide she, "Sithen it may be noon othir way, be it don as þou wolt haue it, and I shal be turtillie in your absence þat hadde lost hire make; for I trowe þat ye wolle turne home azen in goode helthe." The Emperour confortid hire with faire and swete wordes, and kiste hire, and tooke his leve, and passid his wey. Whenne he was gon, his brothir wex prout, and depresside riche and poore, and ȝit stirid the Emperesse to synne; but she, as a goode woman shulde do, seide þat she wolde not by no way assent to synne, as longe as hire

Merelaus weds
a good Princess
of Hungary.

On going to the
Holy Land,

he makes her
Regent in his
stead.

When he has
gone, his Brother,
the Steward,
tries to seduce
the Empress.

¹ The scribe's curls and crosses—though often probably, if not certainly, mere flourishes—to final d, f, g, h, ll, n, p, r, are represented by an italic *e*.

husbonde livid. But he wolde not leeve so, but euer-
more stirid hire *perto*, whenne *pat* he myzte fynde hire
by hire oone. At *pe* laste, whenne *pe* Emperesse sawe
pat he wolde not be corectid, ne amendid of his foly,
she callid to hire *ijj.* or *iiij.* worthi lordis of *pe* Empire,
The Empress bids
her Lords cast
the Steward
[MS it]
into prison.
They do so.
Just before the
Emperor comes
back,
the Steward
prays the
Empress for
mercy,
and promises to
amend.
She frees him,

and saide to hem, "Seris, ye wete wele, *pat* my lord
maad me *pe* principalle of his Empire, and *pat* his
brothir shulde be stiward vndir me, And *pat* he shulde
not do withoute me; And he depressithe, as ye see wel,
poore and simple peple, spoilithe riche and grete, and
moore harme wolde do if¹ *pat* he myzte; for *pe* whiche
I charge you, *pat* ye strongly bynde him, and caste him
in prisone." Thenne saide *pei*, "Certenly, he hathe do
mekille Iville sithe he went, And *perfore* with glad
hertis we shulle fulfille your wille." Anoone *pei* laide
hondis vpon him, and bond him in *pe* prisone, with
bondis of yre; and *perfore* he was many day. So at
pe laste word come, *pat* *pe* Emperour was in comynge
home; and thenne thought he to him selfe, "If my
lorde come home, and fynde me here, he wolde spere
the cause of myne enprisonement, And thenne she
wolde telle him *pe* cause, howe *pat* I temptid here to
synne, And thenne shalle I neuer haue grace of him,
and happely lese my life." And thenne anon he sent
a message to *pe* Emperesse, payinge hire *pat* she wolde
fowche safe to come to *pe* prisone, and speke with him
a word. Whenne *pe* Emperesse hurde *pe* message, she
com down and askid of him what he wolde. Thenne
said he, "Gentille lady, haue mercy on me, for if my
lord fynde me here, I am but ded." "If y knewe,"
quop she, "*pat* *pou* wolde leeve thy foly, and *pat* I
myzt fynde *pe* a goode honest man, zit *pou* shuldist
haue grace." And he saide "3is;" and *perto* he made
surte of feithe. Thenne she brouzt him out of the
prisone, and gert bathe him, and clyppe him, and
shave him; and thenne she araide him in precious

clothinge, and saide to him, "Brothir, nowe take þi palfray, and come *with* me, and ride *with* me azenst our lord." The Empresse rood to meete *with* him, *with* þis stiward, and many othir lordis and mynystis, in a grete multitude. And as thei were ridinge þer ran an hynde in the wey, *with* a swifte pase; And þenne alle þat sawe hire syde aftir *with* houndis, as hard as thei myzte, So that noon was lefte *with* þe lady, but only þe stiward. And when he sawe þat, he said, "Dame, heere biside is a prive forest, and it is longe sithe I lovid you; go we nowe þidir, and lat me play *with* the." Thenne saide she, "Sey, foole, howe menyst þou? dude I not ȝistirday deliuer þe out of prisone, for þou sholdist leeve thi foly, and nowe þou turnyst þer to soone azen? I telle þe nowe as I dude afore, þat þer shalle noon do it *with* me but myne husbonde, þat may chalange it by lawe." Thenne saide he, "For sothe and but þou assent to me, I shalle hong þe by þe heire vp on a tre here in þe forest, wher neuer noon shalle mete *with* the, And so þou shalt haue a fowle ende." Thenne saide she, "And þoȝ þou smyte þe hed fro my body, and vse in me alle maner of tormentis, þou shalt neuer compelle me to synne." Thenne he nakid hire evene to þe smok, and honge hire by þe heeris vp on an Oke; And he bond hire horse by þe tre. And whenne he hadde done þus, he rood to his felowis azen, and saide, þat a gret multitude of peple had stolyne and Ravisschid þe lady from hym; And þerfore was maade gret sorowe ouer alle þe Empire. Aftir, *within* thre days, ther huntȝd an Erle in the forest; And as þe houndis ronne *after* þe wolvis, thei felte a sauour, and lefte hire rennyng, and tooke hire cours vnto þe tre. Whenne þe Erle sawe þat, he merveilide hiely, and smot þe horse *with* þe sporis, and pursuyd, tille he com to þe tre where þe lady henge. And whenne þe Erle sawe hire honged ther by þe heeris,

and takes him
with her to meet
the Emperor.

But on the road,
the Steward
again tries to
seduce the
Empress,

and threatens to
hang her up to
a tree by her hair
if she won't
yield to him.

She refuses.

He strips her,
and hangs her
up on an oak.

Three days after,
an Earl out
hunting finds her,

takes pity on her, he hadde gret compassione of hire, by cause þat she was so faire; And saide to hire, "Sey, woman, what art þou, and whi hongist þou þus?" And she was on live, by þe mirakille of god, and saide to him, "I am a woman of straunge contre, and howe I honge here I not; god wot!" And thenne saide þe Erle, "Whose horse is þis, þat stondithe by þe tre?" "Sir," quoth þe lady, "it is myne." The Erle trowid she was some grete gentille woman, and hadde of hire þe more pite; and saide to hire, "A! deere frend, þou semyst a gentille woman and dame. I haue at home a litille childe to dowter, and if þou wolt vndirtake to norishe hire vp, and teche hire, þou shalt be deliueryd fro þis peyne, and þer to haue goode Reward." Thenne saide she, "Sir, in as moche as I may I wille fulfille *your* wille." þe Erle took hire downe, and brouȝt hire to his castelle, and took his douȝter in to hire kepinge; and therfore she lay in þe same chambir þat þe contesse lay in. And þe contesse hadde a dameselle ligging by-twyne hire and þe Empresse, and euery nyȝt was liȝt brennyngre þere in a lampe; and she bare hire so wel, þat she was lovid of alle men. But þis Erle hadde in his halle a stiward, and he lovid moche þe Emperesse, and ofte tyme spake to hire of synfulle love, And euer she answerid to him ayen, and saide, þat she hadde y-made a vowe to god, þat she shuld neuer love noon by suche maner love, but him þat þe lawe of god wolde þat she lovid. Thenne saide þe stiward, *with* gret indignacione, "þou wolt not graunte me by no way?" Thenne saide she, "No, what wolle ye more þerof! I wolle kepe þe vowe þat I haue maade to god." The stiward ȝede away, and poȝte, "I wolle be vengid of þe, if I may." It happid in a certeyne nyȝte, þat þe dore of þe Erlis chambir was I-lefte opyne; & þe stiward perceyvid it, and went in, And fonde alle on slepe. And whenne he fond alle on slepe, he lokid aboute by

and says he'll
free her if she
will teach his
little girl.

She agrees,
is taken to his
castle,

and lies in the
Countess's room.

The Earl's
Steward tempts
the Empress
to sin,

and when she
refuses, swears
he'll be revenged
on her.

One night he
gets into the
Countess's room,

lizt of þe lampe, and sawe þe bed of þe Emperesse;
 And whenne he sawe þe Emperesse liggyng *with* the
 Erlis douzter, he drowe out a knyfe, and cutte the
 throte of the childe; And thenne putte priuyliche þe
 knyfe in the hond of þe Emperesse, for intent þat þe
 lord, whenne he wakid, myzt see by the lyzt of þe
 lampe þe bloody knyfe, And deme in his herte þat she
 hadde slayne þe childe *with* hire owne knyfe, And so
 to ȝive hire Iville dethe. Aftir alle this, þat þe stiward
 hadde slayne þe childe, and putte þe knyfe in the hond
 of þe Emperesse, It happid þe contesse to wake; and as
 she lokid vp, and out of the bed, she perceyvid howe
 þat þe Emperesse hadde in hire hond a bloody knyfe.
 And *with* that sizt she was ny out of mynde, and saide
 to hire husbond, *with* an hye vois, “Ser, ser, awake,
 and loke to þe bed of þe lady, And see what she hold-
 ithe in hire honde!” The Erle wakid, and lokid to þe
 bedde; and whenne he sawe þe bloody knyfe, he was
 not a litille trowblid in spirite, and cride to hire, and
 saide, “Awake, þou woman, what is þat in thi
 honde?” Thenne þe Emperesse awoke thorowe cry-
 inge, and þe knyfe felle out of hire honde; and she
 lokid aside, and sawe þe childe dede, and felte þe bed
 fulle of bloode. Thenne she cryde *with* an hye vois,
 and saide, “Out allas! my lordis douzter is slayne!”
 Whenne þe countesse hurde þat hire douzter was dede,
 she cryde to hire lorde *with* a sorouffulle vois, and
 saide, “Go sle þis deville or woman, whedir she be,
 that þus hathe slayne our douzter.” And then þe coun-
 tesses spake to þe Emperesse, and saide, “It is opynly
 seeyne, þat þou hast kilde my childe *with* þi knyfe, and
with þyne owne hondis, And þerfore þou shalt haue a
 fowle dethe.” Thenne saide þe Erle to hire, *with* gret
 sorowe of herte, “Woman, if drede of God were not,
 sothely I wold smyte thyne hed fro þe body *with* my
 swerde; sithen I savid þe fro dethe, and þou now hast

sees her child in
the Empress's
bed, cuts its
throat,

and puts the
bloody knife in
the Empress's
hand.

The Countess
wakes;

sees the knife in
the Empress's
hand,

wakes the Earl,
who sees it too,

and then the
Empress wakes,

sees the child
dead, feels the
blood, and cries,

‘The child is
slain!’

The Countess
tells the Empress
she has killed
the child,

and she shall
die for it.
The Earl re-
proaches her for
her ingratitude,

and tells her to be gone.

[*! ? countre. But an Earl ruled a county.*]

The Empress rides off eastward,

ransoms a man from the gallows,

and he follows her to a city,

where they lodge.

She refuses men's offers to sin.

She sends her man to a ship to buy clothes for her.

The Shipmaster

comes to her, and agrees to sell her some clothes.

slayne my douzter. Neuerthelese for me shalt þou haue noone harme ; but sone, I charge þe, go out of my contre, for if euer I fynde þe after þis day in myne counte,¹ sothely þou shalt neuer ete bred." Thus Empresse was fulle of sorowe, and dude on hire clothis, and took hire palfray, and rood toward þe eest ; And as she so rood by þe way, she sawe a paire of Galowis on þe lefte hond, and cacchepollis ledynge a man for to be ded. The Empresse mevid thorowe pite, smot the hors *with* the sporis, and went to the Iebet, and saide to þe cacchepollis, "Deere frendis, I am redy to bey þis man fro dethe, if 3e wolle saue him for mede." "3is," quop þei So þe lady accordid *with* hem, and sauid þe man ; and thenne saide þe lady to him, "Deere frende, be nowe fro hense forward a trewe man, sithe I sauid pi life." "3is, lady," quop he, "and that I bihote þe." And so he folowid þe lady. And whenne þei were come ny a cyte, the lady saide to him, "Go afore in to þe cite, and Ordayne for me an honest hostery." And he so dude ; and she dwelte in þe cyte by many days, And men of the cite had hye mervaille of hire fairenesse, and ofte tyme spake to hire, for doynge of synne, but þei myzte not spede. Happid soone aftir, þat þer come a shippe, I-chargid *with* many maner of marchaundise ; and whenne þe lady hurde speke þerof, she sade to hire seruaunt, "Go to þe shippe, and loke if þou see ony goode clothis for me." The seruaunt entrid the shippe, and fonde þer many diuerse precious clothis ; And he saide to þe maister of the shippe, þat he shulde come, and speke *with* his lady. The maister grauntide. The seruaunt 3ede home agayne, and tolde hire howe þe maister wolde come. So þe maister come to hire, and worshipfully salusyd hire ; And þe lady spake to him for clothe for hire werynge, and he grauntid hire. So þe seruaunt 3ede azen *with* him to þe ship ; and than þe maister

saide to him, "Deere frend, I wolde shewe to the my consaile, if I may triste þe; and if þou wolde my consail kepe, sothely I shalle wele reward þe for thi mede." Then saide þat othir, "I wolde swere vpon a booke, þat I shalle kepe thi consail, and þerto helpe þe, in alle þat I may." Then saide þe maister, "I love hire more þan þou wolt leve, ther is in hire suche a fairnesse, and þerfor I wold ȝive alle the goode þat I haue, for to haue of hire my wille; And if I may haue hire by thyne helpe or consail, do aske of me what þou wolt, and I shalle pay þe." Thenne saide the seruauant, "Telle me how þou wolde I dude, þat she weere at me." Thenne saide he, "þou shalt go to hire, & say to hire, þat I wolde not late out my clothe by no way to no creature, and so make hire come to me to shippe; But late hire not come to shippe tille tyme þat ther rise a gret wynde, for thenne I shalle leede hire away with me, and she shalle not scape." "This is a good conseil," quoth þe traitour; "but ȝive me my mede, And then I shalle fulfille your wille." When the traitour hadde receivid his meede, he went to his lady, and tolde hire howe þe maister wolde not sende his clothe oute of his shippe,—“But he prayd you, þat ye wolde come downe to þe watir, and þer ȝe shulle see and haue clothis at your owne wille.” The lady trowid þe traitour, and went to þe ship; and when she enterid þe ship, þe traytour seruauant aboode with oute. And then þe maister, seyng a gret wynde to rise vp, he sette vp sayle, and faste rowyde; And when þe lady perceyvid þis tresone, she was gretly mevid in mynde, and saide, “What kynnys tresone is þis, þat þou hast y-do to me?” “Nay,” quoth he, “it is noone othir tresone but þat I shalle comune with þe fleshely, And wedde þe to wife.” Thenne saide she, “Sir, I haue maade a vowe to god, þat I shalle neuer do þat trespace, but with him þat I am bounden to in lawe.” “Sey not so,”

The Shipmaster
bribes the
Empress's
servant to put
her in his power.

The traitorous
servant takes his
money,

and tells the
Empress

she must go to
the ship to see
the clothes for
sale.

She goes;

the Master sets
sail,
[Cp. Paris and
Helen.]

and says he'll
throw her into
the sea unless she
yields to him.

She asks for
a place
to prepare
herself in.

Then she kneels,
and prays God
to keep her
from sin.

At once a
tempest rises,
and drowns all
on board except
the Empress and
Shipmaster.

She escapes to a
Nunnery,

and heals many
sick folk.

The Emperor's
Brother is a
leper.
The Earl's
Steward is deaf
and blind.
Her former
Servant is lame.
The Shipmaster
is half mad.

The Emperor
brings his
Brother to the
Empress's
Nunnery.
The nuns go in
procession to
meet him.

quoþ he ; " þou art nowe in myddes of þe see, and þer-
for but þou consent to me, I shalle caste þe in myddes
of þe watir." Thenne saide þe lady, " Sithe it shalle
be so, ordeyne me a place in þe ship, And I shalle do
þy wille or I dye." The maister trowid to hire wordis ;
And she drowe a curteyne, when she was in, betwyne
hir and him ; And thenne she knelid doun, and made
hire prayeris to god in theise wordis, " My Lord god,
þat hast y-kept me fro my 3owthede, kepe me now in
pis hour, þat I be not filid, þat I may 3ive þe my sowle
with a clene hert." When þis orisone was y-maad, þer
ros vp so gret a tempest in þe see, þat þe shippe brake,
and alle were A-dreynt, except þe lady And þe maister.
The lady drowe to a bord, the whiche bare hire to the
lond ; and þe maister tooke an othir bord, and so passid
to þe londe, But neithir of hem knewe of otheris salua-
cione. The lady went to an Abbaye of nonnys, and
ther she was worshipfully receivid ; and dwelte þer
longe, and livide an holy life by longe tyme, in so
moche þat god lent hire grace þat she heelid many syke
folke ; And þerfore alle syke in euery syde þe Abbay
drowe thedir to be heelid, And ioefully were sped.
Nowe þe brothir of hure husbonde þat hongid hire by
þe heire, was a foul lypre ; the knyzt þat slowe þe Erlis
douzter, and putte the bloddy knyfe in hire hond, was
def and blynde ; the seruauant þat hadde bytrayd hir,
was haltynge ; And þe maister of þe ship was halfe out
of mynde. When þe Emperour hurde telle, þat suche
an hooly and a vertuys woman was in suche a place,
he saide to his brothir, " Deere frende, go we to þat
abbay, þat þe hooly woman may heele þe of þi lipre."
Thenne saide he, " 3a, lorde, if I shulde." Anoon
withoute tareynge, the Emperour, in his owne persone,
tooke his brothir, and went to þe nonnys ; And when
the nonnys hurde telle of the Emperours comynge, Thei
went ayenst him with processioun. The Emperour

enspered of þe prioresse, if þat ther were ony suche an
 hooly woman therynne among hem, And she saide
 “3a,” And he baade, þat she shulde come forthe; And
 thei maade hire come forthe, and speke with þe Emper-
 our. The emperesse hydde hire face with a wimpille,
 for she wolde not ben y-knowe; And so she come to
 him, and worshipfully she salusid him. And thenne
 þe Emperour saide to hire, “Faire lady, can ye heele
 my brothir of lepre? If ye conne, aske of me what ye
 wolle, and ye shulle haue it.” The Empresse lokid
 abowte hire, and she perceyvid that þe brothir of þe
 Emperour stood þer a foul lepre, and wormys sprong
 out at þe visage on eche syde; And for þe Emperour
 was ther with his sike brothir, alle syke peple þat was
 ther abowte come thedir to be heeled. And thenne
 saide þe Empresse to þe Emperour, “Ser, if ye gaf me
 alle your Empire, I may not heele your brothir, but if
 he were confessid Amonge alle þe peple.” The Emper-
 our turnyde to his brothir, and baad hym make opyne
 confessioun, þat he myȝt be clanside. Thanne he
 maade confessioun of alle his life, Except howe þat he
 hongid þe Empresse by þe heyris, that that wold he
 not towche of. Thanne saide þe Empresse to þe
 Emperour, “Sir, If I putte medecyne to him, it is but
 veyne þat I do, for he is not ȝit fully confessid.”
 Thanne þe Emperour tournyde to his brothir, ande
 saide, “þou ȝoman, what soory wrecchidnesse is in
 þe? Seist þou not wele, þat þou art a lothely lypre?
 wolt þou not telle alle forthe, þat þou may be maade
 hoole & clene? Shryve þe anoone, or ellys þou shalt
 be putte out of my company for euermore.” “A!
 lord,” quop he, “I may not shryue me, tyl tyme þat I
 haue surte of þi grace and mercy.” Then saide þe
 Emperour, “What! hast þou trespassid vnto me?”
 “3is, sir,” quop þat othir, “I haue hiely trespassid
 ayenst you, and þefore I aske mercy or I shalle sey

The Empress
hides her face.

The Emperor
asks her if she
can heal his
Brother.

She says, not
unless he will
confess his sins.

The Brother
confesses all
except his sin
against the
Empress.

She says he has
not fully con-
fessed.

He says he
cannot, till the
Emperor pro-
mises to forgive
him.

The Emperor promises. Then the Brother confesses how he tempted the Empress, and hung her up by her hair.

Next, the Earl's Steward says that his Lord saved such a Lady, and

because she wouldn't sin with him, the Steward, he killed the Earl's child, and put the knife in her hand.

Then the Empress's old Servant says a Lady rescued him,

and he betrayed her to a Ship-master, who carried her off to make her his concubine.

Lastly, the Ship-master says he did carry off the Lady,

meaning to sin with her; but her prayers wrought a tempest;

what it is." The Emperour thought no thyng of þe Emperesse, for he trowid þat she had ben ded many day afore; And þerfore he saide to him, "Telle boodely what þou hast trespassid ayenst me, for dowteles I forgive the it." Thenne saide he, howe þat he stirid þe Emperesse to synne, and þerfore hongid hire by þe heerys. Whenne þe Emperour hurde þat, he was ny wood in herte, and saide, "A! false harlot, veniaunce of god is falle vpone þe; and if I hadde knowyne this byfore, I shulde haue put þe to þe fowlist dethe þat ony man myzte haue." Thenne saide þe knyzt, þat slowe þe Erlys douzter, "I wote not of what lady ȝe spekyn, but ther heng a lady by the heyre in suche a forest, and my lord þe Erle took hire downe, and broughte hire to his castelle, to be his norishe; and I lay aboute to synne, and for I myzt not haue my wille of hire, I slowe my lordis dowter, as she lay slepinge with hire in þe bed; And þenne I putte þe knyfe in þe hond of þe Ientil woman, for she shulde bere þe blame þer of; And þerfore þe Erle putte hire out of his Erldom, but I not whedir she becom, after þat tyme." Thenne saide þe thefe, þe traitour, "I knowe not of what lady ye speke, but þer was a faire lady þat sauid me frome dethe, fro þe iebet, when I sholde haue be hongid, and paide for me a grete summe of money; and aftir þat I falsly bitraide hire to a maister of a ship, þat he shulde haue hire to his concubyne; and whenne I hadde vndir a gret trayne brouzt hire to his ship, he sette vp sayle, and ladde hire away; but what bifelle aftirward I ne wist, ne whedir she bicome." Thenne saide þe maistir of þe ship, "Sothely and suche a lady received I into my ship, by deceyte of hire seruaunt; And whenne I was with hire in myddys of þe see, I wolde haue synnyd with hire, and she turnyd hire to praiynge; and when she hadde maad hire praiseris, þenne þer ros a tempest, & brake þe ship, and

[aH] was dreynt, and I socourid me withe a bord, and so I was brought to londe; But what bicomme of þat lady, whedir she was dreynt or saveide, I not." Then cryde þe Emperesse with an hye vois, and saide, "3e ben alle cleene confessid, and þerfore I wolle now medecynys put to you." And so she heeled hem alle. Thenne þe lady shewide hire face among hem alle. Whenne the Emperour hadde knowliche of hire, he ran for gladnesse, and halsid hire, and kist hire, and wepte right soore as a childe for gladnesse, and saide, "Nowe blessid be God, for I haue founde that I haue hiely desiride!" And withe moche ioy brouzt hire home to þe palyis, and faire life endid, in pes and in charite.

he was wreckt,
but saved on a
board.

Then the Empress
heals all these
sinners, and
shows her face.
The Emperor
knows her,
kisses her,

takes her home;
and they live and
die in peace.

Moralite.

The Spiritual Meaning of this Story.

To our gostely purpos þis Emperour is our lorde ihesu crist; the wife is þe sowle of man; The brothir of þe Emperour is man, to whom god 3ivithe cure of his Empire, *scilicet* of his body, but principally of þe soule. But thenne þe wrecchide fleshe ofte tyme stirithe þe soule to synne; But þe soule, þat lovithe god afore alle thinge, And euer withstondithe synne, and takithe his power, *scilicet* resone and vndirstondinge, and suche a fleshe þat wolle not be obedient to þe spirite, he makithe to be prisonid in þe prisone of penaunce, til tyme þat he wolle obey vnto resone. Thenne þe Emperour is to come home fro þe holy londe, *scilicet* crist comithe to a synner, *scilicet* puttithe him in þe mynde of a synner. Thenne þe synner thenkithe on him, and criethe for grace; And as ofte tyme as he hathe hope þat he hathe grace, he is bolde to synne ayen; But a-yenst suche a man spekithe Scripture, and seiythe þus, Maledictus homo qui peccat in spe, Cursid be þe man that synnithe in hope. And so þe soule ofte tyme enclinethe

The Emperour
is Christ.
The Empress is
the Soul of man;
the Emperour's
Brother is man,
whose flesh stirs
the Soul to sin.

The coming from
the Holy Land is
Christ's coming
to a sinner.

The going to
meet the Emperor
is the meeting
God at Easter.

On the road the
sinner sins;

the flesh stirs the
Soul to sin;

and the man gets
hung on the oak
of worldly love.

The Earl hunting
is the Preacher,

who brings the
Soul to Holy
Church, to teach
his daughter,
Conscience.

The Earl's
Steward is the
Pride of Life,

which slays the
Conscience.

to it, And latithe it go out of þe prisone, trustynge,
and þerfore wasshithe of alle þe filthe, and clensithe it
with goode vertuys, and makith it go opyne þe hors of
charite, & to ryde in goode werkis, þat he meete with
god in þe day of Pask. But ofte tyme þe synner
trespassithe by þe way, in þe hooly tyme, And an
hynde arisithe vp, *scilicet* dilectacioun of synne, and alle
þe wittys rennythe after, thorow werkyng of synfulle
werkys; And houndys, *scilicet* shrewde thowtys, euer-
more berkith, and entisithe so, þat a man, *scilicet* þe
fleshe, and þe soule stondithe and abidithe stille, and
livithe to-geder withoute ony vertu. Thenne þe fleshe
seithe þat, and what doithe he but stirithe þe soule,
whiche is þe spouse of crist, vnto synne. But þe soule,
þat is so lovid and weddid to god, wolle not leewe god,
ne graunt to synne; And þerfore þe wrecchid flesh ofte
tyme spoilethe a man of his clothinge, *scilicet* of goode
vertuys; and then he hongithe him vpon an oke, *scilicet*
wordly love, by þe heire, *scilicet* by Ivel, and be wronge
couetise, tille tyme þat ther come an Erle, *scilicet* a
prechour or a discrete confessour, in þe forest of þis
wordle, for to hunte thorowe prechyng and goode con-
seilyng, berkyng and shewing of holy scripture;
and so he bringithe þe lady, *scilicet* þe soule of man, to
his house, *scilicet* hooly chirche, to norissh his dowter,
scilicet conscience, in werkis of mercy. This Erle hathe
a lampe, *scilicet* a confessour or a prechour, And bifore
the ye of his herte þe lampe of hooly scripture, yn þe
whiche he seithe knowlyching of þe soule, and vertuys
in servinge. The stiward, þat askid hire of synne, is
pryde of life, the welche is stiwarde of þe wordle, by þe
whiche many ben deceyvid; but þe soule, þat is so
bilovid with god, wolle not assent to pryde; but ofte
tyme he proferithe to a man a purs fulle of gold and
siluer, and castithe a-fore his yene, and so he sleithe
the dameselle, *scilicet* hooly conscience; and þerfor it is

wretyn þus, *Munera excecant oculos iudicum, et peruertunt sapientes, ita quod veritas vel equitas non potuit ingredi, set stetit a longe, et iudicium retrorsum conuersum vidit*, this is to say, 3iftis blyndithe þe yene of iugis, And *peruertithe* or turnithe into wers wise men, so þat truthe or equite mygħt not entery, but stood afarre, and sawe þe dome turnyd backward. And suche ben to be put out of þe lape of holy chirche, as was þe lady from þe Erldome. Nowe she roode alle one, and saw a man lad to þe iebette. Seris, a man may be ladde to dethe by dedly synne; and therfor do as dude þe lady, when she smot þe hors *with* the spores, and sauid þe mannys life, So do þou smyte and prikke þi fleshe *with* penaunce, and helpe þi neȝebor in his nede, and not only in temporalle goodis, but also in spirituelle goodis and gostely confort; And þerfore seiȝthe salamone, *Ve soli!* Wo be to him þat is alle one! *scilicet* lyvyng in synnys, for he hathe noon helpe, wherby þat he may not ryse ayen. And þerfore haste þe, and help þe and þi neȝebour out of þe diche; for man þat is not, but if he ȝiue a drynke of water at þe Reuerence of god, but þat he shalle be rewardid þerfore. But many ben vnkynde, as was þe thefe þat deceivid þe lady, aftir þat she maade him to be savide, as doithe many þat ȝildithe Iville for good; as seiȝthe *Isaias*, *Ve illis, qui dicunt bonum malum, et malum bonum*, Wo be to hem, þat seiȝthe and callithe good Iville, and Iville good. The maister of þe ship is þe wordle, by the whiche many ben deceivide in þe see, *scilicet* yn þe wordle. þe ship is brokyne as ofte tyme as a man chesithe wilfully pouerte, And for cause of god obeyithe to his prelat; And thenne he hatith þe wordle, and alle his couetise, for it is vnpossible bothe to plesse god and þe wordle. The lady ȝede to þe selle; so þe sowle turnythe to hooly life fro worldly vanyteys; And so

Souls perverted by gifts are put out of Holy Church.

When thou seest a Soul led to death by sin, do like the Empress; spur to it and save it!

Help thy neighbour out of the ditch!

But many return evil for good, like the Empress's servant.

Woe to them!

The Shipmaster is the world,

which can be wreckt by vows of poverty.

As the Empress went to the Nunnery,

so the Soul
should turn from
worldly vanities,
and then all its
diseases will be
cured.

Not till the Soul
is cleansed, can
she go with her
spouse, Christ,
to the Palace of
Heaven.

alle the wittis, by which the soule was troubelyd and slayne, by diuerse infirmiteys, as yene by wrong couetise, herynge by bacbitinge, as glad for to here bacbiters, and bacbitynge and detraccioun, and so of othir. And perfore þe soule may not Iville be seeyne with crist, hire spouse, tille tyme þat þe yene be openyd, the eeris ben 3iuyne, and turnyd to helthe, and so of othir wittis. And if þat it come þus abowte, dowteles þe sowle shalle go with crist, hire spouse, to þe Palys of Heuene. Ad quod nos ducat! Amen.

3.

King Offa's intercepted Letters

and banisht Queen,

to compare with King Alla's

in Chaucer's "Man-of-Law's Tale."

 FROM

MATTHEW PARIS'S *LIFE OF OFFA THE FIRST.*



King Offa's intercepted Letters and banisht Queen,

Part of Matthew Paris's

Life of Offa the First.

¹Acquiescens igitur seniorum consiliis et sapientum persuasionibus, cœpit totius Regni habenas irreprehensibiliter, imò laudabiliter, habenas moderanter et sapienter gubernare. Sic igitur subactis hostibus Regni universis, viguit pax secure et firmata in finibus Anglorum per tempora longa, præcipuè tamen per spatium temporis quinquennale. Erat autem jam triginta quatuor annos ætatis attingens, annis prosperè pubescentibus.

So, listening to the counsels of his Elders, he began to rule wisely,

being now thirty-four years of age.

Et cum Rex more juvenili, venatus gratia per nemora frequenter, cum suis ad hoc convocatis venatoribus et canibus sagacibus, expeditus peragrasset, contigit die quadam quod aère turbato, longè à suorum caterva semotus, solus per nemoris opaca penitus ipsorum locorum necnon et fortunæ ignarus, casu deambulabat. Dum autem sic per ignota diverticula incautiùs oberaret et per invia, vocem lachrymabilem et miserabiliter querulam haud longè à se audivit: Cujus sonitum secutus, inter densos frutices virginem singularis formæ et Regii apparatus, sed decore venustissimam, ex insperato reperit. Rex vero rei eventum admirans, quæ

Hunting one day, a storm came on, and he was separated from his company.

As he wandered by strange by-paths, he heard a piteous voice; following which he found in the thicket midst a maiden of exquisite beauty and royally costumed.

¹ Matthew Paris (Wats's ed. 1684), *Vita Offæ Primi* (pp. 965-968).

Questioned touching herself, she said :
 'There was a daughter of a certain Prince of York, with whom her father, seduced by some devil, fell in lustful love.

Ofttimes he tempted her to sin ; but she would in no wise acquiesce.

Wherefore he bade that she should be conveyed to a remote wasteland, and there cruelly slain and left to the beasts.

The agents of this doom, pitying her fairness, left her unslain.'

The King took her along with him, till they reached the abode of a certain Solitary ;

ibi ageret et querelæ causas, eam blandè alloquens, cœpit sciscitari. Quæ ex imo pectoris flebilis trahens suspiria, Regi respondit. Nequaquam in auctorem sed in seipsam reatum retorquens ; "Peccatis meis" inquit "exigentibus infortunii hujus calamitas mihi accidit. Erat autem Reguli cujusdam filia qui Eboracensibus præerat. Hujus incomparabilis pulchritudinis singularem eminentiam pater admirans, amatorio dæmone seductus, cœpit eam incestu libidinoso concupiscere, et ad amorem illicitum, sæpe sollicitare ipsam puellam minis, pollicitis, blanditiis, atque muneribus adolescentulæ temptans emollire constantiam. Illa autem operi nefario nullatenus adquiescens, cum pater tamen minas minis exaggeraret & promissa promissis accumularet, munera muneribus adaugeret ; juxta illud Poeticum,

Imperium, promissa, preces, confudit in unum :

elegit magis incidere in manus hominum, et etiam ferarum qualiumcunque, vel gladii subire sententiam, quam Dei offensam incurrere, pro tam gravi culpa manifestam. Pater itaque ipsam sibi parere constanter renuentem, evocatis quibusdam malignæ mentis hominibus quos ad hoc elegerat, præcepit eam in desertum solitudinis remotæ duci, vel potius trahi, et crudelissima morte condemnatam, bestiis ibidem derelinqui. Qui cum in locum horroris et vastæ solitudinis pervenissent, trahentes eam seductores illi, Deo ut creditur inspirante, miserti pulchritudinis illius eam ibidem sine trucidatione et membrorum mutilatione, vivam, sed tamen sine aliquorum victualium alimento (exceptis talibus quæ de radicibus et frondibus vel herbis colligi urgente ultima fame possunt) dimiserunt."

Cum hac Rex aliquandiu habens sermonem, comitem itineris sui illam habuit, donec solitarii cujusdam habitationem reperissent : ubi nocte superveniente quiescentes pernoctaverunt. In crastinum autem solitarius

ille viarum et semitarum peritus, Regem cum comite sua usque ad fines domesticos, et loca Regi non ignota conduxit. Ad suos itaque Rex rediens, desolatæ illius quam nuper invenerat curam gerens, familiaribus et domesticis generis sui sub diligenti custodia commisit.

Post hæc aliquot annis elapsis, cum Rex cœlibem agens vitam mente castus et corpore perseveraret, Proceres ditionis suæ, non solùm de tunc præsentī sed de futuro sibi periculo præcavescentes, et nimirum multùm solliciti, Dominum suum de uxore ducenda unanimiter convenerunt; ne sibi et Regno, successorem et hæredem non habens, post obitum ipsius imminens periculum generaret. Ætatis enim juvenilis pubertas, morum maturitas, et urgens Regni necessitas, necnon et honoris dignitas, itidem postularunt. Et cum super hoc negotio sæpius Regem sollicitarent, et alloquerentur, ipse multoties joculando, et talia verba asserendo interludia fuisse vanitatis; Procerum suorum constantiam dissimulando differendoque, delusit. Quod quidam advertentes, communicato cum aliis consilio, Regem ad nubendum incunctabiliter urgere cœperunt. Rex vero, more optimi Principis, cujus primordia jam bene subarraverat, nolens voluntati Magnatum suorum resistere, diu secum de thori socia, libra profundæ rationis, studiosè cœpit deliberare. Cumque hoc in mente sua sollicitiùs tractaret, venit fortè in mentem suam illius juvenulæ memoria, quam dudum inter venandum invenit vagabundam, solam, feris et prædonibus miserabiliter expositam; quam ad tutiora ducens, familiaribus generis sui commiserat alendam ac charius custodiendam. Quæ, ut Rex audivit, moribus laudabiliter redimita, decoris existens expectabilis, omnibus sibi cognitis amabilem exhibuit et laudabilem. Hæc igitur sola, relictis multis, etiam Regalis stemmatis, sibi oblatis, complacuit; illamque solam in matrimonium sibi adoptavit.

who on the morrow conducted the King and his companion as far as his own territory. The maid was now entrusted to the care of certain courtiers. Some years after, his nobles, anxious for the present and the future of the kingdom, entreated him to marry.

But he joked the matter aside.

At last, further pressed, he began to consider,

and presently bethought him of the maiden he had found in the woods,

of whom all that knew her spoke with love and praise;

and her he took to wife.

In due time she
bare to him
lovely children,
both boys and
girls;

and the land was
strengthened,
and was glad;

and the King
held in high
honour, both at
home and abroad.

Then it came to
pass that the
King of the
Northumbrians,
sore harassed by
the Scots and
certain of his
own subjects,
prayed Offa to
succour him,
offering to marry
his daughter and
acknowledge him
his sovereign.

Those terms
being sworn on
the Gospels,
King Offa set off
to the North
country with a
numerous host
of horsemen;

Cum autem eam duxisset in uxorem, non interveniente multa mora, elegantissimæ formæ utriusque sexus liberos ex eadem procreavit. Itaque cum prius esset Rex propria severitate subditis suis formidabilis, Magnates ejus necnon et populus ejus universus hæredum et successorum apparentia animati, Regni robur et lætitiā geminarunt. Rex quoque ab universis suis, et non solum propè positis, imò alienigenis et remotis, extitit honori, venerationi, ac dilectioni. Et cum inter se in Britannia, (quæ tunc temporis in plurima Regna multifariam divisa fuisset) Reguli sibi finitimi hostiliter se impeterent; solus Rex Offa pace Regni sui potitus, feliciter se sibi subditos in pace regebat et libertate. Unde et adjacentium Provinciarum Reges ejus mendicabant auxilium, et, in necessitatis articulo, consilium.

Rex itaque Northam-Humbrorum, à barbara Scotorum gente et etiam aliquibus suorum graviter et usque fermè ad internecionem percussus, et propriæ defensionis auxilio destitutus, ad Offam regem potentem Legatos destinat; et pacificum supplicans, ut præsidii ejus solatio contra hostes suos roboretur, tali mediante conditione, ut Offæ filiam sibi matrimonio copularet, et non se proprii Regni, sed Offam primarium ac principem præferret, et se cum suis omnibus ipsi subjugaret. Nihil itaque dotis cum Offæ filia rogavit, hoc sane contentus præmio, ut à regni sui finibus barbaros istos potenter et frequenter experta fugaret strenuitate.

Cum autem Legatorum verba Rex Offa suscepisset, concilio suorum fretus supplicantis voluntatî ac precibus adquevit, si tamen Rex ille pactum hujusmodi, tactis sacro-sanctis Evangeliiis, et obsidum traditione, fideliter tenendum confirmaret. Sic igitur Rex Offa, super his conditionibus sub certa forma confirmatus, et ad plenum certificatus, in partes illas cum Equitum numerosa multitudine proficiscitur. Cum autem illuc pervenisset,

timore ejus consternata pars adversa cessit, fugæ præsidio se salvando. Quam tum Rex Offa audacter prosequutus, non priùs destitit fugare fugientem, donec eam ex integro contrivisset; sed nec eo contentus, ulteriùs progreditur, barbaros expugnaturus. Interea ad patriam suam nuntium imperitum destinavit ad primates et præcipuos regni sui, quibus totius ditionis suæ regimen commendaverat, et literas regii sigilli sui munimine consignatas, eidem Nuntio commisit deferendas. Qui autem destinatus fuit, iter arripiens versùs Offæ regnum, ut casu accidit inter eundum, hospitandi gratia aulam regiam introivit illius Regis, cujus filiam Offæ sibi matrimonio copulaverat. Rex autem ille, cum de statu et causa itineris sui subdolè requirendo cognovisset, vultus sui serenitate animi versutiam mentitus, specie tenùs illum amantissimè suscepit: et velamen sceleris sui quærens, à conspectu publico, sub quodam dilectionis prætextu, ad regii thalami secreta penetralia, ipsum nuntium nihil sinistri suspicantem, introduxit: magnoque studio elaboravit, ut ipsum vino æstuanti madentem, redderet temulentum, et ipso Nuntio vel dormiente vel aliquo alio modo ignorante, mandata domini sui Regis Offæ, tacitus et subdolus apertis et explicatis literis perscrutabatur, cœpitque perniciosè immutare et pervertere sub Offæ nomine sigillum adulterans, fallacésque et perniciosas literas loco inventarum occultavit. Forma autem adulterinarum hæc est quæ subscribitur.

“Rex Offa, majoribus et præcipuis regni sui, salutis et prosperitatis augmentum; universitati vestræ notum facio, in itinere, quòd arripui, infortunia et adversa plurima tam mihi quam subditis meis accidisse, et majores exercitus mei, non ignavia propria, vel hostium oppugnantium virtute, sed potiùs peccatis nostris justo Dei judicio interiisse. Ego autem instantis periculi causam pertractans, et conscientiæ meæ intima perscru-

and speedily crushed the enemy,

and advanced into their land.

Meanwhile, he sent home dispatches to his regents. The bearer of them, a dull-headed fellow, chanced to call in on his way at the Court of that very prince who had wedded Offa's daughter; and he, having learnt from the messenger all about his mission, received him with a show of friendliness;

and withdrawing him to his innermost chamber, there made him well drunk,

and then unfolded and perused the letters he carried.

In the place of those he found he substituted these others:

‘We hereby make known to our peers that in our expedition we and ours have met with many reverses, not through any cowardice of ours nor yet by the valour of the foe, but by the judgment of God on account of our sins.

Taking thought, we conjecture that it was a blind and accursed thing to marry that damnable witch without the consent of our Court. Wherefore let her and her children be conveyed to some desert place, and left to perish."

The messenger went on his way.

His missive caused much stupor and amazement.

But the magnates dared not disobey it.

The Queen and her children were sent off into a savage desert.

The executioners slew and hacked in pieces the children; the mother they spared, moved by her passing beauty.

A hermit, passing across the waste in the twilight, heard the woman's wail

tatus, in memetipso nihil aliud conjicio Altissimo displicere, nisi quod perditam et maleficam illam absque meorum consensu uxorem imperito et infelici duxi matrimonio: Ut ergo de malefica memorata voluntati vestræ ad plenum, quam temerè offendi, satisfiat, asportetur cum liberis ex ea genitis ad loca deserta, hominibus incognita, feris et avibus aut sylvestribus prædonibus frequentata; ubi cum pueris suis puerpera truncata manus et pedes exemplo pereat inaudito."

Nuntius autem mane facto, vino quo maduerat digesto, compos jam sui effectus, discessit: et post aliquot dies perveniens ad propria, Magnatibus, qui regno Regis Offæ præerant, literas Domini sui sigillo signatas exposuit. In quarum auditu perlecta Mandati serie, in stuporem et vehentissimam admirationem universi, plùs quam dici possit, rapiuntur. Et super his aliquot diebus communicato cum Magnatibus concilio deliberantes, periculosum ducebant mandatis ac jussionibus Regis non obtemperare. Misera igitur seducta, deducta est in remotissimum et inhabitabilem locum horroris et vastæ solitudinis; cum quâ etiam liberi ejus miseri et miserabiles, queruli et vagientes, absque misericordia, ut cum ea traherentur occidendi, judicium acceperunt.

Nec mora, memorati Apparitores matrem cum pignoribus suis in desertum vastissimum trahebant. Matri verò propter ejus formam admirabilem parcentes, liberos ejus, nec formæ nec sexui ætati vel conditioni parcentes, detruncarunt membratim, imo potius frustatim crudeliter in bestialem feritatem sævientes; completaque tam crudeli sententia, cruenti Apparitores ociùs revertuntur. Nec mora, solitarius quidam vitam in omni sanctitate, vigiliis assiduïs, jejuniis crebris, et continuis orationibus, ducens heremiticam, circa noctis crepusculum eò pertransiens, mulieris cujusdam luctus lachrymabiles et querelas usque ad intima cordis et

ossium medullas penetrativas, quas Dominus ex mortuorum corporibus licèt laceratis elicit, audit. Infantulorúmque vagitus lugubres nimis cum doloris ululatibus quasi in materno sinu audiendo similiter annotavit. Misericordia autem sanctus Dei motus, usque ad lachrymarum aduberem effusionem, quò ipsa vox ipsum vocabat, Domino ducente pervenit. Et cùm illuc pervenisset, nec aliud quàm corpora humana in frusta detruncata, reperisset; cognovit in Spiritu ipse alicujus innocentis corpus, vel aliquorum innocentium corpuscula, extitisse, quæ tam inhumanam sententiam subierunt. Nec sine Martyrii palma ipsos, quorum hæ fuerunt exuviæ, ab hoc sæculo transmigrasse suspicabatur. Auxilium tamen pro Dei amore et charitatis intuitu postulatum non denegans, se pro illorum reparatione prostravit in devotissimam cum lachrymis orationem, maximè propter vocem cœlitus emissam, quam profectò cognovit Deum per linguas cadaverum protulisse. Piis igitur sanctus commotus visceribus, ignéque succensus charitatis, ex cognitione ejus, quam, ut jam dictum dudum viderat, habuit, factus hilarior, pro ipsis flexis genibus, inundantibus oculis, junctisque palmis oravit, dicens: "Domine Jesu Christe, qui Lazarum quatrIduanum ac fœtidum resuscitasti, imò qui omnium nostrorum corpora in extremo examine suscitabis, vestram oro misericordiam, ut non habens ad me peccatorem, sed ad horum innocentum pressuras respectum piissimum, corpuscula horum jubeas resuscitari, ad laudem et gloriam tuam in sempiternum, ut omnes qui mortis horum causam et formam audiverint, te glorificent Deum et Dominum mundi Salvatorem."

and also
piercing cries
which the Lord
made proceed
from the corpses;

and, reaching the
scene, found
nothing but
maimed bodies.

Then, specially
for he knew that
it was God that
had put that
voice into them,

with streaming
eyes he prayed,
saying:
'O Lord Jesus
Christ, who raised
again Lazarus,
and shalt at the
last assize raise
us all, I pray Thee
bid that these
little bodies be
raised again, for
Thy glory and
praise evermore.'

Sic igitur sanctus iste Domini, de fidei sui virtute in Domino præsumens et confidens, inter orandum, membra præcisa recolligens, et sibi particulas adaptans et conjungens, et in quantum potuit redintegrans, in partium quamplurim[um], sed in integritatem potiùs,

Then, full of
faith, as he
prayed, he
gathered together
the mutilated
limbs, and, so
well as he might,
recombined and
set them,

and signed the
Cross over them.

The mother's
heart revives;
the children
return to life in
all their beauty.

The hermit took
them all to his
own dwelling,
and cherished
them with all
care;

and there they
abode.

After two months
King Offa came
back home,
flushed with
victories.

For a long time
the Council said
nothing, or what
was feigned,
of the Queen's
absence.

At length the
King, marvelling
that his wife
came not to
welcome him,
questioned them
more impera-
tively;

delectatus Domino rei consummationem, qui mortificat et vivificat, commendavit. Conjuncta igitur corpora signo Crucis triumphali consignavit. Mira fidei virtus et efficacia; signo Crucis vivificæ et orationis ac fidei servi Dei virtute, non solum matris orbatae animus reparatur, sed et filiorum corpuscula in pristinum et integrum naturæ sunt reformata decorem; necnon et animæ mortuorum ad sua pristina domicilia sunt reversæ. Ad mansiunculæ igitur suæ septa (à qua elongatus fuerat, gratia lignorum ad pulmentaria decoquenda colligendorum) ipse senex; qui prius detruncati fuerant, Domino jubente integri vivi et alacres sunt reversi, Ducem sanctum suum sequentes pedetentim. Ubi more patris, ipsam desolatam cum liberis sibi ipsis restitutis, alimentis quibus potuit et quæ ad manum habuit, piè ac misericorditer confovebat.

Nesciens ergò quò migraret, Regina cum suis infantulis intra vastissimam heremum cum memorato solitario, diu moram ibidem orationibus, vigiliis, ac aliis sanctis operibus ejus intenta et jamjam convenienter informata, et edulio sylvestri sustentata, continuabat. Post duorum vero mensium curricula, Rex Offa victoriosissimus domum lætus remeavit, spolia devictorum suis Magnatibus Regali munificentia gloriôsè distribuendo; veruntamen, ne lachrymæ gaudia Regis et eorum qui cum eo advenerunt miserabiliter interrumpent, consiliarii Regii quæ de Regina et liberis ejus acciderant, diu sub silentio cautè dissimulando, et causas absentiae ejus fictas annectendo, concealabant. Tandem cum Rex vehementer admiraretur ubinam Regina delitisset, quæ ipsi Regi ab ancipiti bello revertenti occurrisset gaudenter teneretur, et in osculis et amplexibus cæteris gaudentiùs triumphatorem adventantem suscepisse; sciscitabatur instantiùs et torviùs et proterviùs, quid de ipsa fieret vel evenisset. Suspicabatur enim eam morbo detentam, ipsamque cum

liberis suis Regis et aliorum hominum, ut quiete vacaret, frequentiam declinâsse. Tandem cum iratus nullatenus se velle ampliùs ignorare, cum juramento, quid de uxore sua et liberis evenisset, vultu torvo asseruisset, unus ex ædituis omnia quæ acciderant, de tyrannico ejus mandato, et mandati plenaria executione, seriatim enarravit.

and at last one
of the servants
told him all.

His auditis, risus in luctum, gaudium in lamenta, jubilus in singultus, flebiliter convertuntur, totaque regia ululatibus personuit et mæroribus. Lugensque rex diu tam immane infortunium, induit se sacco cilicino, aspersum cinere ac multipliciter deformatum. Tandem monitu suorum, qui dicebant non virorum magnificorum, sed potiùs effœminatorum, dolorem interjecto solatio nolle temperare, esse proprium et consuetudinem; Rex cœpit respirare, et dolori modum imponere. Consilio igitur peritorum, qui noverant regem libenter in tempore prospero in studio venatico plurimùm delectari, convocantur venatores, ut Rex spatiaturus venando, dolorem suum diminueret et luctum solatio demulceret. Qui inter venandum dum per sylvarum abdita, Deo misericordiarum et totius consolationis ducente, feliciter solus per invia oberravit, et tandem ad Hermitorium memorati Heremitæ directe pervenit, ejusque exiguum domicilium subintrans, humanissime et cum summo gaudio receptus. Et cum humili residens sedili, membra fatigata quieti daret ad horam, recolens qualiter uxorem suam ibidem quondam divinitus reperisset, et feliciter educâsset, et educatam duxisset in uxorem, et quam elegantem ex ea prolem protulisset, eruperunt lachrymæ cum gemitibus, et in querelas lugubres ora resolvens, hospiti suo sinistram de uxore sua quæ infausto sidere nuper evenerat, quam et ipse quondam viderat, enarravit. At senex sereno vultu, factus ex intrinsecùs concepto gaudio alacrior, consolatus est regem, et in vocem exultationis eminùs

Then his laughter
became wailing;

and he put on
sackcloth and
ashes.

In time, at the
instance of those
around him, he
breathed again,

and for a change
went a hunting
once more.

In the course of
the chase he
came upon that
very hermitage
named above.

There he sat him
down and rested,
and thinking how
of old he had, by
Heaven's grace,
found his wife,
and married her,
and what fair
children she had
borne him, he
burst into tears,
and presently
told his host
all that had
happened.
The old man,
with joy spring-
ing up in him,
consoled him:

'God wounds
and cures.

Your wife lives,
and your
children.

Mark what He
has wrought.'

Then he called
in the Queen,
who was bathing
her children in
an inner
chamber.

They embraced
with greater joy
than can be said.

The hermit
brought in the
children.

The King tried
to thank him;

he offered him all
his treasury.

The Saint
declined such
worldly gear
for himself;

prorumpens: "Eia Domine mi Rex, eia" ait; "verè Deus misericordiarum, Dominus, famulos suos quasi pater filios in omni tribulatione post pressuras consolatur, percutit et medetur, dejicit ut gloriosus elevet prægravatum. Vivit uxor tua, cum liberis tuis in omni sospitate restauratis; non meis meritis, sed potiùs tuis, integritati, sanitati et lætitiæ plenius qui trucidabantur restituuntur. Recognosce quanta fecit tibi Dominus, et in laudes et gratiarum actiones totus exurge." Tunc prosiliens sanctus præ gaudio, evocavit reginam, quæ in interiori diverticulo, pueros suos balneo mitius materno studio confovebat. Quæ cum ad regem introiisset, vix se gaudio capiens, pedibus mariti sui provoluta, in lachrymis exultationis inundavit. In cujus amplexus desideratissimos ruens rex, ipsam in majus quàm dici possit gaudium suscepit. Interim senex, pueros elegantissimos et ex ablutione elegantiores vestit, comit, et paterno more et affectu componit, et ad præsentiam patris et matris introducit. Quos pater intra brachia suscipiens, et ad pectus arctioribus amplexibus applicans, roseis vultibus infantum oscula imprimit multiplicata; quos cum rore lacrymarum, præ nimia mentis exultatione, madefecit. Et cùm diutius eorum colloquiis pasceretur, conversus rex ad senem, ait: "O pater sancte, pater dulcissime, mentis meæ reparator, et gaudii, cordis mei restaurator, quæ merita vestra, charitatis officia, pietatisque beneficia, prosequar remuneratione? Accipe ergò, licet multò majora exigant merita tua, quicquid ærarium meum valet effundere; me, meos, et mea, tuæ expono voluntati." At sanctus, "Domine mi Rex, non decet me peccatorem conversum ad Dominum, ad insanias quas reliqui falsas respicere. Tu verò potiùs pro animabus patris tui et matris tuæ, quibus quandoque charus fueram ac familiaris, et tua, et uxoris tuæ, et liberorum tuorum corporali sanitate, et salute spiritali, regni tui soliditate, et successorum tuorum

prosperitate, Deo gratus, qui tot in te congegisset beneficia, Cœnobium quoddam fundare, vel aliquod dirutum studeas restaurare : in quo dignè et laudabiliter Deo in perpetuum serviatur ; et tui memoria cum precibus ad Dominum fuis, cum benedictionibus semper recenter recolatur." Et conversus ad Reginam, ait ; "et tu, filia, quamvis mulier, non tamen muliebriter, ad hoc regem accendas et admoneas diligenter, filiosque tuos instrui facias, et ut Dominum Deum qui eos vitæ reparavit, studeant gratanter honorare, et eidem fideliter famulando fundandi Cœnobii possessiones ampliare, et tueri libertates."

Sanctus autem ad cellam reversus, post paucum temporis ad incolatu hujus mundi migravit ad Dominum, mercedem æternam pro labore temporali recepturus. Rex autem citò monita ipsius salubria dans oblivioni et incuriæ, ex tunc otio ac paci vacavit : prolemque copiosam utriusque sexus expectabilis pulchritudinis procreavit. Unde semen regum à latere et descensu felix suscepit incrementum. Qui completo vitæ suæ tempore, post ætatem bonam quievit in pace, et regaliter sepultus, appositus est ad patres suos, in eo multum redarguendus, quòd Cœnobium votivo affectu repromissum, thesauris parcendo non construxit. Post victorias enim à Domino sibi collatas, amplexibus et ignaviæ necnon avaritiæ plus æquo indulgit. Prosperitas enim sæcularis, animos, licèt viriles, solet frequenter effœminare. Veruntamen hoc onus humeris filii sui moriturus apposuit : qui cum devota assecutione illud sibi suscepit. Sed nec ipse Deo averso pollicita, prout patri suo promiserat complevit ; sed filio suo hujus voti obligationem in fine vitæ suæ dereliquit. Et sic memorati voti vinculum, sine efficacia complementi de patre in filium descendens, usque ad Tempora Pineredi filii Tuinfreth suspendebatur. Quibus pro pœna negligentiae tale evenit infortunium, ut omnes

but urged him
to found a
Monastery, or to
restore some
ruined one,

and exhorted the
Queen to inflame
her husband to
this thanksgiving
act,
and to instruct
her children to
supplement it
with endow-
ments.

The Saint went
back to his cell,
and presently
passed to the
Lord.

The King forgot
all his wholesome
counsel.

He enjoyed peace
and repose.

He begat copious
children of both
sexes,

and died and was
laid by his
fathers.

On his death-bed,
he enjoined upon
his son that duty
he had himself
neglected ;
who, in spite of
his promise,
neglected it also,
and bequeathed
it to his son ;
and so the fulfil-
ment of that vow
was postponed
down to the
times of Pinered,
son of Tuinfreth.

It was a penalty for this negligence that all the kings whom Offa had subdued, brake away from his sway and that of his posterity.

Principes, quos Offa magnificus edomuerat, à subjectione ipsius Offæ, et posteritatis suæ procaciter recesserunt, et ipsum morientem despexerunt, quia, ut prædictum est, ad mortem vergens, deliciis et senii valetudine marcuit enervatus.

4.

Two French Fabliaux

like

Chaucer's Reeve's Tale.

Chaucer Society.

NOTE FOR THE 'ORIGINALS AND ANALOGS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.'

THE story of Chaucer's Reeve's Tale is to be found in a tract entitled: 'De generibus ebriosorum et ebrietate vitanda,' etc., anonymous, published in 1516, probably at Erfurt. The second Conclusio contains a section: 'alia historia de duobus studentibus,' which agrees with the Reeve's Tale, except that the two clerks form a plot to make drunk the miller's wife and daughter deliberately. The tract is reprinted in 'F. Zarncke: die deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter, 1857,' where I came across it by accident.—J. V. SCHOLDERER.



DE GOMBERT ET DES DEUX CLERS.

PAR JEAN DE BOVES.¹

[*Manuscripts de la Bibliothèque nationale de Paris, nos.*
837 (*olim* 7218) *for the text, et* 2168 (*olim* 7989. 2.)
for the readings at foot; collated by Mons. H.
Michelant.]

En cest autre fabel parole	
De ii. Clers qui vienent ² d'escole ;	
Despendu orent leur ³ avoir	Two larky Clerks go to lodge with a villein, Gombert.
En folie plus qu' ⁴ en savoir ;	4
Ostel quistrent chies un ⁵ vilain ;	
De ⁶ sa fame, Dame Guilain, ⁷	One of the Clerks falls in love with Gombert's wife,
Fu l'uns des Clers, lues que ⁸ là ⁹ vint,	8
Si fols, que ¹⁰ amer li convint ;	
Mes ne set coment ¹¹ s'i acointe,	
Quar la Dame est mingnote ¹² et cointe ;	
Les iex ot vairs comme ¹³ cristal.	
Toute nuit ¹⁴ l'esgarde à estal ¹⁵	12
Li Clers, si qu'à paine se ¹⁶ cille ;	
Et li autres ama sa fille,	and the other with his daughter, a pretty girl.
Qui adès i avoit ¹⁷ ses iex.	
Cil mist encor s'entente ¹⁸ miex,	16
Quar sa fille est et cointe ¹⁹ et bele,	
Et je di qu'amor ²⁰ de pucele,	
Quant fins ²¹ cuers i est ententieux, ²²	
Est sor toute autre rien gentieux, ²³	20

¹ (Printed in Méon's edition of Barbazan's *Fabliaux et Contes*, vol. iii, p. 239-244, Paris, 1808.)

² vinrent, MS. 2168. ³ s'orent lor

⁴ plus et ⁵ present chies .i.

⁶ et ⁷ Gilain

⁸ (dès que, aussitôt que.—Burguy, *Gram.* ii. 384.)

⁹ Et li uns des clers quant il

¹⁰ sa fame a ¹¹ sot comment

¹² ert mignote

¹³ s'ot vairs les iex com un

¹⁴ jour.—*Barbazan.*

¹⁵ (fixement.—Burguy.)

¹⁶ que s'en merveille

¹⁷ si qu'adès i tenoit

¹⁸ s'entente encore

¹⁹ la fille ert et jouene ²⁰ amours

²¹ li ²² ententieux

²³ seur toutes amors est gentieux

	Comme li ostors ¹ au terçuel. ²	
While the wife feeds her baby in a cradle,	.i. petit enfant en berçuel ³	
	Paissoit la bone ⁴ fame en l'aistre. ⁵	
	Que ⁶ qu'ele entendoit à lui ⁷ paistre,	24
the First Clerk takes out of the fire-shovel, the ring it hangs by.	Uns ⁸ des Clers lez ⁹ li s'acosta, Fors de la paelete ¹⁰ osta L'anelet dont ¹¹ ele pendoit, Si le bouta lues en son ¹² doit	28
	Si coiemment que nul ¹³ nel' sot. Tel bien com sire ¹⁴ Gomers ot Orent assez la nuit ¹⁵ si oste ;	
All evening the Second Clerk makes eyes at the wife, Dame Guile.	Lait boilli, ¹⁶ matons et composte, Ce fu assez si come à vile. ¹⁷ Cele nuit, fu moult Dame Guile ¹⁸ Regardée de l'un des Clers ; Ses iex i avoit si aers ¹⁹	32 36
	Que il ne s'en pooit retrere. ²⁰	
Gombert puts the Clerks in a bed near his own ;	Li preudom ²¹ qui ne sot l'afere, ²² Et ²³ n'i entendoit el que ²⁴ bien, Fist lor lit fere ²⁵ pres del sien, Ses coucha, et les ²⁶ a couvers. Lors se couche ²⁷ sire Gomers, Quant fu chauffe ²⁸ au feu d'esteule, ²⁹	40
and his daughter has a bed to herself.	Et sa fille jut toute seule. Quant la gent se fu ³⁰ endormie, Li Clers ne s'entroublia ³¹ mie, Molt li bat li cuers et flaele ³² ;	44
When the others sleep, the First Clerk goes to the daughter's bed,	A tout l'anel de la paele, Au lit la pucele s'en ³³ vint. Oiez comment il ³⁴ li avint ;	48

¹ (L. accipiter. Burguy.)² com est li faucons au terchuel.
(Je crois que le sens de ce vers complete le vers précédent, c'est à dire : la pucele est à la mère que le tiercelet est au faucon.—P. Paris.)³ berchuel ⁴ li prode⁵ (foyer, cheminée.—Burguy.)⁶ Entrues ⁷ au ⁸ L'uns⁹ les ¹⁰ le paete¹¹ l'anel a coi. (C'est à dire : l'un des deux clers—celui qui amait la fille—detacha l'anneau de fer qui retenoit la pelle à feu.—P. Paris.)¹² bouta en son sen ¹³ nus¹⁴ sires ¹⁵ la nuit assez¹⁶ Lai bouli¹⁷ ('C'est à dire, ce fut assez pour

la campagne, pour une maison de village'.—P. Paris.)

¹⁸ Bien fu toute nuit dame Gile.¹⁹ (perf. part. of *aherdre*, *aëdre* (L. *adherere*) joindre, s'attacher.—Burguy, *Gloss.*, & *Gram.* ii. 121.)²⁰ retraire ²¹ Li prodom²² qui bien cuidoit fere.—*Barbazan.*²³ Nes ²⁴ ke ²⁵ faire²⁶ ses ²⁷ Puis se coucha²⁸ caufes²⁹ (*Esteule* straw.—Cot.; L. *stipula*.)³⁰ Et quant la gent fu.³¹ L'uns des Clers ne s'oublia.—*Barbazan.*³² MS. 837 omits this line 47, & 48.³³ de la pucele³⁴ Or oiez comment

Lez li se couche, les dras oeuvre :

"Qui est-ce, Diex, qui me descuevre?"¹

Dist-ele, quant ele le sent :

"Sire, por Dieu omnipotent,²

Que querez-vous ci à ceste³ eure?"

"Suer," dist⁴ il, "se Diex me sequeure,⁵

N'ai talent⁶ qu'ensus de vous⁷ voisë,

Mès tesiez, vous ne fetes⁸ noise,

Que vostre pere ne s'esveille,

Quar il cuideroit jà merveille ;

S'il savoit que o vous gëusse,⁹

Il cuideroit que je ëusse¹⁰

De vous fetes mes volentez ;¹¹

Mes¹² se mes bons me¹³ consentez,¹⁴

Granz biens vous en vendra¹⁵ encor,

Et si aurez¹⁶ mon anel d'or,

Qui miex vaut de quatre besanz ;¹⁷

Or sentez come il est pesanz,¹⁸

Trop m'est larges¹⁹ au doit manel."

Et cil²⁰ li a bouté l'anel

Ou doit, si qu'il passa²¹ la jointe,

Et cele s'est pres de²² lui jointe,

Et²³ jure que jà nel' prendroit.

Toutes eures, mi tort, mi droit,

L'uns vers l'autre tant s'amolie,²⁴

Que li Clers li fist la folie.

Et quant il plus l'acole²⁵ et baise,

Plus est ses compains à mal aise,

²⁶ Quar resouvenir li fesoit ;

Ce qu' à l'un paradis estoit,²⁶

Sambloit à l'autre droiz enfers.²⁷

Lors se lieve²⁸ sire Gombers,

S'ala à l'uis pissier toz nuz ;²⁹

L'autres³⁰ Clers est au lit venuz,

52 gets in by her,

56

tells her to be
quiet, and not
wake her father.

60

64 If she'll yield to
him, he'll give her
his big gold ring.

68

He puts it on her
finger,

72

and then swives
her.

76

The Second Clerk
doesn't like lying
still.

80

Gombert gets up
to make water.

84 The Second Clerk

¹ descoeuvre ² ales vous ent

³ C'aves vos chi quis a cest

⁴ fait ⁵ sekeure

⁶ pooir ⁷ vos

⁸ taisies . . faites. (*For* vous *Bar-*
bazan has *si*.)

⁹ qu'ave vos jeusse

¹⁰ ja ke jeusse

¹¹ vos faites mes volentes

¹² Mais

¹³ vos mon bon.—*Barbazan*.

¹⁴ consentes ¹⁵ vos en venra

¹⁶ s'aures ja ¹⁷ besans

¹⁸ sentes mon com il est pesans

¹⁹ Il m'est grans (*manuel*, petit.—
P. Paris. *Barbazan* prints 'm'anel').

²⁰ Atant ²¹ El doit si li passe

²² envers ²³ Si

²⁴ umelie, MS. 837. ²⁵ plus acole

²⁶⁻²⁶ C'à la dame ne puet venir ;

Car cil li fait resouvenir,

Cui il ot faire ses delis.

Ce qu'à l'un semble paradis

²⁷ à l'autre sambloit drois infers

²⁸ dont se leva

²⁹ si s'en ala pissier tous nus

³⁰ Et li

- "Si viex hom comme estes, et frailes,
 Moult avez anuit esté quailes.¹ 120 that she re-
 Ne sai or de goi vous souvint, proaches her old
 Piéça mès qu'il ne vous avint; husband for his
 Ne cuidiez-vous que il m'anuit? tricks.
 Vous avez ausi fet anuit 124
 Que s'il n'en fust nus recouvriers,
 Moult avez esté bons ouvriers,
 N'avez gueres esté oiseus."
 Li Clers qui ne fu pas noiseus, 128
 En fist toutes voies ses buens,
 Et li lesse dire les suens :
 Ne l'en fu pas à une bille.
 Cil qui gisoit avoec la fille, 132 When the First
 Quant ot assez fet son delit, Clerk has had
 Penssa qu'il rira à son lit : enough of the
 Ainz que li jors fust escleriez, daughter,
 A son lit en est reperiez, 136 he goes back to
 Là ou gisoit Gombers ses osten. his bed, where
 Cil le fiert du poing lez les costes Gombert is, digs
 Grant cop du poing, a tout le coute; him in the ribs,
 "Chetiz ! bien as gardé la coute !" 140
 Fet-il, "tu ne vaus une tarte ;
 Mes ainz que de ci me departe,
 Te dirai jà grande² merveille."
 Atant sire Gombers s'esveille, 144 wakes him,
 Esrancement s'est aperceüz³
 Qu'il est trahis et decëüs⁴
 Par les Clers et par lor engiens.
 "Or me di," dist-il⁵, "dont tu viens !" 148
 —"Dont?" dist-il, si nomma⁶ tout outre :
 "Par le cul dieu, je vieng de foutre,
 Mès que ce fu la fille l'oste,
 Pris en ai devant et encoste ; 152 and tells him that
 Aforé⁷ li ai son tonnel, he's swived the
 Et se li ai doné l'anel Miller's daughter,
 De la paelete de fer." and given her the
 "Ha ! ce soit de par cels d'enfer," iron ring for it.
 Fet-il, "à cens et à milliers." 156
 A tant l'aert par les illiers,⁸
 Si le fiert du poing lez l'oïe.
 Et cil li rent une joïe,⁹ 160 Gombert pitches
 into the Clerk,
 the Clerk into
 him, as hard as
 each can.

¹ (*chaud*, L. *callidus*.—P. Paris.)² mainte³ Si s'est tantost apercheux.⁴ souspris et decheus.⁵ fait il ⁶ nonma⁷ (*Afförer*. To pierce or set abroach a vessell of wine, &c.—Cotgrave.)⁸ (*illier* côte, flanc ; de *ilia*.—Burguy.)⁹ (*joee*, soufflet.—Burguy.)

	Que tuit li œil ¹ li estincelent, Si durement s'entreflaelent Entr'els, qu'en diroie-je el? C'on les pëust en un tinel ²	164
	Porter tout contreval la vile.	
Dame Guille tells her supposed husband that the Clerks are fighting,	"Sire Gombert ³ ," dist Dame Guile, "Levez tost sus, quar il me samble Que no Clers sont meslé ensamble, Je ne sai qu'il ont à partir." "Dame, je's irai departir."	168
and the Second Clerk goes and helps the First to pommel Gombert	Lors s'en vint li Clers cele part, Trop i dut estre venuz tart, Que ses compains ert abatuz, ⁴ Puisque cil i fu embatuz. Le pior en ot Dans Gomers, Quar il l'ont ambedui aers ⁵ :	172
	L'uns le pile, l'autres le fautre. Tant l'ont debouté ⁶ l'un sor l'autre,	176
till his back's as soft as his belly.	Qu'il ot, par le mien escientre, Le dos ausi mol que le ventre.	180
Then the Clerks bolt.	Quant ainsi l'orent atorné, Andui sont en fuie torné, Et puis lessent ouvert tout ample.	
<i>Moral.</i>	Cis fabliaus monstre par exemple,	184
Let no man with a pretty wife let a Clerk sleep in his house.	Que nus hom qui bele fame ait, Por nule proiere ne lait Clerc gesir dedenz son ostel, Que il li feroit autretel ; Qui plus met en aus, plus i pert. Ci faut li fabliaus de Gombert.	188

Explicit de Gomers et des .ii. Clers.

¹ c'andoi li oel

² (*Tinel, Tine* : A Stand, open Tub, or Soe, most in vse during the time of Vintage, and holding about foure or fue paillefulls, and commonly borne, by a Stang, between two. — Cotgrave.)

³ (*Le Clerc qu'elle prend pour Gombert.*—P. Paris.)

⁴ *fin du MS.* 2168.—H. Michelant.

⁵ (*aherdre, aërdre*, empoigner.—Burguy.)

⁶ (*Debouter*, to put, thrust, or driue from.—Cotgrave.)

THE MILLER AND THE TWO CLERKS.

[*From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 164, v°. Read with the MS. by the Librarian of the Berne Library. First printed by Mr T. Wright in his Anecdota Litteraria, p. 15.*]

Dui povre clerc furent jadis, Né d'une vile et d'un pais ; Conpeignon et diacre estoient En un boschage, o il menoient, O il orent esté norri, Tant c'uns chier tans lor i sailli, Con il fait moult tost et sovant ; C'est damage à la povre gent. Li clerc virent la mesestance ; Si en orent au cuer pesance, Ne il ne sevent conseillier, Car il ne sevent rien gaignier, N'en lor pais, n'en autre terre ; Honte auroient de lor pain querre, Tant por lor hordre, et tant por el. Il n'avoient point de chatel Don se poissent sostenir, Ne il ne sevent où ganchir. Un diemanche, après mangier, Sont alé devant lo mostier ; Iluec se sont entretrové, Puis s'en sont de la vile alé, Por dire un po de lor secroi. Li uns dist à l'autre, "Antan moi ! Nos ne nos savons conseillear. Car ne savon rien gaignier, Et voiz la fain qui nos destraint, C'est une chose qui tot vaint ;	[leaf 164, col. 2, line 2] Two poor Clerks 4 lived in a forest ; a dearth came ; 8 12 they couldn't earn any- thing, and 16 they'd nothing to live on. 20 24 One asks the other
--	---

[leaf 165, col. 1]

	Nus ne se puet de li deffandre, Ne nos n'avon rien nule o prendre : As-tu nule rien porveu	
what they're to do.	Par quoi nos soions maintenu ?"	32
The Second says, " Let's borrow a sack of wheat from a friend of mine."	L'autre respont, " Par saint Denise, Je ne te sai faire devise, Mais que j'ai un mien ami, Je lo que nos aillon vers li, Por prendre un setier ¹ de fromant, A la vante que l'an lo vant ; Et il m'an querra les deniers Moult longuemant, et volantiers, Jusq'à la feste saint Johan, Por nos giter de cest mal an."	36
The First says, " And I'll take my brother's mare, and we'll turn bakers."	Li autres a lors respondu, " Il nos est très bien avenu ; Car j'ai un mien frere ensemant, Qui a une grasse jumant ; Je la prandrai, pran lo setier, Et si devandron bolangier ; L'an doit tote honte endosser Por soi de cest mal an giter."	40
	Li autres a lors respondu, " Il nos est très bien avenu ; Car j'ai un mien frere ensemant, Qui a une grasse jumant ; Je la prandrai, pran lo setier, Et si devandron bolangier ; L'an doit tote honte endosser Por soi de cest mal an giter."	44
So they take their wheat to the mill,	Ensi lo font, plus n'i atant, Au molin portent lo fromant : Li molins si loin lor estoit, Plus de .ij. liues i avoit ; C'estoit lo molin à choisel, Si seoit joste un bocheel ² :	48
	Ensi lo font, plus n'i atant, Au molin portent lo fromant : Li molins si loin lor estoit, Plus de .ij. liues i avoit ; C'estoit lo molin à choisel, Si seoit joste un bocheel ² :	52
which stands quite alone.	Il n'ot ilueques environ, Borde, ne vile, ne maison, Fors sol la maison au munier, Qui trop savoit de son mestier.	56
	Li clerz ont tost l'uis desfermé, Si ont lo sac dedanz gité : Après ont mis en un prael La jumant, joste lo choisel.	60
They throw their sack inside the door, and turn their mare into a meadow. One Clerk stays at the Mill, while the Second goes to fetch the Miller	Li uns remest por tot garder, L'autre ala lo munier haster,	64

[leaf 165, col. 2]

¹ *Septier de bled*. The *Septier* of corne (viz. Wheat, Rye, or Barlie) contains, in most places, two *Mines*, or twelue *Boisseaux* [*b.* = 20 pounds, somewhat lesse than our London pecke, & a halfe], or the twelfth part of a *Muid* : In weight it comes to 220 pounds sayes Nicot ; but Vigenere vpon Liue makes that the weight onely of Rye ; and sayes, that the *Septier* of wheat weighe 240 pounds,—Cotgrave. The English sack of wheat is only 3 bushels, but weighs 280 lbs of corn, meal, or flour ; a sack of wool weighs 364 lbs.

² *bosche, boschet, bosquetel, petit bois*.—Hippeau, Glos.

Que il les venist avancier ; Mais il s'an fu alé mucier ; Bien ot les clers veu venir, Je cuit à aux voldra partir. Chiés lo munier en vient corant, La dame a trovée filant :	68	
"Dame," fait-il, "por saint Martin, O est li sires do molin ? Bien fust que il nos avançast." "Sire clers, point ne m'an pesast ; En ce bois lo porroiz trover, Se il vos i plaist à aler, Qui est ci joste ce molin." Et li clers se mest au chemin, Querre lo vait moult vistement. A son conpeignon qui l'atant Poise moult qu'il demore tant : En la maison en vient corant :	72	
"Dame !" fait-il, "por amor Dé, O est mon conpeignon alé ?" "Sire, si aie je hanor, Il en vait querre mon seignor, Qui orandroit issi là hors." Ele ot bien ce mestier a-mort. L'un des clers après l'autre envoie, Et li muniers aquiaut sa voie, Si vien au molin auramant, Lo sac lieve sor la jumant, O sa fame qui li aida, En sa maison tot enporta :	76	from the wood.
Tant a en sa maison ¹ mucié, Puis est au molin repairié ; Et li clerc ont tant cheminé Qu'il sont au molin torné : "Munier," font-il, "Dex soit o vos, Por amor Deu, avancez nos." "Seignor," fait-il, "et je de quoi ?" "De nostre blé qu'est ci, par foi." Qant durent prandre lo fromant, Ne trovent ne sac ne jumant. L'un d'ax a l'autre regardé : "Q'est-ice ? somes-nos robé ?" "Oil," fait ce l'uns, "ce m'est vis : Pechiez nos a à essil mis." Chacuns escrie, "Halas ! halas ! Secorez nos, saint Nicolas !"	80	The First Clerk gets tired of waiting,
		[leaf 165, back, col. 1]
	92	and goes after the Second.
	96	The Miller and his wife hide the sack in their house, and he goes to his Mill.
	100	The Clerks come, and ask him to get-on with their corn.
	104	"With what ?" "Our corn here !" But they can't find corn or mare.
	108	They cry out that they've been robbed.
	112	

¹ *granche*, grange, barn, l. 315.

"What's the matter?" says the Miller.	Fait li muniers, "Qu'est-ce c'avez? Por quoi si durement criez?"	
"We've lost our all.	"Munier, jà avon tot perdu; Malemant nos est avenu, Car n'avon ne jumant ne el. Tot i estoit nostre chatel."	116
	"Seignor," fait-il, "n'en sai noiant."	[leaf 165, back, col. 2]
Where can we go to find it?"	"Sire," font-il, "ne vos apant Fors tant que de nos asener Quel part nos poissiens aler Querre et tracier nostre damage."	120
	"Seignor," fait-il, "en cest bochage: Ne vos sai-je pas conseilher; Mais en cel bois alez cerchier, Qui ci est joste cest molin."	124
"In the wood near the mill."	Li cler se mestent au chemin, Maintenant sont el bois entré, Et li muniers s'an est alé.	128
The Clerks start.	Li uns clers à l'autre parla: "Certes," font-il, "voir dit i a, Fox ¹ est qui en vain se travaille; Avoir vient et va comme paille, Alons nos hui mais herbergier."	132
The First Clerk says, "it's no use seeking; goods come and go like straw. Let's go and lodge at the Miller's."	"Nos ? en quel leu ?" "Chiés lo munier, O nos alon en cel molin, Dex nos doint l'ostel saint Martin!"	136
They go there,	Errant vindrent chiés lo munier; Lor venir n'avoit-il point chier; Ainz lor demande an es lo pas: "Que vos a fait saint Nicolas?" "Munier," font-il, "ne un ne el." "Or gaaigniez autre chatel, Car de cest estes vos trop loin. Ne l'auroiz pas à cest besoing."	140
and ask the Miller to take them in.	"Munier," font-il, "ce puet bien estre: Herbergiez nos, por saint Servestre, Ne savon mais hui o aler." Et li muniers prant à panser, Or seroit-il pires que chiens, S'il ne lor faisoit aucun bien Del lor, car il lo puet bien faire.	[leaf 166, col. 1] 148
	"Seignor," fait-il, "ni fors l'aire ² , Ice auroiz, se plus n'avez."	152
He says they must sleep on the floor; and they agree.	"Munier," font-il, "ce est assez." Li vilains n'ot pas grant cointie,	156

¹ Fol, fols, fous, fos, fox, faux, fax, subst. is adj. fou.—Burguy. ² Aire: f. . . the floore of a house or barne.—Cotg.

	S'el me porroit de rien valoir."	200
goes to the bin, scratches on it, tells the daughter he's dying for her.	A la huche vient erranmant, Un petit grate ; et el l'antant : "Q'est-ce," fait-ele, "là defors?" "C'est celui qui por vostre cors Est si destroiz et mal bailli, Se vos n'avez du lui merci, Jamais nul jor joie n'aura. C'est celui qui o vos manja,	204
and has brought her a ring of gold, of which the stone	Qui vos aporte un enel d'or, Onques n'austes tel tresor ; Bien est esprové et sau Que la pierre en a tel vertu, Que ja fame, tant soit legere, Ne tant par ait esté corsiere, ¹ Qui chaste et pucele ne soit, S'au matin en son doi l'avoit. Tenez, ge l' vos en fas present."	208 [leaf 166, back, col. 1] 212
will restore virginity.	Errant cele la clef li tant, Et il desferme errant la huche, Dedanz se met, ele s'acluche ; Or puent faire lor deduit, Car ne trovent qui lor anuit.	216
She gives him the key ; he opens the bin ; and they take their pleasure.	La fame o munier, ainz lo jor Se leva d'enprés son seignor ; Tote nue vait en la cort. Par devant lo lit trescort Au clerc, qui en l'aire gisoit.	220
The Miller's Wife gets up, and goes naked into the court.	Li clers au trespasser la voit ; Qant il la vit, si l'esgarda, De son compaignon li manbra, Qui en la huche fait ses buens ; Moult convoite faire les suens ; Pansa que il la decevroit Au revenir, se il pooit : Puis repansoit no feroit mie, ² Tost em porroit sordre folie.	224
The Second Clerk sees her, thinks on his mate's enjoyments,	Un autres angin li est creuz : S'anprès est de son lit chauz, A l'autre lit s'an va tot droit, Là o li muniers se gisoit,	228 232
goes to the Miller's bed, and pulls the cradle to his own.		236 [leaf 166, back, col. 2] 240

¹ ? from L. *cursus* (and so a gadabout, *coureuse*, street-walker), or L. *corpus* ; cp. Fr. *Corser*. To imbrace, take, or hold, by the bodie ; to catch, take, or lay, hold of the bodie. —Cotgrave.

² Tost em porroit sordre
Folie sordre folie MS. sic.

- L'anfant à tot lo briez¹ aporte,
²Et quant la dame entre en la porte
 Li clers tire à l'anfant l'oroille,
 Et l'enfes crie, si s'esvoille :
 Cele ala à son lit tot droit
 Quant ele oi o cil estoit ;
³Puis est erranmant retournée ;
 Au cri de l'anfant est alée ;
 Lo briez trove, don s'aseure,
 Puis solieve la couverture,
 De joste lo clerc s'est cochiée,
 Et cil l'a estroit enbraciée ;
 Vers soi la trait, formant l'acole,
 A son deduit tote l'afole ;
 Si sofre tot, si ne mervoille.
 Et l'autres clers si s'aparoille,
 Quant il oit lo coc chanter ;
 Car il cuidoit trop demorer.
 De la huche s'an est issu,
 Puis est droit à son lit venuz,
 Lo briez trove, si s'esbaist ;
 N'est pas mervoille s'il lo fist.
 Il ot peor, et ne porquant
 Un petit est alez avant,
 Et quant .ij. testes a trovées,
 Erranmant les a refusées.
 A l'autre lit, o se gisoit
 Li muniers, s'an va cil tot droit ;
 De joste li s'estoit cochiez,
 Ne s'est pas encor esveilliez,
 Ne ne s'est mie aparceuz.
 "Compainz," fait li clers, "que fais-tu ?
 Qui toz jorz se test rien ne valt ;
 Or sai-je bien, se Dex me salt,
 Que j'ai eu boene nuitiée.
 Moult est la pucele envoisiée,
 La fille à cest nostre munier,
 Moult par si fait mal anvoisier,
 Et si fait trop bon foutre en huche.
 Conpeignon, car va, si t'i muce,
- 244 When the Wife comes back, the Clerk makes her child cry,
- 248 she goes to the cradle, and lies down in the Clerk's bed. He creeps to her, and amuses himself.
- 252
- 256 The First Clerk, at cock crow, gets out of the bin, and comes to his bed ; but
- 260 finds the cradle by it,
- 264
 [leaf 167, col. 1] and 2 heads in it.
- 268 So he goes to the other bed,
- 272 and says to the Miller,
 "Mate,
- 276 I've had a good night,
- 280

¹ *bres* berceau.—Hippeau, Glossaire, 1866.

² This line is made two in the MS.

Et quant la dame

Entre en la porte.

³ This line makes two in the MS.

Puis est erranmant

Retornee.

	Et si pran do bacon ta part ; Assez en a jusqu'à la hart ; Par .vij. foiz l'ai anuit corbée, Des or sera boene l'asnée, El n'a fors l'anel de l'andier ; Si ai je fait bien mon mestier."	284
and swived the Miller's Daughter 7 times, all for an andiron ring."	Qant li muniers entant la bole, Tantost prant lo clerc par la gole ; Et li clers lui qui s'aperçoit, Tantost le met en si mal ploït A po li fait lo cuer crier.	288
The Miller seizes him by the throat, but the Clerk soon nearly kills the Miller.	Et la dame aquialt à boter L'autre clerc, qui o lui gisoit. "Sire," fait-ele, "ce que doit Serviax, car nos levon tost sus, Jà s'estranglent cil clerc laissus."	292
His wife says the Clerks will strangle one another. Her bed-fellow says, "Let 'em."	"Ne te chaut," fait-il, "lor ester, Lai les musarz entretuer." Il savoit bien, si n'ot pas tort, Que ses conpainz ere plus fors.	[leaf 167, col. 2] 296
As soon as the Miller escapes, he goes to light the fire ; sees his Wife with the other Clerk, and calls her a proved whore.	Qant li muniers pot eschaper, Tantost cort lo feu alumer ; Et qant il sa fame aparçoit, Qui avoc lo clerc se gisoit : "Or sus," fait-il, "pute provée, Qui vos a ici amenée ? Certes il est de vos tot fait."	300
She says she's one thro' guile, whereas he's a proved thief,	"Sire," fait-ele, "autrement vait, Car se je suis pute provée, Par engin i sui atornée ; Mais vos estes larron prové, Qui en cez clers avez emblé	304
as he's stolen the Clerks' corn and mare.	Lor sac de blé et lor jumant, Don vos seroiz levez au vant. Tot est en vostre granche mis."	308
The Clerks then thrash the Miller, take their mare, and wheat, and grind it at another mill.	Li dui clerc ont lo vilain pris, Tant l'ont folé et debatu, ¹ Par po qu'il ne l'ont tot nolu ; Puis vont modre à autre molin. Il orent l'ostel saint Martin, Et ont tant lor mestier mené Q'il se sont do mal an gité.	312
		316
		320

¹ *afoler*, maltraiter blesser, meurtrir, tuer, . . du latin *fullare* . . d'après le subst. *fullo onis* (*foler* faire des folies, railler, moquer, dire des injures) : *debatre*, débattre, agiter, frapper.—Burguy. *Affoler*. To foyle, wound, bruise, or hurt sore with blows.—Cotgrave.

NOTES BY MR HENRY NICOL ON THE TWO FRENCH
FABLIAUX.

De Gombert et des Deux Clercs.

TEXT. p. 87, l. 18. *amor* should be *amors*, to be grammatical; but the text is evidently late enough to excuse such a fault.

l. 29. Similarly *nul* should be *nus*.

l. 88. The other reading, *E vous*, is required to make grammar.

l. 103. *le vilain* should be *li vilains*, but this would spoil the rhyme; from the note it is clear the text has been altered by the scribe.

l. 110. Final *x* is regularly used for *us*; indeed some think it is only a corrupted mode of writing these two letters, and originally had nothing to do with *x*, just as our old *y* in *y^e*, *y'* is not the Latin *y*, but the thorn. This seems to be very probable; in any case the forms *ie^x* (l. 12) for *ieus*, *mie^x* (l. 16) for *mieus*, &c., show that the modern French *ux* is a barbarism.

l. 114. *lut* is an impossible form here, though it may be MS.; it ought to be *lait* or *leit*.

l. 143. *grande* for *grant* is late Old French; the proper feminine is like the masculine (Latin *grandem* in both cases). The other MS. gives *mainte*, which suits metre and grammar.

l. 145. *Esraument* is often found in print, but the original form is *-anment* (*iterante mente*).

l. 170. *je's* is a contraction, through *jel's*, of *je les*. *departir* is here active, as in the original reading 'till death us *depart*,' for which *do part* is a modern corruption.

NOTES. p. 87, n. 4. If *plus et* replaces *plus qu'* the line has a syllable too many.

n. 16. I cannot make *que s'en merveille* fit.

p. 88, n. 12. This reading also does not seem to make sense.

p. 89, n. 28. The sense requires *donc*, not *dont*.

p. 90, n. 2. The reading gives a syllable too few; in any case *besch* ought to be *berch*, though the MS. may have the former (and of course ought to be followed if it has); see n. 17.

n. 15. M. P. Paris's note on *voie marie* seems to me out of place; no doubt *marvoie* is common, and has the meaning he gives, but in this case *marie* is a participle. The construction is 'bien cuide avoir marie la voie'; 'he thinks he has missed his way.'

p. 91, n. 1. I very much doubt whether *quailes* is only another form for *chaud*, from *callidus*. In the first place, *qu* for Latin *c* before *a*, which generally becomes *ch*, is unheard of; in the next, *ai* for *a*, except in cases of attraction, or before gutturals and nasals, is equally unknown. However, I have nothing better to suggest.

The dialect of the MS. printed as text seems to be ordinary late Burgundian; that of the one given in the notes is certainly Picard (*seur* for *sor*, *berchuel* for *berquiel*, *caufes* for *chaufez*, *puchele* for *pucele*, *carie* for *charie*, &c.).—H. N.

The Miller and the Two Clerks.

TEXT. p. 93, l. 6. *chier* ought properly to be *chiers*.

l. 12. This has a syllable too many; probably *il* ought to be omitted.

l. 35. This is too short; *je ai* for *j'ai* would suit.

l. 90. *à mort* may be MS., but is neither sense nor rhyme; *amors* (participle of *amordre*) would be nearer the former, and quite the latter.

l. 93. *auramant* I cannot make out; it may be for *erramant* or *erranmant*.

l. 100. This line is too short; *Que il* for *Qu'il* would do.

l. 141. *an es lo pas* = *in ipsum illum passum*.

l. 154. This line is too short, and unsyntactical; *nient* for *ni* would set it right.

l. 159. MS. *file* for *fille*. Yet MSS. are generally careful to mark the liquid *l* by doubling, except when final.

l. 165. Another line too short; *par dedesus* for *par desus* would suit; see l. 186.

l. 166. *pertius* for *pertuis* may be a license for the rhyme; l. 188 has the right form.

l. 171. This is too long; the plural *eves* makes no sense, and the singular *eve* would admit the elision and make the verse scan.

l. 174. *L'um* for *L'un* is odd; *m* for *n* rarely occurs, except before a labial.

l. 176. *artre* ought to be *astre*, to make something intelligible.

l. 226. Another line too short; *par dedevant* for *par devant* would do.

l. 236. *em* is quite right, as the following word, *porroit*, begins with a labial, though I see *en porroit*, l. 197.

l. 237. This is too long; *autre* for *autres* would do, though strictly we ought to have *uns autres ansins*.

l. 241. The form *briez*, which also occurs l. 249 and l. 261, has its *r* transposed.

l. 271. *aparceuz* is grammar, but does not rhyme with *tu*.

l. 300. *fors* is likewise grammatical, but not a rhyme to *tort*.

l. 318. *nolu* seems a mere mistake for *molu*; the first form does not exist, as far as I can discover.

The dialect is Burgundian, as shown by *poïssiens* for *poïssions*, *secroi* for *secret*, *porroiz* for *porrez*, *oroille* for *oreille*, &c. The frequent *lo* for *le*, accusative masculine of the article in the singular, points to the neighbourhood of the Provençal language, as the text is too modern to allow us to consider that the old form could otherwise have been preserved.—H. N.

5.

Two Latin Stories

like

Chaucer's "Friar's Tale."

"Soon after the age of Berchorius [the compiler or collector of the *Gesta Romanorum*, who died in 1362], a similar collection of stories, of the same cast, was compiled, though not exactly in the same form, professedly designed for sermon-writers, and by one who was himself an eminent preacher; for, rather before the year 1480, a Latin volume was printed in Germany, written by John Herolt, a Dominican friar of Basil, better known by the adopted and humble appellation of DISCIPULUS, and who flourished about the year 1418. It consists of three parts. The first is entitled 'Incipiunt Sermones pernotabiles DISCIPULI de Sanctis per anni circulum'. That is, a set of sermons on the saints of the whole year. The second part, and [that] with which I am now chiefly concerned, is a PROMPTUARY, or ample repository, of examples for composing sermons; and in the Prologue to this part the author says that saint Dominic always *abundabat exemplis* in his discourses, and that he constantly practised this popular mode of edification. This part contains a variety of little histories. Among others are the following. CHAUCER'S *Friar's Tale*. The third part contains stories for sermon-writers, consisting only of select miracles of the Virgin Mary. The first of these is the tale of the chaste Roman empress [Merelaus's wife: see above], occurring in the Harleian manuscripts of the GESTA, and versified by Occleve; yet with some variation. This third part is closed with these words, which also end the volume: 'Explicit tabula Exemplorum in tractatulo de Exemplis gloriose Virginis Marie contentorum.' I quote from the first edition, which is a clumsy folio in a rude Gothic letter, in two volumes; and without pagings, signatures, or initials. The place and year are also wanting; but it was certainly printed before 1480,¹ and probably at Nuremburg. The same author also wrote a set of sermons called '*Sermones de tempore*'² (containing stories in the Gesta, Boccaccio's Decameron, Parnell's Hermit, &c.)."—*Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. i, p. ccv, ed. 1840.

¹ For the second edition is at Nuremburg, 1482, fol. Others followed, before 1500.

² "The only edition I have seen, with the addition of the *Sermones de Sanctis*, and the *Promptuarium Exemplorum* above-mentioned, was printed by M. Flaccius, Argentin. 1499, fol. But there is an earlier edition. At the close of the last Sermon, he tells us why he chose to be styled Discipulus;—because, 'non subtilia per modum *Magistri*, sed simplicia per modum *Discipuli*, conscripsi et collegi.' I have seen also early impressions of his *Sermones Quadragesimales*, and of other pieces of the same sort. All his works were published together in three volumes, Mogunt. 1612, 4to. The Examples appeared separately, Daventr. 1481. Colon. 1485. Argentorat. 1489. 1490. Hagen. 1512. 1519. fol." See Hain.

[*Cotton MS. Cleopatra D VIII, leaf 110.*]NARRATIO DE QUODAM SENES-
CALLO SCELEROSO.¹

Erat vir quidam Senescallus & placitator. pauperum calumpniator. & bonorum huiusmodi spoliator. Qui die quadam forum iudiciale causa contencionis faciendo & lucrandi adiuit. ¶ Cui quidam obuiauuit in itinere dicens ei. "Quo vadis? Et quid habes officij?" Respondit primus. "vado lucrari." Et ait secundus. "Ego tui similis sum. Eamus simul." Primo concensiente? dixit secundus ei. "Quid est lucrum tuum?" Et ille "emolumentum pauperum quamdiu aliquid habent. vt per lites contenciones & vexaciones siue iuste siue iniuste. Modo dixi tibi lucrum meum vnde est. Dic mihi queso? vnde est & tuum?" Respondit secundus dicens. "quicquid sub maledictione traditur diabolo? computo mihi pro lucro." Risit primus? & derisit secundum. non intelligens quod esset diabolus. ¶ Paulo post cum transirent per ciuitatem audierunt quemdam pauperem maledicere cuidam vitulo quem duxit ad vendendum quia indirecte ibat. Item audierunt consimilem de muliere fustigante puerum suum. Tunc ait primus ad secundum. "Ecce potes lucrari si vis. Tolle puerum & vitulum." Respondit secundus "non possum? quia non maledicunt ex corde." ¶ Cum vero paululum processissent. pauperes euntes versus iudicium. videntes illum Senescallum? ceperunt omnes vnanimiter maledictiones in ipsum ingerere. Et dixit secundus ad primum. "audis quid isti dicunt?" "audio" inquit. "Set nichil ad me." Et dixit secundus. "Isti maledicunt ex corde & te tradunt diabolo. Et ideo meus eris." Qui statim ipsum arripiens? cum eo disparuit.

A Seneschal,
hard to the poor,is met by
another man,
who asks him
his business."Grinding the
poor,

justly or unjustly.

What's yours?"

"Taking every-
thing that's
curst, and given
to the Devil."A poor man
curses his calf
for not going
straight to
market;
but not with his
heart, so the
Fiend can't
take it.
But when some
poor folk curse
the Seneschalwith all their
heart, the Fiend
carries him off.¹ Printed by Mr Thomas Wright in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxxii. Now re-read with the MS. by Miss L. T. Smith.

DE ADVOCATO ET DIABOLO.¹

A grasping
lawyer, out to
gather prey, met
the Devil in the
form of a man,

and couldn't get
quit of him.

A poor man,
angry with his
perverse pig,
said, 'Devil take
you!'

But as he didn't
say it from his
heart, the Devil
couldn't take the
Pig: nor could
he a Child, to
which its Mother
said, 'Devil take
you!'

When, however,
some townsmen
saw the Lawyer
coming,
they all cried out,
'May the Devil
take you!'

and as they did
it from the
bottom of their
hearts, the Devil
carried the
Lawyer off;
as his man
bore witness.

Homo quidam erat diversarum villarum advocatus, immisericors, avarus, faciens graves exactiones in sibi subditos. Die quadam, cum propter exactionem faciendam ad villam unam properaret, diabolus in specie hominis se illi in itinere sociavit, quem tam ex horrore quam ex mutua colloctione diabolus esse intellexit. Ire cum eo satis timuit; nullo tamen modo, neque orando neque cruce signando, ab eo separari potuit. Cumque simul pergerent, occurrit eis homo quidam pauper porcum in laqueo ducens. Cumque porcus huc illucque diverteretur, iratus homo clamavit, "Diabolus te habeat!" Quo verbo audito, advocatus sperans se tali occasione a diabolo liberari, ait illi, "Audi, amice: porcus ille est tibi datus; vade tolle illum." Respondit diabolus, "Nequaquam mihi illum ex corde donavit, et ideo illum tollere non possum." Deinde transeuntes per aliam villam, cum infans fleret, mater in foribus domus stans, turbida voce dicebat, "Diabolus te habeat! quid me fletibus tuis inquietas?" Tunc advocatus dixit, "Ecce bene lucratus es animam unam! tolle infantem, quia tuus est." Cui diabolus, ut prius, "Non mihi illum dedit ex corde: sed talis est consuetudo hominibus loquendi, cum irascuntur." Incipientibus autem appropinquare loco ad quem tendebant, homines a villa longe videntes, et causam ejus adventus non ignorantes, omnes una voce simul clamabant, dicentes, "Diabolus te habeat, ac diabolo venias." Quo audito, diabolus, caput movens et cachinnans, ait advocato, "Ecce, isti dederunt te mihi ex intimo corde, et ideo meus es." Ac rapuit eum in ipsa hora diabolus, et quid de eo fecerit ignoratur. Verba mutuae confabulationis ac facta istius, per famulum advocati, qui secum fuit in itinere, declarata sunt.

¹ This story is printed in the *Selection of Latin Stories*, edited by Mr Thomas Wright for the Percy Society, Early Eng. Poetry, vol. 8, p. 70. He says he took it from the printed *Promptuarium Exemplorum*, which was compiled in the early part of the 15th century. (The English version of the *Alphabetum Narrationum*—stories for quotation in sermons, &c.,—is in Addit. MS. 25,719, Brit. Mus., and the Latin, which differs from the *Promptuarium Exemplorum*, is in Harl. MS. 268.)

6.

Alphonsus of Lincoln,

A STORY LIKE CHAUCER'S *PRIORESS'S TALE*,

FROM THE

Fortalitium Fidei. Lugdun. 1500, fo. ccviii.

Alphonsus of Lincoln,

A STORY LIKE CHAUCER'S *PRIORESS'S TALE*,

from the

Portaliitium Fidei.¹ *Lugdun.* 1500, fo. ceviii.

The third expulsion of the Jews was from England.

In Lincoln a poor widow had a little son Alphonsus,

whom she sent to learn grammar and music;

and a 'religious' gave him his meals.

The boy was ten years old, and daily went to church, to school, to meals, and home at night. He so liked the anthem, *Alma Redemptoris*, that he sang it night and morning through the Jews' street.

Tertio iudeorum expulsio fuit a regno anglie, cuius expulsionis causa duplex assignantur quarum primam legi in quibusdam miraculis sub ordine qui sequitur. In li[n]conia, ciuitate regis anglie, accidit quoddam miraculum quod deus voluit ostendere precibus beate virginis. Unde mulier quedam vidua et pauperula, filium quendam nomine alfonsum habebat: quem tradidit ad docendum primas litteras, et postquam scinit legere, tradidit imbuendum rudimentis grammaticalibus, & in musica; qui licet in grammaticalibus processerit, in musicis tamen gratissimus erat. Et quia predicta mulier pauperula erat, recommendauit illum cuidam religioso sui generis: vt de victu saltem ipsi prouideret: & ita factum est, quia quotidie post lectiones suas recipiebat suam refectionem cum predicto religioso. Erat autem predictus puer etatis annorum .x. cuius erat consuetudo ordinata: vt primo quotidie iret ad ecclesiam, deinde ad scolas, & hora refectionis, vt dictum est, ad domum religiosi; nocte vero ad matris domicilium se conuertebat. Cum autem sepe in ecclesia illam preclaram antiphonam "*Alma redemptoris*" audiret cantare, tantam deuotionem concepit in virgine beata, et sic menti impressit predictam antiphonam, quod quocunque iret de die et de nocte per vicos et plateas, more puerorum, supradictam anti-

¹ This book was composed in 1459, says the 1485 edition of it. It is given by Hain, &c., to Alphonsus a Spina.

"Prohemium in Fortalicium fidei Fol. 1. ¶ Incipit prohemium fortalicij fidei: conscripti per quendam doctorem eximium ordinis minoris. Anno domini M.cccclix. in partibus occidentis. Et primum ponitur scribentio intentio."

Colophon. "¶ Anno incarnate deitatis. M.cccclxxxv. vj. Idus octobris. Indictione .iij. Hic liber (quem fidei fortalicium editor intitulauit) impressoria arte Nurembergk Impensis Anthonij koberger inibi ciuez est completus & in hunc finem vsque perductus."

In the text above, from the 1500 edition, the expansions of the printed contractions are not italicised as usual.

phonam alta voce dulcissime cantabat, transitus autem eius erat, cum iret ad domum matris vel rediret ab eadem, per vicum quendam iudeorum; qui audientes frequenter predictam virginis cantationem ab ore iuuenis, quidam illorum habuit querere a quodam docto Christiano, quis esset sensus illius cantationis, cum eius cantus tam dulcis esset. Et vt cognouit quod illa erat antiphona quedam, que ad laudem et honorem virginis beate marie, matris redemptoris iesu Christi, veri messie, decantabatur a fidelibus in ecclesia, concepit dolorem & peperit iniquitatem, quod consilium habuit cum suis complicitibus, quorum corda diabolus possidebat: quomodo predictum infantem mortui traderent & occiderent. hora ergo opportuna obseruata, cum paruulus predictus alta voce cantando predictam antiphonam transiret per eorum vicum, subito, sicut a rugientibus leonibus, rapitur, & reclusus in domo quadam, de modo mortis eius tractaverunt. Et diffinitum est inter eos, quod eius lingua, cum qua beatam virginem laudabat, extraheretur per oppositam capitis partem. secundo quod extraheretur etiam eius cor, cum quo cogitabat predictam cantationem, et vltimo quod corpus eius proiceretur in loco profundissimo et immundissimo, fetoribusque pleno, qui locus erat eorum continua latrina,¹ vt nullatenus signum eius inveniri posset: et factum est sic. Sed virgo beata, quæ mater est misericordie et pietatis, nec obliuioni tradit seruicium quod cunq̃ue sibi factum, statim sic ille deuotissimus suus cantor in predicto loco fetido fuit proiectus, affuit presens eidem, et posuit in ei[u]s ore lapidem quandam preciosum, qui locum lingue suppleret, et statim cepit cantare, sicut prius, predictam antiphonam, immo melius & altius quam primo, nec aliquando cessabat de die, nec de nocte, a predicto cantu; et tali modo stetit in predicto loco paruulus ille quattuor diebus: cum

A Jew askt a Christian doctor what the song meant.

'It's an anthem in honour of the Virgin, Christ's Mother.'

The Jew plots with his fellows.

They seize Alphonsus,

cut out his tongue,

tear out his heart, and throw his body into their jakes.

But the Virgin comes to the dead boy,

gives him a precious stone for a tongue;

he at once begins to sing *A/ma Redemptoris*, and keeps on for 4 days.

¹ This is in the early French *Ballade* that Francisque Michel publisht in his *Hugues de Lincoln*, 1834. After the Jews have crucified young Hugh, and 'Agim le Ju' has stabbed him on the cross, they bury the boy's corpse in the ground, but next morning find it on the top of the grave. Then they consult, and agree

Que le cors de l'enfant
Geté fut demeintenant
Et à chambre privé tut puant :
Mult furent fols et mescréant.

But next morning the body is found on the seat of the privy. Then it's thrown into a fountain behind the Castle of the City, but rises from the bottom, and is found by the Christians.

Meantime his
mother seeks
him, throughout
the city,

and at the end of
the 4th day goes
through the
Jewry, and hears
her son's voice.

She cries aloud;
folk come with
the Judge;
break into the
house, find the
boy, and take
him out, always
singing, tho' he
is dead.

They bear him to
the Cathedral,
singing still.

The Bishop
celebrates Mass,
and prays that
this secret may
be revealed.

Then the dead
boy stands up
on his bed,
takes the precious
stone from his
mouth, and
tells his tale,
and how the
Virgin had made
him sing while
he was dead.

Then he said he
was going to be
with the Virgin
in heaven.
He handed his
stone to the
Bishop,
gave up the
ghost,
and was buried in
a marble tomb.

vero mater eius videret, quod [ut] consueuerat ad domum eius non veniret, celeri gressu ad domum supradicti religiosi peruenit, ac deinde ad scholas, nec poterat inuenire. Discurrebat vndique per ciuitatem anxia mulier, si posset alicubi inuenire filium suum; et disponente deo, in fine quattuor dierum predictorum, mulier illa transiit per vicum illum in quo filius suus fuerat occisus, et in latrinam proiectus, & ecce vox filij sui cantantis dulcissime cantationem illam virginis quam sepius ab eo audierat insonuit in auribus eius. Quo audito, clamoribus magnis predicta mulier clamare cepit, et congregatae sunt multe gentes, et cum eis iudex ciuitatis, intraveruntque domum illam in qua vox illa audiebatur, & finaliter inuentus est inuenis in loco predicto, & extractus; nec vnquam cessabat a cantu illo dulcissimo, licet mortuus foret. Indutisque alijs vestimentis per dominos qui ibidem venerant, notificatum est episcopo ciuitatis, qui ilico veniens ad spectaculum precepit quod poneretur honorifice in quodam lecto, et sic deductus est cum solenni processione et magno honore ad ecclesiam cathedrali predictae ciuitatis. Semper tamen continuabat canticum suum; conuenientibus ergo in vnum ad predictam ecclesiam, dictus episcopus celebrauit et fecit solennem sermonem, precepitque omnibus audientibus quod deuotas funderent orationes, vt precibus beate virginis deus dignaretur reuelare hoc secretum. Finito vero sermone, placuit altissimo et sue beatissime matri, quod fuit detecta impijssimorum iudeorum proditio et crudelitas, quia eadem hora surrexit paruulus ille & iste, et stetit pedes in lecto in quo iacebat, et extraxit ab ore suo vnum preciosissimum lapidem, dixitque omni populo, leta et hylari facie, qualiter sibi acciderat, sicut dictum est, et quomodo virgo beata ad eum venerat, et posuerat dictum lapidem in ore eius, vt non cessaret mortuus ab eius laude: et vt ostenderetur gloria filij sui in salutem credentium, et perditionem odientium & incredulorum. post hec autem vocauit ad se episcopum, et dedit sibi pacem similiter, & matri: et facta expeditione ab omni populo, certificauit eos quod ascendit ad celos in societate virginis gloriose, & tradidit predictum lapidem preciosum episcopo, vt poneret cum alijs reliquijs in altari. Quo facto, signaculo sancte crucis se insigniuit, & coaptans se lecto, animam tradidit saluatori; qui honorifice sepultus fuit in quodam sepulchro marmoreo, quod multo tempore preciosos lapides, vt fertur, emanauit quo[u]sq; quedam pestifera heresis ibidem orta fuit.

7.

How Reynard caught Chanticleer,

the source of Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale,"

from the French of

Marie de France and the Roman du Renart.

As the original of Chaucer's famous Tale of Chanticleer and Pertelote, Tyrwhitt pointed out the Fable of the Cock and Fox by Marie de France. Since then, Mr Thomas Wright has called attention to the enlargement of that Fable in the French *Roman du Renart*, as the more immediate source of Chaucer's story. That our poet, in this instance as in all others, adorned what he touched, and brightened his original with his own cheery spirit and humorous skits, will be evident to all who read the French Fable, and its expansion now first printed separately, from Méon's edition, for English readers. That the French writer of the *Roman* also 'improved' the *estoire* from which he took his tale, may well be supposed, just as that *estoire* writer probably toucht-up his original, which was no doubt Marie de France's Fable, translated from the English of King Alfred. Certain it is that, if the *Roman* writer was serious in his appeal to an *estoire* as his authority for the Cock's dreaming (l. 1382-4), that authority cannot have been Marie's *Fable*, which does not contain the dream. If, however, the *estoire* reference was only chaff, then lines 29-35 of the *Fable*, as compared with lines 1696-1704 of the *Roman du Renart*, render it probable that the Cock and Fox story in the latter was taken immediately from the *Fable*.

The incidents of the story as told by Chaucer are better arranged than in the French *Roman du Renart*, where the Cock's seizure is directly foretold by his wife, and the Cock listens to the Fox's flattery after he has just misst losing his life by him. The picturesqueness and reality of the story, too, are much enhanced by Chaucer; but then the French writer does not make his Cock quote learned Latin treatises on dreams. Still, *il n'y a que le premier-pas qui coute*; if a saint can walk one step with his head under his arm, there can be no objection to his walking a mile; and so Chaucer must not be blamed for carrying further the hint of his foregoing story-tellers, especially as his episode of the dream contains the happiest touches of humour in the whole Tale. M. Méon doesn't name the MSS. from which he prints, further than to say they are 'Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi des xii^e, xiv^e et xv^e Siècles;' and as to what parts come from what MSS., all that M. Méon says is, "L'ordre des branches n'étant pas le même dans les douze manuscrits sur lesquels j'ai collationné ce Roman, j'ai cherché à en établir un qui les liât ensemble de manière à en former un tout; je désire que la classification que j'ai adoptée soit jugée la plus convenable. Autant qu'il m'a été possible, j'ai profité des variantes que m'offraient quelquefois ces différens manuscrits, et j'en ai augmenté mon texte."

Confound such editing! I say. M. Paul Meyer says that in 1835 Chabaille publisht a 'Supplément au Roman de Renart,' in which he gave, at pages 65-7, some various readings to Méon's text, and at p. 391 some corrections (one on l. 1580), with this list of MSS. in the National Library which contain the Cock and Fox Story:—

Fonds français	371	(formerly 6985-4, langé 68), fol. 34 c.
"	"	1,579 (formerly 7607), fol. 8 d.
"	"	1,580 (formerly 7607-5), fol. 20 b.
"	"	12,584 (formerly Suppl. fr. 98-14), fol. 59 a.
"	"	20,043 (formerly Saint-Germain 1980), now out of the library, lent abroad.

Chabaille also mentions two MSS. in the Arsenal Library.

As to the original story, Professor Bernhard ten Brink writes me this letter:

" DEAREST SIR,

" Marburg, 21 March, 1872.

" Though the story of Reinardus and Isengrimus, no doubt, is founded on original German traditions, as may be proved by the names of the chief heroes occurring in it, yet it is chiefly to France and to Flanders that we are indebted for the original poems belonging to this cycle. The first part (about 10,000 lines) of the 'Roman du Renart,' as edited by Méon, is thought to have been written at the beginning of the 13th century; but it was preceded by earlier poems on the same subject, and written in the same language, as we may infer from the existence of two Latin poems, and one German, belonging to the 12th century, all of which appear to have been drawn from French sources. They are:

" 1. *Isengrimus*, composed about 1100 in Artois, or the southern part of Flanders. It contains but two stories, and probably has come down to us in a fragmentary state.

" 2. *Reinardus Vulpes*, about 1148—1160, composed in a monastery in the neighbourhood of (Gent or) Ghent. It seems to be a recast of the *Isengrimus*, and contains twelve stories. Though founded on French traditions, and probably drawn from French sources, these two poems can't be said to have been translated from the French. But we possess a faithful translation from an early French 'Roman du Renart' in

" 3. *Reinhart Fuchs*, by Heinrich der Glîchezâre or Glîchesaere, after 1150. This translation in its original form has perished, with the exception of three fragments (ll. 588—981, ll. 1524—1596, 1831—1901), but there exists a younger version or recast of it, made in the 13th century, in which nothing material seems to have been altered. In this manner the German 'Reinhart Fuchs' represents an earlier phase in the development of the French 'Roman du Renart' than the poem of Pierre de St Cloud in the first part of Méon's edition.

" The story of the Cock and the Fox occurs in *Reinhart Fuchs* as well as in *Reinardus Vulpes*, and may have occurred also in the lost

parts of *Isengrimus*. In *Reinhart Fuchs* we have the dream, but not in *Reinardus Vulpes*. Respecting the epigrammatic conclusion of the story in Marie de France, and the 'Roman du Renart' (Méon), I make no doubt but both borrowed it from some earlier author. In *Reinhart Fuchs*, l. 162—169, we read something very nearly approaching to it. But we find it in terms almost identical with those used by Marie in a Latin collection of Æsopian fables in a MS. at Göttingen, Cod. theol. 140, fol. (15th century), see Oesterley, *Romulus*, Berlin, 1870, p. 108. On the whole, Marie de France must have worked after an original of a character very much resembling that collection. But I'll copy the whole fable from Oesterley :

"Quomodo Vulpes sitivit cantum Galli. Gallus in sterquilinio conversabatur, quem vulpes intuens accessit, et ante illum residens, in hec verba prorupit. Nunquam vidi volucem similem tibi in decore, nec cui plus laudis debetur pro vocis dulcedine, patre tantum tuo excepto. Qui cum altius voluit cantare, oculos claudere consuevit. Gallus igitur, amator laudis, sicut vulpes edocuit, lumina clausit, et alta voce clamare cepit. Protinus vulpes in eum irruens, cantum in tristitiam vertit, raptumque cantorem ad nemus properans detulit. Aderant forte pastores in campo qui vulpem profugam canibus et clamoribus insequabantur. Tunc gallus ait vulpi : 'Dicite quod vester sum, et quod nichil spectat ad eos rapina ista.' Vulpe igitur incipiente loqui, gallus elapsus ab ore ipsius. Auxilio pennarum mox in arbore summa refugium invenit. Tunc vulpes ait : 'Ve sibi, qui loquitur cum melius deberet tacere !' Cui gallus de sublimi respondit : 'Ve sibi qui claudit oculos cum potius deberet eos aperire !' *Moralitas*. Non est exigua res suo tempore loqui et suo tempore reticere. Mors enim et vita in manibus lingue sunt.'

"The same story, you know, is found in other mediæval collections of fables. I don't know whether it occurs in MS. Royal, 15 A. VII. (Brit. Museum),¹ as I cannot look this moment into Dr Eduard Mall's paper, 'Zum Romulus,' *Jahrbuch für roman. u. engl. Lit.*, XII, p. 18—28. If it does, it would be interesting to compare that version with the two other ones. (The Royal MS. 15 A. VII. is said to belong to the beginning of the 13th century, whereas the MS. of Göttingen is of the 15th century, but the latter is much more complete than the former.)

"A proof of the popularity of the story of the Fox and the Cock in France during the 12th century is to be found in the Roman d'Alexandre (cited by J. Grimm, *Reinhart Fuchs*, p. cxvii.)

'Li Grezois les engignent, com Renart fist le gal,
Quil saisi par la gorge, quant il chantoit clinal.'

"Yours most sincerely,

"BERNHARD TEN BRINK."

After what Prof. Ten Brink has said, I suppose he and the scholars of the Continent will pooh-pooh any claim of England to the origination

¹ No, it doesn't.—F.

of the Cock and Fox story; yet, inasmuch as no version of Æsop containing this story has yet been found which is so early as King Alfred's time, England can, at present, show the best *primâ facie* title to the authorship of the fable. In the 13th century Marie de France translated a set of Æsop's Fables (*Ici cumence le ysope*), she says, from the English of *Li reis Alurez*¹—King Alfred, whose version of Æsop is lost,—and among these is the following fable of the Cock and Fox, which was printed by Tyrwhitt in his 'Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales,' § xxxvii:—

¹ "The name of the King, whose English version she professes to follow, is differently stated in different MSS. In the best MS., Harl. 978, it is plainly *Li reis Alured*. In a later MS., Vesp. B. xiv, it is *Li reis Henris*.* Pasquier (*Recherches*, l. viii, c. i.) calls him *Li roy Anuert*, and Du Chesne (as quoted by Menage, v. ROMAN) *Li Rois Mires*; but all the copies agree in making Marie declare, that she translated her work '*de l'Anglois en Roman*.' A Latin Æsop, MS. Reg. 15 A. vii,† has the same story of an English version by order of a *Rex Angliæ Affrus*."—Tyrwhitt.

That readers may judge for themselves on this point, I print here the wind-up of Marie's Fables from the Harl. MS. 978, leaf 67, col. 2. (cp. Roquefort, II. 401.)

A L finement de cest escrit ‡	E del engleis en romanz treire.	12
que en romanz ai treite e dit,	Esope apelum cest liure,	
Me numerai pur remembrance :	Qu'il translata e fist escrire ;	
Marie ai nun ; si sui de france.	Del griu en latin le turna.	4
Put cel estre, que clerc plusur [167, bk]	Li reis Alurez, qui mut l'ama,	16
Prendreient sur eus mun labur ;	Le translata puis en engleis ;	
Ne uoil que nul sur li le die,	E ieo l'ai rimécé en franceis	
E il fet que fol ki sei ublie.	Si cum ieo poi plus proprement.	8
Pur amur le cunte Willame,	Ore pri a deu omnipotent,	20
Le plus uailant de nul realme,	Ke a tel oure puisse entendre,	
M'entremis § de cest liure feire,	Que a lui püsse m'alme rendre.	

In her proem to her 'Esope' (Harl. 978, leaf 40, col. 1; cp. Roquefort, II. 60) Marie says again of Æsop, and of the flower of chivalry and courtesy ('le cunte Willame'), who askt her to translate her book,

Esope escrist a sun mestre,	Plusurs paroles que i sunt ;	
Qui bien cunast lui e sun estre,	Mes nepuruc, eil me sumunt	
Vnes fables ke ot troucés	Ki flurs est de cheualerie,	
De griu en latin translâtées.	D'enseignement, de curteisie ;	16
Merueille en eurent li plusur,	E quant tel hume me ad requise,	
Qu'il mist sun sen en tel labur ;	Ne uoil lesser, en nule guise,	
Mes n'i ad fable de folie,	Que n'i mette trauail e peine,	
V il nen ait philosophie	Ki que m'en tienge pur uileine**	20
[Es¶] Essamples ki sunt apres,	De fere mut pur sa préere ;	
V des cuntes est tut li fes.	Si comenceraï la premere	
A mei ki dei la rime faire,	Des fables ke esopus escrist,	
N'auenist nient a retraire	qu'a sun mestre manda e dist.	24

* I cannot find this name in the Cotton MS., but Harl. 4333, lf 96, col. 1, l. 1, has 'Li rois Henris.' The Cotton MS. has no epilogue as in the Harl. MS. 978 (see leaf 32, back); and all its Proem, except the last 8 lines, is lost: see leaf 19. Our Cock Fable is on leaf 31, near the foot. (lf 56, bk, col. 1, of Harl. 4333.)

† Deinde rex angliæ affrus in anglicam linguam eum transferri precepit (leaf 77, col. 1, l. 9-10).

‡ Every final t has a tag.

§ The accents are in the MS.

¶ Meintenuz, Harl. 978; Mentremis, Harl. 4333.

¶ Harl. 4333.

** leaf 40, col. 2.

MARIE DE FRANCE'S FABLE OF THE
COCK AND FOX.

[Hart. MS. 978, leaf 56 (old mark 76), col. 2.]

To a Cock, crowing,	D 'vn cok recunte, ki estot ¹	
comes a Fox,	Sur un femer, e si chantot.	
	Par de lez li uient un gupilz,	
and praises the Cock's	Si l'apela par muz beaus diz.	4
	"Sire," fet il, "mut te uei bel ;	
voice beyond all others, except his father's, who, when he crowed, shut his eyes.	Vnc ne ui si gent oisel.	
	Clere uoiz as sur tute rien,	
	Fors tun pere, <i>que</i> io ui bien :	8
	Vnc oisel meuz ne chanta ;	
	Mes il le fist meuz, kar il cluna."	
The Cock then shuts his eyes too, to crow better ;	' Si puis ieo fere, dist li cocs ;	
	Les eles bat, les oilz ad clos,	12
	Chanter quida plus clerement.	
and the Fox seizes him, and carries him off. The shepherds and dogs chase the Fox.	Li gupil saut, e si l[e] prent ;	
	Vers la forest od lui s'en ua.	
	Par mi un champ .v. il passa,	16
	Curent apres tut li pastur ;	
	Li chiens le huent tut entur.	
	Veit le gupil, ki le cok tient,	
	Mar le guaina si par eus uient.	20
The Cock says, ' Tell 'em you have me, and won't let me go.'	' Va, fet li cocs, ' si lur eserie,	
The Fox opens his jaws to do this,	<i>Que</i> sui tuens, ne me larras mie.'	
and the Cock flies up in a tree.	Li gupil uolt parler en haut,	
	E li cocs de sa buche saut ;	24
	Sur un haut fust s'est muntez.	
	Quant li gupilz s'est reguardez,	
[leaf 56, back]	Mut par se tient enfantillé,	
The Fox thinks he's been a fool, and curses the mouth that speaks when it ought to be silent.	<i>Que</i> li cocs l'ad si enginné.	28
	De mal talent e de dreit ire	
	La buche cumence a maudire,	
	Ke parole quant deureit taire.	
The Cock says he ought to curse the eye that shuts when it ought to watch.	Li cocs respunt, ' si dei ieo foire,	32
	Maudire l'oïl ki uolt cluiner	
This fools do : speak when they should be silent ; say nothing when they should speak.	Quant il deit garder e guaiter	
	<i>Que</i> mal ne uiege a lur seigneur !'	
	¶ Ceo funt li fol tut li plusur ;	36
	Parolent quant deiuent taïser,	
	Teisent quant il deiuent parler.	38

¹ I print these tags of this early French MS. to show that the like tags in later English MSS. are almost certainly valueless, though they often come where a final *e* ought to be. Far oftener they are used where an *e* could never have followed.

[*Le Roman du Renart*, ed. D. M. Méon, 1826,
Vol. I, p. 49.]

Si comme Renart prist Chantecler le Coc.

Il avint chose que Renart	Reynard
Qui tant est plain d'engin et d'art,	
Et qui moult set de mainte guile,	
S'en vint corant à une vile.	1270 comes to a home-
La vile séoit en un bos,	stead
Moult i ot gelines et cos,	
Anes, ¹ malarz, et jars et oes ;	1274 with many cocks
Et mesire Costant Desnoes,	and hens,
Uns vilains qui moult ert garniz,	and Constant
Manoit moult près du plaiséiz.	Desnoes owns
Plentéive estoit sa mesons :	them all.
De gelines et de chapons	1278
Bien avoit garni son ostel,	Well stockt is
Assez i avoit un et el :	his house
Char salée, bacons et fliches,	with bacon, &c.,
De ce estoit li vilains riches.	1282
Moult par estoit bien herbergiez ;	
Tout entor estoit li plaissiez ;	
Moult i ot de bones cerises,	1286 and he has many
Et plusors fruiz de maintes guises,	fruit-trees.
Pomes i ot, et autre fruit :	
Renart i va por son deduit.	
Cest cortil fut moult très bien clos	1290 His yard is well
De piez de chesne aguz et gros :	fenced
Hordez estoit d'aubes espines.	with oakstubs
Dedens avoit mis ses gelines	plashed with
Dant Costant por la fortreesce,	hawthorn ;
Et Renart cele part s'adresce :	and in it are his
Tout coiement, le col bessié	hens.
S'en va tot droit vers le plessié.	1294
Moult fu Renart en grant porchaz,	The Fox tries to
Mès la force des espinaz	get into it,
Li destorbe de son afere	1298
Si qu'il n'en set à quel chief trere ;	but the thorns
	stop him.

¹ Latin *anas*, a duck. *Jars* is a gander.

	Ne por luitier ne por saillir As gelines ne puet venir.	1302
So he squats on the path,	Acroupiz s'est enmi la voie, Moult se doute que l'en nel' voie.	
thinking that he won't spring on the hens,	Porpense soi que se il saut As gelines et il i faut,	1306
	Il ert véuz, et les gelines Se repondront soz les espines ;	
or he'll frighten them.	Si porroit estre tost surpris Ainz qu'il éust gueres conquis.	1310
	Moult par estoit en grant effroi. Des gelines velt trere ¹ o soi Qui devant lui vont pasturant.	
	Et Renart va le col baissant :	1314
He choses a broken pale, and hides there, where cabbages have been planted.	El retor del paliz choisist Un pel froissié, dedenz se mist ; Là où li palis fu desclos Avoit li vilain planté chos	1318
He lets himself fall in a heap,	Renart i vint, outre s'en passe, Chaoir se laisse à une masse	
which makes the hens	Por ce que la gent ne le voient, Mès les gelines s'en effroient	1322
fly away.	Qui l'ont oï à sa chéoitte ; Chascune de foïr s'esploite.	
Chanticleer the cock comes in from the wood,	Qant sire Chantecler li cos En une sente lez le bos,	1326
	Entre deus piex en la raiere Estoit alé en la poudriere, ²	
	Moult fierement lor vint devant, La plume el pié, le col tendant ;	1330
and asks why his hens fly home.	Si demande par quel reson Eles s'en fuient en meson.	
Pinte, the biggest egg layer,	Pinte parla qui plus savoit, Cele qui les gros oés ponnoit ;	1334
	Et près du Coc juchant à destre, Si li a conté tout son estre,	
says, "We're afraid of a savage beast hurting us.	Et dist, "paor avons éue." 'De quoi? avez chose véue?'	1338
	"Oil." 'Et quoi?' "Beste sauvage Qui tost nos puet fere damage Se ne vidions le porpris."	
	'Ce est naienz, jel' vos plevis,' Ce dist li Cos, 'n'aiez péur,	1342
	Mès soiez trestoute aséur.'	
I saw him,	Dist Pinte, "par ma foi jel' vi, Et loiaument le vos afi	1346
	Que je le vi tout à estrous."	

¹ treres.—Méon.² Pouldriere, dust.—Cotgrave.

'Et comment le véistes-vous?'

"Comment? Je vi la soif branler

Et la feuille du chol trembler

Où cil se gist qui est repost,

Qui tout domageroit les noz."

'Tais, sote!' ce respont li Cos,

'Jà Renart n'aura si dur os

Que céens s'ost mucier ne metre,

Ne s'en oseroit entremettre :

Nostre paliz n'est pas si viez

Jà par Renart soit despeciez.

Treves avez, jel' vos otroi,

Que par la foi que je vos doi

Je ne sai Putois ne Gorpil

C'osast entrer en cest cortil,

N'est se gas non, tornez ariere.'

Atant se trait en sa poudriere,

Mès il n'est mie aséurez,

Sovent regarde de toz lez.

Moult se contient or fierement,

Mès il ne set c'à l'oïl li pent ;

Il se doutast d'aucune chose,

Mès la cort ert si bien enclose,

Riens ne douta, si fist que fox ;

L'un oïl overs et l'autre clox,

L'un pié cranpi et l'autre droit,

S'est apoiez delez un toit.

Là où li Cos est apoiez

Come cil qui ert anioez

Et de chanter et de veillier,

Si conmença a sonmeillier.

Au sonmeillier que il fesoit,

Et el dormir qui li plesoit,

Conmença li Cos à songier,

(Ne m'en tenez a mençongier,

Que il songa, ce est la voire,

Trover le poez en l'estoire,)

Que il véoit ne sai quel chose

Qui iert dedenz la cort enclose,

Qui li venoit enmi le vis,

Einssi con li estoit avis ;

Si en avoit moult grant friçon.

Et avoit un ros peliçon

Dont li ourlet¹ estoient d'os,

Si li vestoit à force el dos.

Moult fu Chantecler en grant paine

Del songe qui si le demaine

1350 and saw the
cabbage leaf
tremble, where
he's lying."

1354 'Hold your
tongue, silly,'
says the Cock ;

1358 'our paling isn't
so old

1362 that fulmart or
Fox can get in
here.'

1366 But still Mr Cock
doesn't feel
comfortable ;

1370

1374 he keeps one eye
open, and one
leg straight,
props himself
against a roof,

1378 and goes to sleep.

1382 Then he dreams
(Don't think I
lie ; it's all in the
Story :)

1386 that he sees a
thing in the yard,

1390 with a red-furred
pelisse bordered
with bones, which
he forces on the
Cock's back.

1394 Chanticleer is
greatly troubled

¹ Dont les gueules, MS. 371 ; gules, MS. 1580 ; cf. v. 1479.—P. Meyer.

about his dream, the pelisse and the collar;	Endementiers que il someille, Et du peliçon se merveille Dont la chevesce ¹ ert en travers, Et si li vestoit à envers.	1398
he wakes with fright,	Estroite en estoit la chevesce, Si qu'il en ert en grant destresce, Et de péor c'est esveilliez ; Mès de ce est plus merveilliez Que blans estoit desoz le ventre, Et que par la chevesce i entre Si que la teste iert en la faille, Et que la queue en la cheveçaille.	1402
	Por le songe s'est tressailliz, Que bien cuide estre maubailliz. Por la vision qu'a véue Dont il a grant péor éue,	1406
and says, 'Holy Ghost, protect me!'	Esveilliez s'est et esperiz, Et dist li Cos, 'Sainz Esperiz, Garis hui mon cors de prison Et met à sauve garison!'	1410
Then he runs off	Lors s'en torne grant aléure Con cil qui pas ne s'aséure,	1414
to his hens under the hedge,	Et vint corant vers les gelines Qui estoient soz les espines ; Jusqu'à eles ne se recroit.	1418
calls Pinte aside, and tells her he's frightened of being treacher- ously carried off by a bird or a beast.	Pintain apele où moult se croit, A une part l'a apelée : 'Pintain, n'i a mestier celée, Moult sui dolenz et esmarriz, Grant péor ai d'estre traïz ² D'oiseil ou de beste sauvage Qui trop me puet fere damage.'	1422
She comforts him, and says	"Avoi!" dist Pintain, "biax doz sire, Ce ne devriez-vous pas dire ; Mal fetes qui vos esmaiez ; Si vos diré, çà vos traiez.	1426
	Par trestoz les Sainz que l'en prie, Vos resemblez le chien qui crie Ainz que la pierre soit chéue.	1430
he's like the dog that howls before the stone hits it. What's the matter?	Dont avez tel péor éue? Or me dites que vos avez." 'Qoi!' fait li Cos, 'vos ne savez, Orains songé un songe estrange.	1434
'Why,' says Cockie, 'I've had a dream,	Delez le trou de cele grange	1438

¹ *Cherece*, *cheresce*, chaperon, collet, la partie de l'habit qui entoure le cou; ouverture supérieure de la jupe d'une femme: de *capitium* (from *caput*). *Chevesce* était aussi le nom d'une partie du harnachement du cheval.—Burguy.

² *traïs* is *traditus*, not *tractus*.—P. M.

Vi une vision moult male		and seen a vision
Par quoi vos me véez si pale ;		that's turned me
Tout le songe vos conteré,		pale.
Jà riens ne vos en celeré.	1442	
Sauriez m'en vos conseillier ?		
Avis me fu el sommeillier		I saw
Que ne sé quel beste venoit		a strange beast
Qui un rous peliçon portoit	1446	in a red furred
Bien fet, sanz cisel et sanz force,		coat
Sel' me fesoit vestir à force :		
D'os estoit fete l'orléure		bordered with
Toute blanche, mès moult ert dure.	1450	white bones,
Le poil avoit defors torné		and the hair
Le peliçon si atorné ;		turned outside,
Par la cheveçaille i entroie,		
Mès moult petit i arestoie.	1454	into which I got
Le peliçon vesti einsi		for a little while.
Et puis après le desvesti		
Por la queue qui ert deseure.		
Lors m'esveillai à icele heure.	1458	Then I awoke,
Çà sui venuz desconseilliez.		
Pinte, ne vos en merveilliez		
Se li cors me fremist et tremble ;		trembling.
Mès dites moi que vos en semble.	1462	
Moult sui par le songe grevez ;		
Par cele foi que me devez		
Savez-vous que il senefie ?		What can it
Pinte respont où moult se fie :	1466	mean ?
"Dit m'avez," fet ele, "le songe,		Pinte answers,
Mès, se Dieu plet, ce ert mençonge ;		
Neporquant jel' vos voil espondre,		
Que bien vos en sauré respondre.	1470	
Cele chose que vos véistes		"The thing you
El someillier que vos féistes		saw
Qui le rous peliçon portoit		
Qui einsi vos desconfisoit,	1474	with the red fur
C'ert li Gorpiex, jel' sai de voir.		is the Fox.
Bien le poez aparcevoir		
Au peliçon qui rous estoit,		
Et que par force vos vestoit.	1478	
Les goles d'os erent les denz		The hem of
A quoi il vos metra dedenz ;		bones is his teeth,
La chevesce qui n'estoit droite,		with which he'll
Qui si vos ert male et estroite	1482	put you inside.
Ce est la goule de la beste		The crooked neck
Dont il vos estraindra la teste :		is the Fox's
Par ileuques i enterroiz		throat, with
Sanz faille que vos le verroiz,	1486	which he'll
		squeeze your
		head.

	Lors sera la queue deseure ¹ ; Einssi ert, se Diex me seceure.	
The Fox 'll catch you by the neck.	C'iert li Gorpil qui vos prendra Parmi le col qant il vendra, Ne vos garra argent ne ors,	1490
His hair is turned out when it rains.	Et le poil ert tornez defors : C'est voir que tot jors porte enverse Sa pel qant il plus pluet et verse.	1494
This is what your dream means ;	Or avez oï sanz faillance Du songe la senefiance ; Tot s'euirement le vos di	
and it'll all happen to you before noon.	Que ainz que soit passé midi Vos avendra, ce est la voire ; Mès se vos me voliez croire,	1498
The Fox is hid in the thicket	Nos retorerions ariere, Car il est muez çà deriere En cel buisson, jel' sai de voir,	1502
to deceive you."	Por vos traïr et decevoir."	
The Cock says	Quant il ot oï le respons Del songe que cele ot espons,	1506
it's all nonsense :	'Pinte,' fait-il, 'moult par es fole ! Moult as dite fole parole ! Cuidiez que je soie surpris Et que la beste est el porpris Qui par force me conquerra ? Dahez ait cil qui le croira ! Ne m'as dit riens où ge gaaingne, Je ne croi mie mal m'eu viengne, Jà n'auré mal por itel songe.'	1510
no harm 'll come of such a dream.	"Sire," fet-ele, "Diex le donge ! Mès s'ainsi n'est con je vos dit, ² Je vos otroi sans contredit Que ne soie mès vostre amie." 'Bele,' fet-il, 'ce n'i a mie, A fable ert le songe tornez.'	1514
He goes back to the yard,	A cest mot s'en est retornez En la poudriere au souleil,	1522
begins to wink,	Et commença à cliner l'oïl, Ne doute que Gorpil s'i mete. Mès Renart qui le siecle abete, Sitost con il oï la noise, Besse la teste, si s'acoise ; D'une pierre a fait orillier	1526
and drops off to sleep.	Si commença a someillier, Chantecler s'est aséurez.	1530

¹ Sic, MS. 1579 ; *sequeure*, MS. 371 and 1580.² Sic Méon, from MS. 1579 ; but MSS. 371 and 1580 have *com vos ai dit*, which is better.—P. Meyer.

Moult fu Renart amesurez
 Et veziez à grant merveille ;
 Et qant il voit que cil someille,
 De lui s'apprime sanz demeure
 Renart, qui tot le mont ageure,
 Et qui moult sot de mavès tors :
 Pas avant autre, sanz escors,¹
 S'en va Renart le col bessant,
 Se Chantecler par atent tant
 Que il le puisse as denz tenir,
 Il li fera son gieu partir.

Qant Renart choisi Chantecler,
 Il le vodra, s'il puet, haper ;
 Renart sailli qui est legiers,
 Et Chantecler saut en travers,
 Renart choisi, bien le conut,
 Desor un fumier s'arestut.
 Qant Renart vit qu'il ot failli,
 Forment se tint à mal-bailli ;
 Lors se commence à porpenser
 Comment il porra Chantecler
 Engingnier, qar s'il se remue
 Dont a-il sa proie perdue.
 "Dant Chantecler," ce dist Renart,
 "Ne fuiez pas, n'avez regart,
 Moult par sui liez qant tu es sains,
 Que tu ies mes cosins germaines."
 Chantecler lors s'aséura,
 De la joie un sonet chanta.
 Ce dist Renart à son cosin,
 "Membre[z]-vos mès de Chanteclin
 Le bon pere qui t'engendra ?
 Onques nus Cos si ne chanta ;
 Tele voiz ot, et si cler ton,
 Que d'une liue l'ooit-on,
 Et moult chantoit à longue alaine
 Les deus eulz clos et la voiz saine ;
 D'une grant lieue l'en l'ooit
 Qant il chantoit et refrenoit."
 Dist Chantecler, 'Renart cosin,
 Volez me prendre par engin.'
 "Certes," ce dist Renart, "non voil,
 Mès or chantez, si clingniez l'oïl ;
 D'une char somes, et d'un sanc ;
 Miex vodroie estre d'un pié manc
 Que vos mesface tant ne qant,
 Que tu es trop près mon parent."

The Fox

1534 makes ready for him,

1538 creeps up,

1542 and hopes to snap him.

The Fox springs,
 1546 but the Cock springs too,

and the Fox
 1550 misses him.

Then the Fox
 thinks how he
 can deceive the
 Cock.

1554 "Chanticleer,"
 says he, "don't
 fly away.

1558 I'm your *Cousin*.

1562 Don't you
 remember your
 good father
 Chanteclin ?
 No cock can crow
 like him.

1566 He shut both his
 eyes, and crowed
 so that you heard
 him a league off."

1570 'Cousin, you
 want to trick me.

"No, indeed, I
 don't. Do shut
 your eyes and
 sing. We're one
 flesh and blood.
 I'd sooner lose a
 foot than hurt
 you."

1578

¹ *tout sans cors*, MS. 1580, which seems better.—P. Meyer.

The Cock tells the Fox to draw off a little, and he'll sing.	Dist Chantecler, 'pas ne te croi, Un poi te trai en sus de moi, Et je diré une chançon ; N'aurai voisin ci environ Qui bien n'entende mon fauset.'	1582
	Lors s'en est souriz Renardet, Et dist Renart, "chante, cousins, Je sauré bien se Chanteclins Mes oncles s'il vos fu noient."	1586
Then the Cock does sing one, verse, with one eye shut.	Lors encommence hautement, Lors chanta Chantecler un vers, L'un oil ot clos, et l'autre overs, Car moult forment cremoit Renart ; Sovent regarde cele part.	1590
"Oh, that's nothing to Chanteclin," says the Fox, "he sang with both eyes shut, and you could hear him over the hedge." The Cock then shuts both eyes, and sings,	Ce dist Renart, "ce n'est noient ; Chanteclin chantoit autrement A un lonc tret à eulz cligniez, C'on l'ooit d'outre les plessiez." Chantecler cuide que voir die, Lor commence sa melodie Les eulz cligniez par grant aïr. Lors ne volt plus Renart soïrir, Par dedesus un rouge chol	1594
and the Fox seizes him by the neck, and runs off.	Le prent Renart parmi le col, Fuiant s'en va, et fet grant joie De ce qu'il a encontré proie.	1602
Pinte laments	Pinte voit que Renart l'enporte, Dolente est, moult se desconforte, Moult se commence à dementer	1606
over the Cock. "I told him how it 'd be, and he thought me a fool.	Por Chantecler qu'en voit porter, Et dist, "Sire, bien le vos dis, Et vos me gabiez tout dis, ¹ Et si me teniez por fole ; Mès ore est voire la parole Dont je vos avoie garni ; Vostre orgoil si vos a traï.	1610
His pride has betrayed him.	Fole fui qant je vos apris, Que fox ne crient tant qu'il soit pris. Renart vos tient qui vos enporte,	1614
Would I were dead ! I've lost my Love !"	Lasse dolente ! con sui morte ! Qant je ainssi pert mon seignor, Trestoute ai perdue m'amor."	1618
Mrs Desnoes opens the door,	La bone dame del mesnil A overt l'uis de son cortil, Que vespres ert, et si voloit Ses gelines metre en son toit.	1622
and calls her hens.	Pinte apela, Bisse et Rousete,	

¹ Sic Méon, and MSS. 1579, 1580 ; but MS. 12584 has 'tous dis.'—P. Meyer.

L'une ne l'autre ne recepte.	1626	None come.
Qant voit que venues ne sont,		
Moult se merueille qu'eles font :		
Son Coc rehuiche à longue alaine,		
Renart voit qui si mal le maine ;	1630	She calls her Cock, and sees the Fox carrying him off.
Avant passe por lui rescorre,		
Et Renart commença à corre.		She tries to catch him,
Qant el voit qu'el ne rescorra,	1634	shouts <i>Harou!</i> and tells the men near
Porpense soi qu'ele fera.		
"Harou !" s'escrie à plaine goule,		
Et vilains qui sont en la coule,	1638	
Qant il oent que cele bret,		
Tantost se sont cele part tret,		
Si li demandent que ele a.		
En soupirant lor aconta,		
"Lasse ! trop m'est mesavenu !"	1642	of her loss.
'Comment,' font-il, 'c'avez perdu ?'		Constant abuses her.
"Mon Coc que cil Gorpil enporte."		Why didn't she catch the Fox ?
Ce dist Costant, 'pute vielle orde	1646	
C'avez vos fet que nel' préistes ?		
"Sire, que est-ce que vos dites ?		Because he wouldn't wait.
Par les Sains Dieu je nel' poi prendre,	1650	
Ne il ne me volt pas atendre.		
'Sel' ferissiez ?' je n'oi de quoi.		
'De cel baston ?' et je ne poi,		
Car il s'en va le grant troton ;		
Nel' prendroient deus chien breton."	1654	The villeins run, shouting,
'Par où s'en va ?' "Par ci tout droit."		after the Fox,
Li vilain corent à esplot,	1658	
Et tuit crient, "or çà, or çà !"		
Renart l'oi qui devant va :		
Qant Renart l'ot, si sailli sus ;		
Si qu'à terre ne fiert li cus.		
Le saut c'a fait ont cil oï,		
Tuit s'escrient, "oci, oci !"		
Costant lor dist, 'or tost après !'		and Constant
Les vilains corent à eslès.	1662	sends his mastiff too.
Costant apele son mastin		
Que l'en apelcit Mal-voisin.		
Au corre c'ont fait l'ont véu,	1666	
Et Renart ont aparcéu.		
Tuit s'escrient, "vez le Gorpil !"		
Or est Renart en grant peril ;		The Fox is in danger ; so's the Cock.
Et le Coc, se il ne set d'art.	1670	The Cock says, 'Mr Fox, don't you hear how these villeins abuse you ?
'Comment,' fet-il, 'sire Renart,		
N'oez-vous quel honte il vos dient		
Cil vilain qui si fort vos huiënt ?		
Costant vos suit plus que le pas ;		

	Car li lanciez un de vos gas	1674
Why don't you chaff 'em, and say, in spite of you I've got your Cock ?	A l'issue de cele porte ; Qant il dira ' Renart l'enporte ' " Maugré vostre," ce poez dire ; Jà nel' porrez miex desconfire.'	1678
(Wise men will be fools some-times.)	N'est si sage qui ne foloit.	
The Fox, taken in, cries out,	Renart, qui tot le mont deçoit,	
" In spite of you, I'll carry off the Cock."	Fu decéüz à ceste foiz, Car il cria à haute voiz,	1682
	" Maugré vostre," ce dist Renart, " Enporge de cestui ma part, Maugré vostre en ert-il portez !"	
But the Cock, when the Fox's mouth opens, flaps his wings, flies on an apple-tree,	Li Cos qui ert touz amorteiz, Qant il senti laschier la bouche, Bati ses èles, si s'en touche, Et vint volant sor un pomier, Et Renart fu seur le terrier,	1686
	Grains et marriz et trespensez Du Coc qui li est eschapez.	1690
and asks the Fox how he feels.	Chantecler a gité un ris, ' Renart,' fet-il, ' que vos est vis ? De cest siecle que vos en semble ? '	1694
	Li lechierres fremist et tremble, Si li a dit par felonie,	
" Confound the mouth that speaks when it ought to be silent ! "	" La bouche," fet-il, " soit honie Qui s'entremet de noise fere A l'eure qu'el se devroit tere ! "	1698
says the Fox.	Fait Chantecler, ' et je le voil,	
' And may that eye go blind that shuts when it ought to watch ! '	La male goute li criet l'oïl Qui s'entremet de someillier A l'eure que il doit veillier !	1702
says the Cock.	Cosin Renart,' dist Chantecler, ' Nus ne se doit en vos fier :	1706
' Curse your cousinship, Mr Fox ! Be off at once, or you'll catch it ! '	Dahez ait vostre cosinage ! Il me dut torner à damage ; Renart traître, alez vos ent, Se vos estes ci longement,	1710
The Fox	Vos i lerez cele gonele.'	
	Renart n'a soing de la favele, Ne volt plus dire, ainz s'en retourne, Que ileques plus ne sejourne.	1714
goes off, sorrowing over the Cock's escape.	Besoingneus est, s'a le cuer vain. Par une broce lez un plain Renart s'en va toute une sente, Moult est dolent, moult se demente Du Coc qui li est eschapez, Que il ne s'en est saoulez.	1718

MR HENRY NICOL'S NOTES TO "HOW REYNARD CAUGHT CHANTICLEER."

TITLE. I do not know why Méon has got Roman *du Renart*; *Renart* is here always a proper name, *gorpil* being the general one, so it does not require an article. Bartsch and Burguy have *de*.

p. 115, l. 3 of note. I do not know where Tyrwhitt got *Li reis Alured*, which is half nominative, half accusative; the MS. has correctly *Alurez*. I need hardly remark that both derivation and metre (in the quotation you give, l. 16) require *u* to be read as *v*: *Alurez*.

1st extract, l. 8. This is too long; either *il* should come out, or *sei ublie* be *s'ublie*.

l. 20. This is too long; *Ore* should be *Or*.

I find Bartsch has printed your 2nd extract from Roquefort's edition, which is from a MS. partially written in another dialect; here it is.

Izopes escrit a sun mestre,		plusurs paroles que i sunt.	
ki bien quenust lui e sun estre,		meiz nepurquant cil m'en sumunt	
unes fables k'il ot truvees,		qui flourz est de chevalerie,	
de griu en laitín translatees;	4	d'anseignemenz, de curteisie :	16
mervoille en urent li plusur		et quant tex hum m'en ad requise,	
k'il mist sun sens en tel labur ;		ne voil lessier en nule guise	
mes n'i ad fables ne folie,		que n'i mette traveil e peine.	
u il n'ad de filosofie	8	or ke m'en tiegne pur vileine,	20
as essamples qui sunt après,		mult deit fere pur sa preiere.	
u des cuntés sunt li grant fes.		ci cummencerai la premiere	
a moi qui la rime en doit feire		des fables k'Ysopez escrit,	
n'avenist noient a retreire	12	k'a son meistre manda et dist.	24

l. 1. 'Esopes' here, as it is nominative, is preferable to the Harl. 'Esop,' and makes metre.

l. 5. Bartsch has correctly *urent*, making metre.

l. 10. This suggests *sunt* for the Harl. *est*, rather than *tuz* for *tut*.

l. 17. This gives *tex hum* for *tel hume*, making grammar and metre.

l. 20, 21. The Harl. has much the best reading.

l. 23. I see here *k'Ysopez*, for *ke esopus*, making metre.

p. 116, l. 3. *un* should be *uns*, for grammar.

l. 6, 9. Metre requires *Unques* for *Unc*.

l. 9. *oisel* requires a *z*.

l. 10. This is too long; *Mes le* for *Mes il le* would do.

l. 14. *gupil* requires a *z*.

l. 18. The *s* of *chiens* is ungrammatical.

- l. 19. *le gupil*, being nominative to *Veit*, should be *li gupilz*.
- l. 20. *guaina*. I think a future, not a perfect, is clearly required.
- l. 23. *goupil* again ungrammatical. The MS. has *ou* here, not *u* as elsewhere.
- l. 25. This is too short; *se est* for *s'est* would do.
- l. 29. *dreit* should be *dreite*, *ire* being feminine.
- l. 32. *foire* should be *faire*.
- p. 117, Title. Méon reads wrongly *coume*. Grammar requires Renarz for Renart. But in l. 1267 rhyme requires Renart.
- l. 1274. *Costant* should be *Costanz*, for grammar; but the text is clearly so late that it is useless remarking these frequent errors.
- l. 1276. *plaiséiz* should have *ss* here as elsewhere.
- l. 1277. *Plentéive*, rather *Plentëive*. In this, and all the other cases where *é* is merely put for *ë*, I should print *ë*.
- p. 119, l. 1361. The capitals to *Putois* and *Gorpil* seem out of place; the same with *Coc*, l. 1335. When the proper names *Chantecler*, *Renart*, are used it is another thing; but here the nouns are used quite indefinitely.
- l. 1383. *songa* must be read *songea*, but MSS. seldom mark the distinction; some would put *sonja*.
- p. 120, l. 1401. *c'est* should be *s'est*; but the MS. may be wrong.
- l. 1406. This is too long; *Et la* for *Et que la* would do.
- l. 1422. Here and l. 1427, *Pintain* is the accusative (L. *pintám*), and should be nominative, *Pinte*; in l. 1420 it is correct.
- l. 1430. *diré* for *dirai*, and similar forms elsewhere, are decidedly late Old French.
- p. 122, l. 1488. *seceure* is odd; it should be *segeure*, as it is hard.
- l. 1517. The *t* of *dit* is quite uncalled-for; the scribe seems to have determined to make at least an eye-rhyme to *contredit*.
- l. 1523. *souleil* should be *souloil* (a common dialectic form) to rhyme to *oil*, which cannot be *eil*.
- p. 124, l. 1610. *tout* should be *tous*, to agree with *dis*.
- l. 1625. *Rousete* ought to have *ss*.
- l. 1626. The *p* has no business in *recepte* (rhyming with *Rousete*). As M. Paul Meyer says it is the reading of MS. 12584, we must put it down as an 'etymological' spelling of the 15th century.

8.

Two Italian Stories, and a Latin one,

like

Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale."

-
1. CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.
 2. THE HERMIT, DEATH, AND THE ROBBERS.
 3. THE TREASURE IN THE TIBER.
 - .

Tyrwhitt first pointed out that one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche* contained a story which might have served as the germ of the *Pardoner's Tale*. This *Novella* is here reprinted from an early edition, 1525 A.D., which may be the first, if M. Panizzi's note in the Grenville copy in the Museum is to be trusted. As another like story is substituted in the edition of 1572¹ for the first Christ one, I have reprinted the second story too.

Ritson says that the *Cento Novelle Antiche* are of much higher antiquity than the tales of Boccaccio (1871 ed. of *Warton*, iv. 339). But whether he had seen any 13th-century MSS. of them is to be doubted.

A sixteenth-century Latin version of a story like the Pardoner's is given by Morlinus, and reprinted at p. 134.

¹ I haven't lookt at the intermediate editions.

Two Italian Stories, and a Latin one, like Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale."

1. CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

From

Le Ciento Novelle Antike. 1525. [No. LXXXIII.] p. 35.

Come Cristo, Andando un giorno co disciepoli suoi per un foresto luogo, uidero molto grande tesoro.

Christ and his disciples.

Andando un giorno Cristo co disciepoli suoi per un foresto luogo, nel quale i disciepoli ke ueniano dietro uidero luciere, da una parte, piastre doro fine. Onde essi chiamando Cristo, marauigliandossi perke non era ristato, ad esso si dissero. "Singniore! prendiamo quello oro kecci consolera di molte bisongnie." E Cristo si uolse erripreselli, e disse. "Voi uolete quelle cose ke togliono al rengnio nostro la maggior parte dell'anime. E ke cio sia uero, alla tornata nudirete lassempro," e passaro oltre. Poco stante, due cari compangni lo trouaro, onde furo molto lieti, et in concordia andaro alla piu presso uilla per menare uno mulo, ellaltro rimase a guardia. Ma uдите opere ree kenne seguìro poscia de pensieri rei kel nemico die loro. Quelli torno col mulo, e disse al compangnio, "io o mangiato alla uilla, ettu dei auere fame; mangia questi duo pani cosi belli e poi carikeremo." Quel li rispose, "io non o gran talento di mangiare ora, e pero carichiamo prima." Allora presero a caricare. E quando ebbero presso ke caricato quelli kando per lo mulo, si kino per legar la soma, ellaltro li corse di dietro a tradimento con uno appuntato coltello, et uccisello. Poscia prese luno di que pani, e diello al mulo. Ellaltro mangio elli. Il pane era attoscatto: cadde morto elli el mulo inanzi ke mouessero di quel luogo, elloro rimase libero come di prima. Il nostro Singnior passo indi con suoi disciepoli nel detto giorno, e mostro loro lassempro ke detto auca.

Christ walks thro' a wild country with his disciples. They see some gold piastres, and say to him, 'Let us take these for our wants.' He refuses: 'You want that which robs us of souls. As we come back, you'll see.' Soon, two companions find the gold. One goes to fetch a mule for it; the other guards it.

The first comes back with the mule, and asks his mate to eat two nice loaves that he's brought. His mate refuses, but stabs his companion as he's stooping.

Then he gives the mule one loaf, eats another himself, and both fall dead.

Christ, returning, shows his disciples the dead bodies, as he had foretold.

2. THE HERMIT, DEATH, AND THE ROBBERS.

*From the**Libro di Novelle, et di bel Parlar Gentile. Fiorenza,
1572, p. 86. NOVELLA LXXXII.**The Hermit
w^o saw a great
Treasure.**A hermit lying
down in a cave,**sees there much
gold.**At once he
runs away,**and meets three
Robbers.**They see no
one chasing
the hermit,
and ask him
What he's run-
ning away from.**"Death, which
is chasing me."**"Where is he?
Show him us."
"Come with me,
and I will."**The hermit
takes them to
the cave,
and shows them
Death, the gold.**They laugh at
him, and make
great joy,**and say the
hermit's a fool.**Then the three
Robbers consult
as to what they
shall do.**QUI CONTA D'VNO ROMITO CHE ANDANDO
per un luogo foresto trouo molto grande Tesoro.*

ANdando vn giorno vn Romito per vn luogo foresto : si trouò vna grandissima grotta, laquale era molto celata, et ritirandosi verso là per riposarsi, pero che era assai affaticato ; come e' giunse alla grotta si la vide in certo luogo molto tralucere, impercio che vi hauea molto Oro : e si tosto come il conobbe, incontanente si partio, & comincio a correre per lo deserto, quanto e' ne potea andare. Correndo cosi questo Romito s'intoppo in tre grandi scherani, liquali stauano in quella foresta per rubare chi unque vi passaua. Ne gia mai si erano accorti, che questo oro vi fosse. Hor vedendo costoro, che nascosti si stauano, fuggir cosi questo huomo, non hauendo persona dietro che'l cacciasse, alquanto ebbero temenza, ma pur se li pararono dinanzi per sapere perche fuggiua, che di cio molto si marauigliauano. Ed elli rispose & disse. "Fratelli miei, io fuggo la morte, che mi vien dietro cacciando mi." Que' non vedendo ne huomo, ne bestia, che il cacciasse, dissero : "Mostraci chi ti caccia : & menaci cola oue ella è." Allhora il Romito disse loro : "venite meco, & mostrerrollai," pregandoli tutta via che non andassero ad essa, impercio che elli per se la fuggia. Ed eglino volendola trouare, per vedere come fosse fatta, nol domandauano di altro. Il Romito vedendo che non potea piu, & hauendo paura di loro, gli condusse alla grotta, onde egli s'era partito, e disse loro, "Qui è la morte, che mi cacciaua," & mostro loro l'oro che u'era, ed eglino il conobbero incontanente, & molto si cominciarono a rallegrare, & a fare insieme grande sollazzo. Allhora accommiatarono questo buono huomo : & egli sen'ando per i fatti suoi : & quelli cominciarono a dire tra loro, come elli era semplice persona. Rimasero questi scherani tutti e tre insieme, a guardare questo hauere, e incominciarono a ragionare quello che voleano fare. L'uno rispuose & disse. "A me pare, da che Dio ci

ha data così alta ventura, che noi non ci partiamo di qui, insino a tanto che noi non ne portiamo tutto questo hauere." Et l'altro disse; "non facciamo così. l'vno di noi ne tolga alquanto, & vada alla cittade & vendalo, & rechi del pane & del vino, et di quello che ci bisogna, e di ciò s'ingegni il meglio che puote: faccia egli, pur com'elli ci fornisca." A questo s'accordarono tutti e tre insieme. Il Demonio ch'è ingegnoso, e reo d'ordinare di fare quanto male e puote, mise in cuore a costui che andaua alla città per lo fornimento, "da ch'io sarò nella cittade" (dicea fra se medesimo) "io voglio mangiare & bere quanto mi bisogna, & poi fornirmi di certe cose delle quali io ho mestiere hora al presente: & poi auuelenero quello che io porto a miei compagni: sì che, da ch'elli saranno morti amendue, si sarò io poi Signore di tutto quello hauere, & secondo che mi pare egli è tanto, che io sarò poi il più ricco huomo di tutto questo paese da parte d'hauere:" et come li venne in pensiero, così fece. Prese viuanda per se quanta gli bisogno, & poi tutta l'altra auuelenoe, et così la porto a que suoi compagni. Intanto ch'ando alla cittade secondo che detto hauemo: se elli pensoe & ordinoe male per uccidere li suoi compagni, accio che ogni cosa li rimanesse: quelli pensarono di lui non meglio ch'elli di loro, et dissero tra loro. "Si tosto come questo nostro compagno tornerà col pane et col vino, et con l'altre cose che ci bisognano, si l'uccideremo, & poi mangeremo quanto uorremo, e sarà poi tra noi due tutto questo grande hauere. Et come meno parti ne saremo, tanto n'haueremo maggior parte ciascuno di noi." Hor viene quelli, che era ito alla città a comperare le cose che bisognaua loro. Tornato a suoi compagni incontanente che'l videro, gli furono addosso con le lance et con le coltella, & l'uccisero. Da che l'ebbero morto, mangiarono di quello che egli hauea recato: & si tosto come furono satolli, amendue caddero morti: & così morirono tutti e tre: che l'vno uccise l'altro sì come vditò haueate, & non hebbe l'hauere: & così paga Domenedio li traditori, che egli andarono caendo la morte, & in questo modo la trouarono, et sì come ellino n'erano degni. Et il saggio sauamente la fuggio, e l'oro rimase libero come di prima.

The second proposes that one shall go to the town, buy bread and wine, and all things needful. But the crafty Devil puts into the heart of the Robber who goes to the town that he shall feed himself, poison his mates, and then have all the treasure, and be the richest man in that country.

Meantime the other Robbers plot to murder their mate as soon as he comes back with the bread and wine, and then share the treasure.

Their mate returns from the city,

and they murder him at once. Then they eat the food he's brought, and both fall dead. Thus does our Lord God 'quite traitors. The Robbers found death. The wise man fled, and left the gold free.

3. THE TREASURE IN THE TIBER.

[From *Morlini Novellae*. Paris reprint of the Naples edition of 1520, in 1799, leaf LIII, back.¹]

¶ De illis qui, in tiberi reperto thesauro, ad inuicem conspirantes, ueneno & ferro periere.

Nouel. XLII.

The Wizard learnt from the spirits that a treasure lay hid in the Tiber. On its being found, part of the company go to a town near, to fetch food and liquor. These conspired to buy poison to kill their fellows. The others, meanwhile, conspired to kill them;

which on their return they do.

And then, eating of the poisoned eates, themselves perish.

Magus magico susurro in tiberi delitere thesaurum / quadam in cauea spirituum reuelacione cognouit : quo reperto, cum magnum siclorum cumulum aspiceret, communi uoto pars sotiorum proximum oppidum seu castellum, epulas aliasque res comparaturi, accedunt : ceteri uero copiosum interea ignem instruunt, thesaurumque custodiunt. Dumque in castellum conuenissent, radice malorum cupiditate affecti, ut consotios thesauri parte priuarent, diro ueneno illos interimere statuerunt : cum dicto, in caupona epulantes, ebrii ac uino sepulti / aliquatenus moram fecere. In tiberi expectantes atque esurientes, consotios de mora incusabant : Iouemque adiurauerunt, repedantes ex oppido atque castello & uita & thesauri parte priuare. Sicque ad inuicem conspirantes, non multo post adueniunt ex pago illi, uinarios utres, pullos, pisces aliaque tuc[etos]i saporis pulmentaria atque prelectum hircum ferentes. Quibus o[b]uiam dederunt ieiuni, illosque omnes morti [im]paratos incautosque insecuere atque crudeli strage perdiderunt. Pone sumptis cibariis [diro] ueneno tabefactis, insigni jocunditate² / gnauiter cuncta ministrare incipiunt : alter uerrit / alter sternit / pars coquit / atque tuceta concinnat. Pone omnibus scitule appositis, ac mensa largiter instructa edere ceperunt, omniaque ingurgitauerunt. Commodum / ex eis mensa erectis erant quod, morte preuenti, cum sotiis uitam fato reddentes, sub elemento mortui & sepulti remansere.

¶ Nouella indicat : nec esse de malo cogitandum : nam quod quis seminat, metit.

¹ Corrected by the Paris edition of Morlinus's works, 1855, in the Bibliothèque Elzevirienne, which I did not know of when the text above was first set. ² facunditate, orig.

9.

The Tale of the Priest's Bladder

(A Story like Chaucer's Summoner's Tale,)

being

LI DIS DE LE VESCIE A PRESTRE

par

Jakes de Basile.

M. Sandras, in his *Etude sur Chaucer*, 1859, p. 237, first called attention to this analogue of Chaucer's Summoner's Tale: "Ce qu'il y a de saillant dans ce poëme, la convoitise des frères disputant aux héritiers légitimes ou à d'autres religieux, le legs d'un mourant, sert de matière à un fabliau de Jacques de Baisieux, traduit par Legrand d'Aussy, publié par Méon, et analysé et commenté dans le XXIII^e

volume de l'Histoire littéraire de la France (article de M. Victor Leclerc¹). La scène du poëme anglais, au lieu d'être à Anvers, est transportée à Holderness; la plaisanterie du curé mourant fait place à un tour d'un autre genre, et approprié à la grossièreté d'un vilain. Mais plusieurs passages² sont imités fidèlement. On peut voir dans ce fabliau, dont la première moitié seule est lisible³, ce que devient un faible germe fécondé par le génie. Le discours du Jacobin, fort bien esquissé d'ailleurs par le trouvère de Flandres, est dans Chaucer un chef d'œuvre à mettre en parallèle avec une page quelconque de Molière⁴."

¹ L'ordre de St. Dominique . . . a fourni à l'audace des trouvères une seule aventure : c'est beaucoup. Il n'y avait guère parmi eux que Rutebeuf qui, avec sa fougue ordinaire et, comme il dit, sa tête folle, eût osé braver les terribles frères. Jacques de Baisieux, qui paraît être du Baisieux de Flandre plutôt que de celui de Picardie, leur reproche aussi l'ardeur qu'ils manifestent en toute occurrence à recueillir les successions, et qui avait fini par faire croire qu'un mourant, s'il ne les prenait pour exécuteurs, perdait son âme. Nous ne savons s'il eut à se repentir d'avoir fait le *Dit de la Vessie du curé*.

Le curé, près de mourir d'hydropisie (Entropikes ert devenus, l. 15), avait compris dans son testament, outre ses parents pauvres et les gens du village, non loin d'Anvers, où il avait sa cure, les orphelins et les infirmes, les bégüines et les cordeliers. Surviennent alors deux quêteurs jacobins du couvent d'Anvers, qui voudraient bien n'être pas oubliés non plus : "Vos ne môreis pas justement," &c. (see l. 112-131, below).

Comme ils insistent, malgré le soin qu'il prend de leur répéter plusieurs fois qu'il a tout donné; comme ils vont jusqu'à demander que le moribond réformé pour eux son testament, le curé, de plus en plus mécontent, leur promet enfin un joyau précieux, mais dont il ne peut se défaire avant sa mort. Grande joie au couvent, dès qu'on y apprend cette nouvelle; on se fait servir flans, pâtés, les meilleurs vins; on sonne toutes les cloches, comme pour recevoir un corps saint. Au point du jour, cinq frères, pleins d'espoir et d'impatience, entourent le lit du testateur, qu'ils trouvent encore vivant, et qui les engage à convoquer, comme témoins de l'accomplissement de sa promesse, le maire et les échevins. Après d'assez longs discours, où il fait déjà pressentir la punition de ceux qui l'ont menacé des tourments éternels s'il ne leur donnait quelque chose, il annonce qu'il va déclarer quel est ce joyau qu'il leur réserve après lui : [his bladder, line 287, below.] Les moines, baissant la tête, s'en vont sans rien dire, et tout le pays se moque d'eux. Le trouvère, en finissant, a la hardiesse de se nommer.—*L'Hist. Littéraire de la France*, Vol. 23, pp. 156-7.

² I haven't been able to find these. M. Sandras often indulges in gammon.

³ What this means, I can't guess.

⁴ "Voyez le texte anglais (v. 7384—7709). Le début du discours est emprunté aux *Gesta Romanorum*, comme l'indique M. G. Brunet, dans sa récente édition du *Violier des histoires romaines*, p. 311." Gammon again, if not dishonesty : the fact is, that the story of the 'irous potestate,' who had 3 knights killed for nothing, which Chaucer tells from Seneca in 28 lines, beyond the middle of the Summoner's Tale, D 2017-2042, is also told in the *Gesta Romanorum* of 'Eraclius a wise Emperoure reignyng in the citee of Rome,' p. 194 of the Early English version, ed. Madden, Roxb. Club, 1838. M. Brunet rightly says in his note, p. 311, "Cette anecdote est, pour le fond des choses, empruntée à Sénèque (*De ira*, l. 8). Chaucer l'a reproduite dans un de ses contes de Canterbury. Vois le *Sompnours Tale*, v. 7599."

'LI DIS DE LE VESCIE² A PRESTRE;

PAR JAKES DE BASIU.

En lieu de fable vos dirai		Instead of a
Un voirs, ensi k'oi dire ai,		fable, I'll tell
D'un prestre ki astoit manans		you a true tale
Deleis Anwiers : li remanans		of a Priest
Estoit mult biaux de son avoir,	4.	near Antwerp,
Car plains estoit do grant savoir ;		
Si n'avoit pas tot despendut ;		a wise man
A amassier avoit tendut,	8	
S'estoit riches hons et moblés ;		and a rich.
Buez et vaches, brebis et blées,		
Avoit tant c'on n'en savait conte.		
Mais li mors, qui roi, duc, ne conte	12	Being about
N'espargne, l'ot par son message		to die,
Somont al naturel passage.		
Entropikes ³ ert devenus,	16	
De nul home n'estoit tenus		
Ki li promesist longe vie.		
Li prestes qui out grant envie		
De bien morir et justement,		
Mande tost et isnelement	20	he sends for
Son doien et toz ses amis ;		his Dean and
Son avoir entre lor main mis		his friends, and
Por donner et por departir		gives them all
Cant ilh verront que departir		his property,
De son cors estovra l'ame.	24	to divide,
Jowel, cossin, pot, ne escame,		when he's dead,
Cuette, tuelle, neiz une nape,		
Brebis, moutons, buef, ne sa chape	28	

¹ From "Fabliaux ou Contes, Fables et Romans du XII^e et du XIII^e Siècle, Par Legrand D'Aussy." 1829. Vol. IV, at the end, p. 18.

² *Vessie* : f. A bladder : Cotgrave. Lat. *vesica*.

³ M. Victor Leclerc translates 'Entropikes' by 'près de mourir d'hydropisie.' He doubtless reads 'Eutropikes,' and holds that to be 'hydropique.'

	Ne li remaint que tot ne donne ;	
among the people he names.	Et nome chasconne persone	
	À cui ilh wet c'on doinst ses chozes.	
And open letters are written and sealed in witness thereof.	Descouvertes, et non pas closes	32
	Lettres saeler et escrire	
	En fist, que ne le vos puis dire	
	Plus briement ; quant qu'il avoit	
	Il dona tot quant qu'il savoit,	36
	Con chil qui n'avoit esperance	
	D'avoir de son mal aligance ;	
	Car sa maladie ert amere.	
Two Jacobin Friars	Atant se sont d'Anwier dui frere	40
	De Saint Jake ¹ issu por prechier,	
	Qui mult se wellent estachier	
	Cant aucun desviuet ravoient.	
	Cele par tot droit ont lor voie,	44
come to the Priest,	Si sunt chil le prestre venus ;	
	I estre quidarent retenus	
	Al mangier, à joie et à feste,	
	[<i>Ici un vers manque.</i>]	48
	Si c'autrefois esté i furent ;	
	Mais ne mangierent ne ne burent,	
	Car malade ont trové le prestre.	
ask how he is,	Nonporquant li ont de son estre	52
	Demandé, et de son afaire.	
handle him,	Ses mains manient, son viaire,	
	Ses piés, ses jambes regarderent,	
	Et tot son cors mult bien tansterent ;	56
and think he must die.	Si lor sembla bien par droiture	
	C'awoir ne poist de son mal cure,	
[p. 19, col. 1]	K'i ne l'en coviengne morir.	
	Trop lone tans l'a laisié norrir,	60
	Si n'est pas legiers à curer.	
Friar Lewis says, "We can't cure him, but he ought to give our house £20 to mend our books."	"Mais desir nos covient curer,"	
	Dist l'uns à l'autre, "c'est passé,	
	Ke de l'avoir k'a amassé	64
	Doinst à nostre maison vingt livres,	
	A le por refaire nos livres ;	
	Se nos le poons ensi faire,	
	À nos prius devera plaire,	68
	Et si seront liet no frere."	
"True," says Friar Simon. ²	"Vos dites voir, par Dieu no pere ;	
	Frere Lowis, or i parra	
	Liqueis miez à lui parlera,	72

¹ *Jacobin* : m. A Jacobin, or white Frier.—Cotgrave.² See 'Frere Lowis, frere Symons,' l. 249, below.

- Et mostrera nostre besongne."
 Al prestre qui out grant esoingne
 De maladie ont dit sans faille :
 "Sire, chis maus mult vos travaille,
 Vos nos sembleis mult agreveis,
 De vostre ame penser deveis ;
 Doneis por Dieu de vostre avoir."
 Dist li prestes, "ne puis savoir
 K'aie caché sortout ne cote,
 Neis les linchues à coi me frote,
 Ke tout n'aie por Deu doné."
 "Coment aveis-vos ordené,"
 Dient li frere, "vos besongne ?
 Li Escriture nos temongne
 C'on doit garder à cui on done,
 S'enploiet est à la persone
 À cui on wet aumone faire."
 Li prestes respont sans contraire :
 "J'ai à mes povres parentiaus
 Doné brebis, vaces et viaus,
 Et as povres de cele vilhe
 Ai doné ausi, par Saint Gilhe,
 De bleis qui vaut plus de dis livres ;
 Par ce ke je soie delivres
 De ce ke j'ai vers iaus mespris ;
 Car en toz iaus mon vivre ai pris.
 Si ai doné as orfenines,
 À orfenins et à beguines,
 Et à gens de povre puisance ;
 Et si ai laisiet por pitance
 Cent souz as freres des cordeles¹."
 "Ces amuenes se sunt mult beles :
 Et as freres de no maison
 Aveis-vos fait nule raison ?"
 Ce dient li doi frere al prestre.
 "Nai voir." "Ce comment puet estre ?
 En maison a tant de preudomes ;
 Et à vos prochain voisien somes ;
 Et si vivons mult sobrement ;
 Vos ne moreis pas justement
 Se del vostre ne nos laiiés."
 Li prestes trestous esmaiés
 Respont : "par les celz de ma teste,
 À doner n'ai ne bleif ne beste,
- 76 So they tell the sick Priest that he must think of his soul, and give money for God's use.
- 80 The Priest says he's given everything for God.
- 84 "Ah, but whom have you given it to ? Scripture says you must be careful."
- 88 The Priest says he's given his cattle to his poor relations, and £10 worth of corn to his poor townsmen,
- 92
- 96
- 100 besides legacies to the Orphans and Nuns,
- 104 and 100 sous to the Franciscan Friars.
 "But have you given nothing to us Jacobins ?"
- [p. 19, col. 2]
- 108 No.
 "What! When we're your neighbours, and so good!
- 112 You'll not die well if you give us nothing."
- 116 The Priest says he's nothing left to give.

¹ *Cordelier* : m. A Grey Frier (of the Order of S. Francis),
 a *Cordelier*.—Cotgrave.

	Or ne argent, chanap ne cope."	
	Chascons des freres li rencope,	
"Well, but you might revoke one of your other gifts, and give it us.	Et li mostre, par exemplaire,	120
	K'ilh puet un de ses dons retraire	
	Et rapeler, por iaus doner.	
	"No nos vorimes mult pener	
We'll help your soul.	Ke vostre ame fust adrechie,	124
	Car chaiens a esté drechie	
	Soventes fois bien notre escuele ;	
And alms to us is so well bestowed ; we never wear shirts, and we fare hardly."	Et li amuene si est biele	
	Ki est à nostre maison mise.	
	Nos no vestons nulle chemise,	128
	Et si vivomes en pitance :	
	Ce sache Diex, por la valhance	
	De vostre argent nel' disons mie."	
The Priest thinks he'll be revenged, and trick them.	Li preste l'ot, si s'en gramie,	132
	Et pense qu'il s'en vengera,	
	S'ilh puet, et qu'il les trufera :	
	Mar le vont or si près tenant.	
	As freres respont maintenant :	136
So he says he'll give them a jewel that he wouldn't take 1000 silver marks for :	"Appenseis sui, doner vos welh	
	Un jowel ke mult amer suel,	
	Et aime encore par Sains Piere ;	
	Je n'ai chose gaires plus chiere,	140
	Milh mars d'argent n'en prenderoie	
	Et se je bien haitiés estoie,	
	Je n'en voroi mies avoir	
	Deus cens marchies d'autre avoir.	144
	Diez vos a chaiens asseneis ;	
let them fetch their Prior, and he'll then tell 'em where the jewel is,	Vostre prieus me ramineis,	
	Si vos en ferai conissanche	
	Ains que de vie aie faillance."	148
	Li frere, sans duel et sans ire,	
	Ont respondut : "Diex le vos mire !	
	Cant voleis-vos que revenons,	
	Et nostre prieuz rameprons ?"	152
to-morrow.	"Demain, je sui ou Diex plaisir,	
	Vo promesse deveis saisir	
[p. 20, col. 1]	Ains que je trop aggreveis soie."	
	Atant ont acueilli lor voie	156
The Friars go back to Antwerp, and tell their Chapter.	Li frere : à Anwier sont venu,	
	Si ont lor chapitre tenu.	
	Chascons s'aventure raconte,	
	Mais chil n'ont cure de lonc conte,	160
	Ains ont dit haut en audience,	
A grand feed is ordered on the	"Faites venir bone pitance ;	
	Deux cent livres gaangniet avons,	

À un prestre ke nos savons Malade chi à une vilhe."	164	strength of the jewel:
Frere Nichole et frere Gilhe, Frere Guilhame et frere Ansiaus Vinrent oïr ces mos nouviaux Ki mult forment lor abelissent.	168	
De ces grans poisons mander fisent, Viez vin novel, fions ¹ et pasteis ; Chil grans mangier fu mult hasteis ; Chascuns de lui bien aisier pense, Ne burent pas vin de despense, De boire et de mangier bien s'aisent ; Por le prestre le hanap baisent Ki le jowel lor ot promis.	172	big fish, old wine, flawns, and pasties.
Cant en lor testes orent mis De ce bon vin, grant feste fisent, Lor cloches sovent en bondissent Ausi con ilh i awist cor sain.	176	They drink, toast the dying Priest,
N'i a voisin qui ne se saint, Et se merveillent qu'il avoient. Qui miez miés as preschers s'avoient Por la grant merveille esgarder.	180	rejoice, and ring their bells as for a saint's corpse.
Nus d'iauz ne se savoit garder De mener vie deshoneste, Car chascons a ferre la reste De bon vin et de lor pitance.	184	The neighbours wonder.
A lor diverse contenance Et al maintieng et à lor estre Semblerent bien hors de sens estre ; Chascons ki les voit, s'en merveillehe. Et frere Lowis s'aparailhe De demander con faitement Il poroient plus sagement Al prestre querre lor promesse.	188	
Demain anchois c'on chante messe Se fera bon metre à la voie ; Dist chascons, "se Jhesu m'avoie, Anchois ke li mors le sorprenge, Si comment ke la choze prengne, De nos don aions conissance :	192	
Nos i arons mainte pitance, Si s'en doit-on mult bien pener. Frere Lowis, lesqueis miner I voreis-vos, or le nos dites ?"	196	Friar Lewis asks how they can best get the Priest's promise out of him.
"Frere Guilhames li ermites	200	They settle that next day the Friars shall set off,
	204	[p. 20, col. 2]
	208	Friar Lewis and Friars William,

¹ *Flans* : m. Flawnes, Custards, Egge-pies.—Cotgrave.

Nicholas, and	En venra, et frere Nicole ; Bien savons dire la parole ;	
Robert, (with their breviary),	Et si venra frere Robiers, Çaiens n'a ni sage convers,	212
but not their Prior.	Si portera no breviaire ; De nos prieus n'avons ke faire."	
So in the morn- ing the Friars go off	Ensi ont le plait oriet. Lendemain se son avoiet	216
(though before night they wish they'd stopt at home),	Tot droit vers la maison le prestre, Jà n'i cuidierent à tans estre ; Mais ans ke li jors fut passeis, Amassent ilh miex estre asseis	220
salute the Priest, and ask if he's better.	À Anwiers dedens lor maison. Atant ont le prestre à raison Mis, et de Deu l'ont salué ; Puis demandent s'il a mué	224
The Priest welcomes them, and says he hasn't forgotten the gift for them ;	Son mal en nul aligement. Li prestes mult très sagement Lors dist : " bien soiiés vos venu : Je n'ai mie desconëu	228
but they must fetch the Sheriffs and Mayor,	La don ke promis vos avoie ; Encor en sui je bien en voie : Faites les eschevins venir, Et le maieur, si k'au venir	232
and then he'll tell 'em what and where the jewel is.	Ne vos en puist nule grevance ; Devant iaus la reconissance Mult volentiers vos en ferai, Et la chose vos nomerai	236
Friar Robert fetches the Sheriffs and Mayor.	Et vo dirai ù ele ert prise." Entrués ke li prestes devise Frere Robers a tant pené, K'ilh a le maieur aminé	240
The Priest says,	Et toz les eschevins ensemble. Li quatre frere, ce me samble, Les ont hautement benvigniés.	244
" My friends, yesterday Friars Lewis and Simon came to preach to me,	Li prestres qui fu ensigniés, Si a parlé premierement, Et lor a dit si faitement : " Sangnor, vos estes mi ami, Por Dieu, or entendeis à mi.	248
[p. 21, col. 1]	Frere Lowis, frere Symons Vinrent ier chi faire sermons K'ilh me cuidoient en santé ; Mais Dieu par sa grace a planté	252
	En moi maladie si grieve, C'aparant est ke mais me n' lieve. Il me virent et esgarderent,	

- Et après si me demandèrent
 Se j'avoie pensé de m'ame.
 Et je lor dis par nostre Dame,
 Ke j'avoie trestot donet.
 Ilh demanderent s'ordiné
 À lor maison rien née avoie ;
 Et je dis 'non.' Se Diex m'avoie,
 Il ne m'en estoit sovenue.
 Or estoient trop tart venu,
 Je n'avoie mais que doner.
 'Non,' disent ilh, 'trop malmené
 Vos voi ; mavaisement moreis
 S'en cestui propoz demoreis,
 Se vos ne nos doneis del vostre' :
 Et je, par sainte patenostre,
 Ne welh pas morir malement ;
 Si ai pensé si longement
 K'apenseis me sui d'une coze
 Ke j'ai en mon porpris encloze,
 Ke j'aime mult, et ting mult chiere ;
 Mais je lor doin en tel maniere
 K'ilh ne l'aront tant con vivrai,
 Car onkes ne le delivrai
 En autrui garde qu'en la moie.
 Sachiés ke durement l'amoie
 Et amerai toute ma vie.
 Sans convoitise et sans envie
 Lor done chi en vo presence,
 Et que nus n'i amene tenche."
 Dient al prestre li cinc frere,¹
 "Dite quel chose c'est, biaz pere !" 256 and askt if I'd
thought of my
soul,
 "Volentiers voir : c'est me vesie !
 Se vos l'avoiïés bien netoïie,
 Mieze que de corduan varra,
 Et plus longement vos durra ;
 Se poreis ens metre vo poivre."
 "Nos aveis-vos ci por dechoivre
 Mandeis, fos prestes entesté ?
 Avoir nos cuidiés ahonteis,
 Mais n'en aveis, par Saint Obert,
 Bien nos teneis or por bobert !" 260 and if I'd given
their house
anything.
I said No ;
 "Mais vos, por beste me teneis
 Cant les dons que je ai doneis
 Me voleis faire recolhir ; 264
 Bien me faites le sanc bolir,
 Ki voleis que le rapele ; 268 and they told me
I should die
in danger
if I didn't give
them something.
- [p. 21, col. 2]
- 272 So I've thought
of a thing
- 276 that I value
very much,
but that I can't
give away while
I live,
- 280 so much do I
love it.
- 284 But I'll bestow
it in your
presence."
- 288 The 5 Friars say,
"Tell us what
it is."
"Well, it's my
Bladder.
If you'll have
it cleaned,
you can keep
your pepper in
it!"
- 292 "False Priest!
You've had us
here to shame
us!"
- 296 "Quite true.
You treated me
like a brute when
you askt me to
revoke my gifts,
- 300

¹ Only 4 are mentioned, l. 206-211.

when I told you I'd nothing for you."	Bien vo di que pot ne paele, Ne riens née à doner n'avoie. Or me voleis metre en tel voie K'en vos soit miex l'amouene afise K'en liew ù je l'ewise mise, Por ce que de tos melhor estes."	304
The Jacobins go home with sorry face ;	Li Jacobin baisent les testes, Si se sunt retorné arriere Vers lor maison à triste chiere ;	308
and the neigh- bours all laugh at 'em about the cheat of the Bladder,	Et tot chil qui là demorerent De ris enaise se pamerent Por la trufe de la vesie Que li prestes ot tant prisie,	312
that they feasted over.	As Jacobiens qui bien en burent Et mangierent, et en rechurent De vin et de poissons pitance.	316
Jakes de Baisiw rymed this joke because he enjoyed it.	Jakes de Baisiw sans dotance L'a de nex en romant rimée Por la trufe qu'il a amée.	320

At the end of his translation of this story, which he calls *La Vessie du Curé*, M. Legrand d'Aussy says (*Fabliaux ou Contes*, vol. iv, p. 184) : "Ce testament burlesque et dérisoire est encore une de ces plaisanteries dont on fait communément honneur à Jean de Meung. - Fauchet la lui a attribuée, d'après une chronique d'Aquitaine ; et nos compilateurs anecdotiers, peuple ignorant et amoureux de la singularité, l'ont copiée, sans examen, d'après Fauchet. Jean, selon celui-ci, avoit, par son testament, légué aux jacobins de Paris des coffres qu'il disoit renfermer toute sa fortune ; mais c'étoit à condition qu'ils célébreroient un service pour le repos de son âme, et qu'ils ne les ouvrieroient qu'après le service célébré. Ils lui en firent un magnifique ; mais les coffres ne contenoient que des ardoises ; et quand ils vinrent à les ouvrir et qu'ils se virent dupés, ils entrèrent dans une telle colère, qu'ils exhumèrent le corps. Fauchet ajoute que le parlement vengea le poète, et qu'il obligea les moines de lui donner dans leur cloître une sépulture honorable.

Il pourroit bien en être de cette historiette comme de celles de la plus pute et du cœur mangé. Je suis convaincu au moins que, si Fauchet eût connu les deux fabliaux qu'on vient de lire, tout dépourvu qu'il étoit de goût et de critique, il eût été frappé de l'imitation.

Dans le *Parangon des nouvelles*, fol. 56, Wlespiegle joue à un curé un tour pareil à celui du fabliau."

NOTES TO THE TALE OF THE PRIEST'S BLADDER,

BY MR HENRY NICOL.

Title, p. 135, l. 4. *Le* for *la* is not uncommon, but the text seems to have the latter.

l. 6. *Jakes* should be *Jake*, being accusative; see l. 41, de Saint *Jake*.

p. 137, l. 2. *voirs* should be *voir*, being accusative.

l. 4. Similarly *Anwiers* should be *Anwier*, as in l. 40.

l. 6. *do ? de*; the preposition without the article seems more suitable.

l. 10. The form *blées* is unknown; it ought to be *bleis* or *blés*. The rhyme-word *moblés* is right enough.

l. 22. As there are several people, I should have expected *mainz*, not *main*. *mis* ought to be *mist*, but this would spoil the rhyme.

l. 24. I suppose *ilh* is in the MS., as *lh* occurs several times later on; but I do not understand it. *lh* is the regular Provençal representation of the liquid *l*, French *ill*, final *il*; but I have not heard of its being found in French except in some very old MSS. Here, too, the word has the common *l* in French, not the liquid; so what the *lh* means I cannot guess. Provençal has the identical form here, of course liquid.

l. 25. This is too short; *estovera*, which is not uncommon, would do.

p. 138, l. 35. The line is too short; *que il* for *qu'il* would suit.

l. 44. *par* should be *part*; the initial of the following *tot* may have caused the omission of the final *t*.

l. 45. *chil* (= *ceux*) makes no sense; probably it ought to be *chiés* (= *chez*). *venus*, being nominative plural, ought to be *venuz* or *venut*.

l. 46. This is too long; the removal of *I*, the change of *quidarent* to *quident*, or that of *retenus* to *tenus*, would put it right. *quidarent* for *quiderent* occurs in some MSS., but here *-erent* seems the form in all other places. *retenus* should be *retenu* or *retenut*, as above.

l. 56. *tansterent* for *tasterent* seems unknown, and has no support in etymology (*taxitäre*).

l. 59. It strikes me that the initial *K'i* ought to be *Ke*; I cannot construe the line with *Ki* or *K'i*. *K'il* would make sense.

l. 62. *desir* should be *desirs*.

- l. 69. The line is too short; probably *no* should be *nostre*.
 p. 139, l. 82. *linchues*: *linçol* (shirt) occurs in early Old French.
 l. 95. As *vaut* is singular, *bleis* should be *bleif*, as in l. 116.
 l. 108. Also too short; *puet-il* for *puet* would do.
 p. 140, l. 117. *chanap* I do not know; *hanap* (cup), as in l. 176, is probably meant.
 l. 122. Such a form as *vorimes* I do not know; the usual one is *vorîemes*, in this dialect.
 l. 125. *notre* for *nostre* is late, or a mistake.
 l. 132. *preste* should be *prestés*.
 l. 139. *aime* for *aim* (1st sing.) is late, and is not needed for the metre. *Sains* should be *Saint*.
 l. 143. *voroi* is clearly a mistake for *voroié*, which is wanted for syntax and metre.
 l. 151. *revenons* should be *revenrons*, to suit *ramenrons*, next line.
 l. 153. *Dicæ* should be *Dieu*.
 l. 163. *libvres* for *livres* is a case of etymological spelling, which I hope is of the 15th century. *gaangniet* for *gagné* is, on the other hand, two or three centuries earlier; it makes the line too long, so I suppose *gangniet* is meant. *Deux* is, I suppose, an extension of MS. *ii*.
 p. 141, l. 171. *fions* I do not understand; the metre will allow of only one syllable, so *flons* may be meant. This, however, is doubtful; the only forms I know are Old French *flaons*, modern *flans*.
 l. 172. *mangier* should be *mangiers*.
 l. 181. This is too long; *ilh* or *i* might be removed. *sain* should be *saint*.
 l. 183. *merveillent* does not agree with *saint* of the preceding line.
 l. 188. *ferre* ought to be *forré* (*fourré*), as this would give some meaning.
 l. 200. *Jhesu* should be *Jhesus*; probably the MS. has a contraction.
 p. 142, l. 214. This means, 'we do not require our prior.' The priest asked the friars to bring him, but they do not. Thus there are only 4 friars, not 5, as l. 285 says.
 l. 215. *oriet* I do not know; *ariet* (arrayed) would make sense.
 l. 216. *son* should be *sont*.
 l. 221. *Anwiers* should be *Anwier*.
 l. 229. As *don* is masculine, *La* should be *Le*.
 l. 245. I have met with *prumierement* for *premierement*, but never with *promierement*.
 l. 247. I think *Sangnor* should be *Saingnor* or *Seingnor*; *a* occurs for *e* before nasals, but hardly for *ei* or *ai*.
 p. 143, l. 259. *donet* rhyming on *ordiné* is a useless archaism.
 l. 266. *malmené* does not rhyme with *doner* of the line before; but *malmener* does not suit the syntax as well.
 l. 267. The *voi* here I do not understand, as it ought to be plural (disent *ilh*). To change it to *voir* (= *vrai*) suits the sense, but not the construction of the line before.

l. 275. Here is *aime* for *aim* again ; but it is wanted for the metre ; though *je aim* would do.

l. 283. *done* for *don* is in the same case ; *vostre* for *vo* would make it up.

l. 285, note. The poet has clearly omitted one of the names in ll. 206-211 ; in l. 242 four friars are mentioned, besides Robert, who had gone to fetch the sheriffs, &c.

l. 286. *dite* should be *dites*.

l. 287. *me* for *ma* is not uncommon, like *le* for *la* ; but the *a* form seems the regular one in this text.

l. 288. This is too long ; *vos* might be struck out.

l. 293. *entesté* should be *entestés* (or *-teis*) for grammar and rhyme.

l. 301. Here again it seems that *Ki* should be *Ke*. The line is too short ; probably *je* should be inserted between *que* and *le*. *le* itself ought to be *les*, to agree with *dons* before.

p. 144, l. 312. The derivation of *en-aise* is doubtful ; its meaning, according to Burguy, is *environ*, *à peu près*, *presque* ; he gives only *anaïses*, *enaïses*.

l. 315. I do not know the form *Jacobiens* for *Jacobins*.

l. 319. *nex* I do not know, and I cannot hit on a probable emendation.

The dialect is, on the whole, Picard, but mixed with other forms. Many forms are late, others early ; only an examination of the MS. could determine its age, but I think it must be a late copy of something early, from the mixture of forms. The original editor talks of XII and XIII centuries ; the poem may be of either date, but I do not think the text given can be earlier than the last half of the XIV. The dialect seems to agree with the scene of the poem ; but such forms as *ilh* (= *il*), *valhance* (l. 130, = *vaillance*) look as if taken from the Provençal *ilh* and *valhansa*. In the absence of the MS. I cannot attempt precision.

10.

Petrarch's Latin Tale of Griseldis

(WITH BOCCACCIO'S STORY FROM WHICH IT WAS RE-TOLD)

THE ORIGINAL OF

Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale."

Tyrwhitt, in § xx. of his *Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales*, says, "The Clerkes Tale is in a different strain from the four preceding. He tells us, in his Prologue, that he learned it from Petrarch at Padua; and this, by the way, is all the ground that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch in Italy. It is not easy [unless we are content to suppose that Chaucer did not needlessly lie] to say why Chaucer should choose to own an obligation for this tale to Petrarch rather than to Boccacce, from whose *Decameron*, Day X, Novel 10, it was translated by Petrarch in 1373,¹ the year before his death, as appears by a remarkable letter, which he sent with his translation to Boccacce, *Opp. Petrarch*. [p. 601, ed. 1554, and] p. 540-7, ed. Bas. 1581. It should seem too from the same letter that the story was not invented by Boccacce, for Petrarch says, 'that it had always pleased him when he heard it many years before,' whereas he had not seen the *Decameron* till very lately."

I see no good outward reason why Chaucer should not have met Petrarch in 1368-9 at Milan. Chaucer might have gone with his old master, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Milan, where the Duke married his second wife, Violante, the daughter of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, Petrarch being at the marriage-feast. Prince Lionel had 475 men in his retinue, and his first wife's old page might well have been among them, without being specially named. Chaucer's pension on May 25, 1368, was not received *per manus proprias* as it was on Nov. 6, 1367 (*Works*, i. 95). The inward argument that there is no Italian allusion in his *Dethe of Blaunche* of 1369-70 is not necessarily strong. At any rate during his Italian embassy in 1373, Chaucer may have met Petrarch.

I call the attention of readers to the 'Note' at the end of Petrarch's Tale, by my friend Mr J. W. Hales, on Chaucer's treatment of the story, and on the characters of Griselda and the Marquis. Mr Hales has also kindly revised the Latin text, and sidenoted part of it.

¹ See Sir Harris Nicolas's comments on this letter in his *Life of Chaucer*, *Works*, ed. Morris, i. 11-13: "The precise time when Petrarch translated the Tale of Griselda is uncertain. Two much earlier copies of that Letter are in the British Museum, one in Gothic characters without date, and another printed at Venice in 1493; but in neither of those copies does the latter part of the translation, containing the date, occur. That the date was not printed literally in the editions of 1554 and 1581 is evident from the figure '6' being used instead of a Roman numeral."

Here is the 'remarkable letter' that Tyrwhitt refers to:—

[*Petrarchæ Opera*, Basil. 1581, p. 540, corrected by
Ulrich Zell's edition of about 1470 A.D.]

Franciscus Petrarcha Ioan. Boccatio .S.

Librum tuum, quem nostro materno eloquio ut opinor olim iuuenis edidisti, nescio quidem unde uel qualiter, ad me delatum uidi. Nam si dicam legi, mentiar, siquidem ipse magnus ualde, ut ad uulgus & soluta scriptus oratione, & occupatio mea maior, & tempus angustum erat; idque ipsum, ut nosti, bellicis undique motibus inquietum, à quibus & si animo procul absim, nequeo tamen fluctuante Republica non moueri. Quid ergo? Excucurri eum, & festini uiatoris in morem, hinc atque hinc circumspiciens nec subsistens. Animaduerti alicubi librum ipsum canum dentibus lacessitum, tuo tamen baculo egregiè tuaque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum. Nam & uires ingenij tui noui, & scio expertus esse hominum genus & insolens & ignauum, qui quicquid ipsi uel nolunt uel nesciunt uel non possunt, in alijs reprehendant, ad hoc unum docti & arguti, sed elingues ad reliqua. Delectatus sum in ipso transitu, & si quid lasciuix liberioris occurreret, excusabat ætas tunc tua, dum id scriberes, stilus, idioma, ipsa quoque rerum leuitas & eorum qui lecturi talia uidebantur. Refert enim largiter, quibus scribas, morumque uarietate stili uarietas excusatur. Inter multa sanè iocosa & lenia, quædam pia & grauiâ deprehendi, de quibus tamen definitiuè, quid iudicem, non habeo, ut qui nusquam totus inhæserim: at quod uerè accidit eo more currentibus, curiosius aliquantò quàm cætera libri principium finemque perspexi; quorum in altero patriæ nostræ statum, illius scilicet pestilentissimi temporis, quod præ omnibus nostra ætas lugubre ac miserum mundo uidit, meo quidem iudicio, & narrasti propriè & magnificè deplorasti. In altero autem historiam ultimam & multis præcedentium longè dissimilem posuisti, quæ ita mihi placuit meque detinuit, ut inter

Your book which in your youth, as I think, you published in our mother tongue, I see has reached me. I cannot say I have read it. It is a big book, and I have little time, and that little is disturbed by war commotions; so I have only run it over.

I have noted that it has been attacked, but well defended by you.

With my glance at it I have been delighted.

Amidst many levities, I have marked some things of graver tone.

Naturally, I turned specially to the beginning and the end.

At the beginning you have told well the story of that terrible plague-time;

at the end a story
that charmed me.

I learnt it by
heart, to repeat
to my friends.

Then it occurred
to me that it
might delight
those who did not
know Italian.

So one day I set
myself to trans-
late it, hoping
you would be glad
for me to do so.

tot curas, quæ penè mei ipsius immemorem fecêre, illam memoriæ mandare uoluerim, ut & ipse eam animo, quotiens uellem, non sine uoluptate repeterem, et amicis ut sit confabulantibus renarrarem, si quando aliquid tale incidisset. Quod cum breui postmodum fecissem gratiamque audientibus cognouissem, subitò talis interloquendum cogitatio superuenit fieri posse, ut nostri etiam sermonis ignaros tam dulcis historia delectaret, cum & mihi semper ante multos annos audita placuisset, & tibi usque adedò placuisse perpenderem, ut uulgari eam stilo tuo censueris non indignam & fine operis, ubi Rhetorum disciplina ualidiora quælibet collocari iubet. Itaque die quodam, inter uarios cogitatus, animum more solito discerpentes & illis & mihi ut sic dixerim iratus, uale omnibus ad tempus dicto, calamum arripiens, historiam ipsam tuam scribere sum aggressus, te haud dubiè gauisurum sperans, ultrò rerum interpretem me tuarum fore. Quod non facilè alteri cuicunque præstiterim, egit me tui amor & historiæ: ita tamen, ne Horatianum illud poeticæ artis obliuiscerer:

Nec uerbum uerbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres:

I have given it in
my own words,
with just a few
changes.

To you I wish to
dedicate this
version.

Historiam tuam meis uerbis explicui, [imò alicubi aut paucis in ipsa narratione mutatis uerbis aut additis, quod te non ferente modò sed fauente fieri credidi.¹] Quæ licet à multis & laudata & expetita fuerit, ego rem tuam tibi non alteri dedicandam censui. Quam quidem an mutata ueste deformauerim an fortassis ornauerim, tu iudica; illuc enim orta illuc redit, notus iudex, nota domus, notum iter, ² ut unum & tu noris, & quisquis hæc leget, tibi non mihi tuarum rationem rerum esse reddendam. Quisquis ex me quæret, an hæc vera sint, hoc est an historiam scripserim an fabulam, respondebo illud Crispi: Fides penes auctorem, meum scilicet Ioannem, sit. Hæc præfatus incipio.

¹⁻¹ These words are not in Ulrich Zell's edition.

² Ulrich Zell's edition omits 'ut unum.' What do the editions of 1554 and 1581 mean, or wish to mean, by the phrase?—J. W. H. (It is a common enough phrase in English, though not of much use—"that you and our readers may know *one* thing—that, &c."—H. H. G.)

PETRARCH'S TALE OF GRISELDIS

(FROM *FRANCISCI PETRARCHÆ OPERA*, BASILEÆ (1581), p. 541, AND *BOCCACCIO'S* (ed. 1827-34), FROM WHICH PETRARCH RE-TOLD IT.)

Francisci Petrarchæ V. C. de Obedientia ac fide uxoria Mythologia.

Est ad Italiæ latus occiduum Vesulus ex Appennini iugis mons unus altissimus, qui uertice nubila superans liquido sese ingerit ætheri, mons suapte nobilis natura, sed Padi ortu nobilissimus, qui eius à latere fonte lapsus, exiguo orientem contra solem fertur, mirisque mox tumidus incrementis, breui spacio decursu, non tantum maximorum unus annium, sed fluuiorum à Vergilio rex dictus. Liguriam gurgite uiolentus intersecat, dehinc Aemiliam, atque Flaminiam, Venetiamque discriminans, multis ad ultimum & ingentibus ostijs, in Adriaticum mare descendit. Cæterum pars illa terrarum, de quà primùm dixi, que & grata planitie, & interiectis collibus ac montibus circumflexis, aprica pariter ac iucunda est, atque ab eorum quibus subiacet Pedemontium pæde nomen tenet, & ciuitates aliquot & oppida habet egregia. Inter cætera ad radicem Vesuli, terra Salutiarum, uicis & castellis satis frequens, Marchionum arbitrio nobilium quorundam regitur uirorum, quorum unus primusque omnium & maximus fuisse traditur Gualtherus quidam, ad quem familiæ ac terrarum omnium regimen pertineret, & hic quidem forma uirens atque ætate, nec minus moribus quam sanguine nobilis, & ad summam omnium ex parte uir insignis, nisi quòd præsentis sue sorte contentus, incuriosissimus futurorum erat. Itaque uenatui aucupioque deditus, sic illis incubuerat, ut alia penè cuncta negligeret: quodque in primis ægrè populi ferebant,

On the west of Italy is a very high mountain where the Po issues,

the king of rivers.

The country

is warm and pleasant, and is called Piedmont. The land of Saluces lies there,

ruled by Marquises, of whom the first, Walter, was

a noble and illustrious man,

but too fond of hunting, and hated marriage.

Già è gran tempo, fu tra' marchesi di Saluzzo il maggior della casa un giovane chiamato Gualtieri, il quale essendo senza moglie e senza figliuoli, in niuna altra cosa il suo tempo spendeva che in uccellare e in cacciare, nè di prender moglie nè d'aver figliuoli alcun pensiero avea,

At last his
subjects
remonstrated :

' You please us,
and we shall
always be happy
under you; but
one thing we ask,
that you think of
marriage at once.

Your youth
passes, old age
and death will
follow.

You may leave
the choice of
your wife to us;
we'll get you a
fit one. Free us
from the fear of
your dying
without a
successor.'

Marquis Walter
answers: 'I've
never thought of
marrying; but I

ab ipsis quoque coniugij consilij abhorreret. Id aliquandiu taciti cum tulissent, tandem cateruatim illum adeunt, quorum unus, cui uel auctoritas maior erat uel facundia, maiorque cum suo duce familiaritas, "Tua (inquit) humanitas, optime Marchio, hanc nobis præstat audaciam, ut & tecum singuli quotiens res exposcit deuota fiducia colloquamur, & nunc omnium tacitas uoluntates mea uox tuis auribus inuehat, non quod singulare aliquid habeam ad hanc rem, nisi quod tu me inter alios charum tibi multis indicijs comprobasti. Cum meritò igitur tua nobis omnia placeant, semperque placuerint, ut felices nos tali domino iudicemus: unum est, quod si à te impetrari sinis teque nobis exorabilem præbes, planè fœlicissimi finitimorum omnium futuri sumus, ut coniugio scilicet animum applices, collumque non liberum modò sed imperiosum legitimo subijcias iugo, idque quàmprimùm facias: uolant enim dies rapidi, & quamquam florida sis ætate, continuè tamen hunc florem tacita senectus insequitur, morsque ipsa omni proxima est ætati. Nulli muneris huius immunitas datur, æquè omnibus moriendum est, utque id certum, sic illud ambiguum, quando eueniat. Suscipe igitur, oramus, eorum preces, qui nullum tuum imperium recusarent, quærendæ autem coniugis studium nobis linque; talem enim tibi procurabimus, quæ te meritò digna sit, & tam clavis orta parentibus, ut de ea spes optima sit habenda, libera tuos omnes molesta sollicitudine quæsumus, ne si quid humanitas tibi forsitan accideret, tu sine tuo successore abeas, ipsi sine uotiuo rectore remaneant." Mouerunt piæ preces animum Viri, & "cogitis (inquit) me, amici, ad id quod mihi in animum nunquam uenit; delectabat omnimoda liber-

di che egli era da reputar molto savio. La qual cosa a' suoi uomini non piacendo, più volte il pregarono che moglie prendesse, acciocchè egli senza crede nè essi senza signor rimanessero, offerendosi di trovargliene tale e di sì fatto padre e madre discesa, che buona speranza se ne potrebbe avere ed esso contentarsene molto. A' quali Gualtieri rispose: "amici miei, voi mi strignete a quello che io del tutto aveva disposto di non far mai, considerando quanto grave cosa sia a poter trovare chi co' suoi costumi ben si convenga, e quanto del contrario sia grande la copia, e come dura vita sia quella di colui che a donna non bene a sè conveniente s'abbatte. E il dire che voi vi crediate a' costumi de' padri e delle madri le figliuole conoscere, donde argomentate di darlami tal che mi piacerà, è una sciocchezza; concio sia cosa che io non sappia dove i padri possiate conoscere, nè come i segreti delle madri di quelle, quantunque pur cognoscendoli, sieno spesse volte le

tas, quæ in coniugio rara est. Cæterum subiectionum give way to you.
 uoluntatibus me sponte subijcio, & prudentiæ uestre
 fisus & fidei: Illam uerò quam offertis quærendæ curam
 coniugis, remitto, eamque humeris meis ipse subeo; quid
 unius enim claritas confert alteri? Sæpè filij dissimili
 sunt parentum. Quicquid in homine boni est, non ab
 alio, quàm à Deo est. Illi ergo & status & matrimonij
 mei sortes, sperans de sua solita pietate, commiserim;
 ipse mihi inueniet, quod quieti meæ sit expediens ac
 saluti. Itaque quando uobis ita placitum est, uxorem
 ducam, id uobis bona fide polliceor, uestrumque deside-
 rium nec frustrabor equidem, nec morabor: unum uos
 mihi uersa uice promittite ac seruate, ut quamcumque
 coniugem ipse delegero, eam uos summo honore ac
 ueneratione prosequamini, nec sit ullus inter uos, qui de
 meo unquam iuditio aut litiget aut queratur. Vestrum
 fuit me omnium quos nouistis liberrimum, iugo sub-
 iecisse coniugij; mea sit iugi ipsius electio, quæcumque
 uxor mea erit, illa, ceu Romani principis filia, domina
 uestra sit." Promittunt unanimiter, ac lætè nihil de-
 futurum, ut quibus uix possibile videretur optatum
 diem cernere nuptiarum, de quibus in diem certum
 magnificentissimè reparandum domini iubentis edictum
 alacres susceperunt. Ita à colloquio discessum est, &
 ipse nihilo¹minus eam ipsam nuptiarum curam domes-
 ticus suis imposuit, edixitque diem.

Only, I'll choose
my wife myself.

To please you,
I'll marry at
once: but you
must promise to
reverence my
wife, whomsoever
I may choose,
as if she were a
Roman prince's
daughter.' They
promise.

Walter orders
preparations for
his marriage, and
fixes the day
for it.

Not far from his
palace dwelt a
very poor man,
Janicola, with an
only daughter
Griseldis, lovely
and good.

Poorly brought
up.

she had a man's
mind.

Fuit haud procùl a palatio uillula paucorum atque
 inopum incolarum, quorum uni omnium pauperrimo
 Ianicolæ nomen erat, sed ut pauperum quoque tuguria
 nonnumquam gratia cœlestis inuisit, unica illi contigerat
 Griseldis nomine, forma corporis satis egregia, sed
 pulchritudine morum atque animi adèd speciosa, ut
 nihil suprà. Hæc parco uictu, in summa semper inopia
 educata, omnis inscia uoluptatis, nil molle, nil tenerum
 cogitare didicerat, sed uirilil senilisque animus uirgineo
 latebat in pectore. Patris senium inextimabili refouens

figliuole a' padri e alle madri dissimili. Ma, poichè pure in queste
 catene vi piace d' annodarmi, e io voglio esser contento: e acciocchè io
 non abbia da dolermi d' altrui che di me, se mal venisse fatto, io stesso
 ne voglio essere il trovatore, affermandovi che, cui che io mi tolga, se
 da voi non fia come donna onorata, voi proverete con gran vostro danno
 quanto grave mi sia l' aver contra mia voglia presa moglie a' vostri
 prieghi." I valenti uomini risposon ch' erano contenti, sol che esso si
 recasse a prender moglie.

Erano a Gualtieri buona pezza piaciuti i costumi d' una povera
 giovinetta, che d' una villa vicina a casa sua era, e parendogli bella

She took tender
care of her father,

and did all her
duties well.

Her had Walter
often seen,

had noted her
rare virtue,

and resolved that
he'd marry none
but her.

No one knows
whence the bride
is to come,
though Walter
prepares jewels
and dresses for
her.

The wedding day
comes; no bride
is named; folk
wonder.

charitate, et pauculas eius oues pascebat, et colo interim digitos atterebat, uicissimque domum rediens, oluscula et dapes fortunæ congruas præparabat, durumque cubiculum sternebat, et ad summum angusto in spatio totum filialis obedientiæ ac pietatis officium explicabat. In hanc uirgunculam Gualtherus sæpè illâc transiens, quandoque oculos non iuuenili lasciuia sed senili grauitate defixerat, et uirtutem eximiam supra sexum supraque ætatem, quàm uulgi oculis conditionis obscuritas abscondebatur, acri penetrarat intuitu. Vnde effectum, ut et uxorem habere, quòd unquam antè uoluerat, & simul hanc unam nullamque aliam habere disponderet. Instabat nuptiarum dies, unde autem uentura sponsa esset, nemo nouerat, nemo non mirabatur; ipse interim & anulos aureos & coronas & balteos conquirebat, uestes autem pretiosas & calceos & eius generis necessaria omnia, ad mensuram puellæ alterius, quæ statura suæ persimilis erat, præparari faciebat. Venerat expectatus dies, & cum nullus sponsæ rumor audiretur, admiratiò omnium uehementer excreuerat, hora iam

assai, estimò che con costei dovesse potere aver vita assai consolata; e perciò, senza più avanti cercare, costei propose di volere sposare: e fattosi il padre chiamare, con lui, che poverissimo era, si convenne di torla per moglie. Fatto questo, fece Gualtieri tutti i suoi amici della contrada adunare, e disse loro: "amici miei, egli v'è piaciuto e piace che io mi disponga a tor moglie, e io mi vi son disposto, più per compiacere a voi che per desiderio che io di moglie avessi. Voi sapete quello che voi mi promettete, cioè d'esser contenti e d'onorar come donna qualunque quella fosse che io togliessi: e perciò venuto è il tempo che io sono per servare a voi la promessa, e che io voglia che voi a me la serviate. Io ho trovata una giovane secondo il cuor mio assai presso di qui, la quale io intendo di tor per moglie e di menarlammi fra qui a pochi dì a casa; e perciò pensate come la festa delle nozze sia bella, e come voi onorevolmente ricever la possiate, acciocchè io mi possa della vostra promession chiamar contento, come voi della mia vi potrete chiamare." I buoni uomini lieti tutti risposero ciò piacer loro, e che, fosse chi volesse, essi l'avrebber per donna e onorerebbonla in tutte cose sì come donna. Appresso questo tutti si misero in assetto di far bella e grande e lieta festa, e il simigliante fece Gualtieri. Egli fece preparare le nozze grandissime e belle, e invitarvi molti suoi amici e parenti e gran gentili uomini e altri dattorno: e oltre a questo fece tagliare e far più robe belle e ricche al dosso d'una giovane, la quale della persona gli pareva che la giovinetta la quale aveva proposto di sposare; e oltre a questo apparecchiò cinture e anella e una ricca e bella corona, e tutto ciò che a novella sposa si richiedea. E venuto il dì che alle nozze predetto avea, Gualtieri in su la mezza

prandij aderat, iamque apparatu ingenti domus tota
 feruebat. Tum Gualtherus aduentanti uelut sponsæ
 obuiam profecturus domo egreditur, prosequente
 uirorum & matronarum nobilium caterua. Griseldis
 omnium quæ erga se pararentur ignara, peractis quæ
 agenda domi erant, aquam è longinquo fonte conuectans,
 paternum limen intrabat, ut expedita curis alijs,
 ad uisendam Domini sui sponsam cum puellis comitibus
 properaret. Tum Gualtherus cogitabundus incedens,
 eamque compellans nomine: 'Vbinam pater eius
 esset,' interrogauit; quæ cum illum domi esse reuerenter
 atque humiliter respondisset, "Iube (inquit) ad me
 ueniat." Venientem seniculum, manu præhensum,
 parumper abstraxit, ac submissa uoce, "Scio (ait) me
 Ianicola charum tibi, teque hominem fidum noui, &
 quæcunque mihi placeant, uelle te arbitror; unum
 tamen nominatim nosse uelim: an me quem dominum
 habes, data mihi hac tua in uxorem filia generum uelis?"
 Inopino negotio stupefactus senex obriguit, et uix
 tandem paucis hiscens, "Nil (inquit) aut uelle debeo,
 aut nolle, nisi quod placitum tibi sit, qui Dominus
 meus es." "Ingrediamur soli ergo (inquit) ut ipsam
 de quibusdam interrogem, te præsentem." Ingressi
 igitur, expectante populo ac mirante, puellam circa
 patris obsequium satagentem, & insolito tanti
 hospitii aduentu stupidam inuenere, quam ijs uerbis
 Gualtherus aggreditur: "Et patri tuo placet (inquit) &
 mihi, ut uxor mea sis. Credo id ipsum tibi placeat,
 sed habeo ex te quærere, ubi hoc peractum fuerit,
 quod mòx erit, an uolenti animo parata sis, ut de omnibus
 tecum mihi conueniat, ita ut in nulla unquam re à
 mea uoluntate dissentias, & quicquid tecum agere

Then Walter sets out; many follow him.

Griseldis is just carrying-in some water, to be in time to see the Bride, when Walter calls her, asks for her father,

and says to him, 'I know you are my liege man,

but will you give me your daughter to wife?'

'As you please, Sire.' 'Let us then ask her.'

'Griseldis! Your father and I will that you be my wife. But first I ask you whether you'll always do my will in everything without any sign of resistance.'

terza montò a cavallo, e ciascun altro che ad onorarlo era venuto: e ogni cosa opportuna avendo disposta, disse: "signori, tempo è d'andare per la novella sposa": e messosi in via con tutta la compagnia sua, pervennero alla villetta: e giunti a casa del padre della fanciulla, e lei trovata, che con acqua tornava dalla fonte in gran fretta, per andar poi con altre femmine a veder venire la sposa di Gualtieri. La quale come Gualtieri vide, chiamata per nome, cioè Griselda, domandò dove il padre fosse. Al quale ella vergognosamente rispose: "signor mio, egli è in casa." Allora Gualtieri smontato, e comandato ad ogni uom che l'aspettasse, solo se n'entrò nella povera casa, dove trovò il padre di lei, che avea nome Giannucolo, e dissegli: "io sono venuto a sposar la Griselda; ma prima da lei voglio sapere alcuna cosa in tua presenza:" e domandolla se ella sempre, togliendola egli per moglie, s'ingegnerebbe di compiacergli, e di niuna cosa, che egli dicesse o

She answers,
'Yes, I will never
even think
against your will,
and will not
murmur if you
bid me die.'
Enough, says
Walter; leads her
out, declares her
his wife, and bids
his people love
her.

He has her clad
anew,

and crowned, so
that the people
hardly recognize
her.

Then Walter weds
her, and takes her
to his palace on a
snow-white
palfrey.

Soon, by God's
grace, she seems
as if bred in an
imperial court;
she is loved and
reverenced by all,

uoluerò, sine ulla frontis aut uerbi repugnantia te ex animo uolente mihi liceat." Ad hæc illa miraculo rei tremens, "Ego mi domine (inquit) tanto honore me indignam scio: at si uoluntas tua, sique sors mea est, nil ego unquam sciens, nedum faciam, sed etiam cogitabo, quòd contra animum tuum sit, nec tu aliquid facies, & si me mori iusseris, quòd molestè feram." "Satis est" (inquit ille); sic in publicum eductam populo ostendens: "Hæc (ait) uxor mea, hæc domina nostra est, hanc colite, hanc amate, & si me charum habetis, hanc charissimam habetote." Dehinc, ne quid reliquiarum fortunæ ueteris nouam inferret in domum, nudari eam iussit, & à calce ad uerticem nouis uestibus indui, quòd a matronis circumstantibus ac certatim sinu illam gremioque fouentibus uerecunde ac celeriter ad impletum est. Sic horridulam uirginem, indutam, laceramque comam recollectam manibus comptamque pro tempore insignitam gemmis, & corona uelut subito transformatam, uix populus recognouit; quam Gualtherus anulo pretioso, quem ad hunc usum detulerat, solenniter desponsauit, niveoque equo impositam, ad palatium deduci fecit, comitante populo & gaudente. Ad hunc modum nuptiæ celebratæ, diesque ille lætissimus actus est. Breui dehinc inopi sponsæ tantum diuini fauoris affulserat, ut non in casa illa pastoria sed in aula imperatoria educata atque edocta uideretur, atque apud omnes supra fidem chara & uenerabilis facta esset, uixque his ipsis, qui illam ab origine noue-

facesse, non turbarsi, e s' ella sarebbe obbediente, e simili altre cose assai; delle quali ella a tutte rispose di sì. Allora Gualtieri, presala per mano, la menò fuori, e in presenza di tutta la sua compagnia e d' ogni altra persona la fece spogliare ignuda, e fattisi quegli vestimenti venire che fatti aveva fare, prestamente la fece vestire e calzare, e sopra i suoi capegli così scarmigliati com' egli erano le fece mettere una corona, e appresso questo, maravigliandosi ogni uomo di questa cosa, disse: "signori, costei è colei la quale io intendo che mia moglie sia, dove ella me voglia per marito:" e poi a lei rivolto, che di sè medesima vergognosa e sospesa stava, le disse: "Griselda, vuo' mi tu per tuo marito?" A cui ella rispose: "signor mio, sì." Ed egli disse: "e io voglio te per mia moglie;" e in presenza di tutti la sposò. E fattala sopra un palfren montare, onorevolmente accompagnata a casa la si menò. Quivi furon le nozze belle e grandi, e la festa non altramenti che se presa avesse la figliuola del re di Francia. La giovane sposa parve che co' vestimenti insieme l'animo e i costumi mutasse. Ella era, come già dicemmo di persona e di viso bella, e così come bella era divenne tanto auuenevole, tanto piacevole e tanto costumata, che non figliuola di

rant, persuaderi posset Ianicolæ natam esse; tantus erat
 uite, tantus morum decor, ea uerborum grauitas ac
 dulcedo, quibus omnium animos nexu sibi magni amoris
 astrinxerat. Iamque non solum intra patrios fines, sed
 per finitimas quasque prouincias, suum nomen celebri
 præconio fama uulgabat: ita ut multi ad illam uisen-
 dam uiri ac matronæ studio feruente concurrerent.
 Sic Gualtherus humili quidem sed insigni ac prospero
 matrimonio, honestatis summa domi in pace, extra uerò
 summa cum gratia hominum uiuebat, quodque eximiam
 uirtutem, tanta sub inopia latitantem, tam perspicaciter
 deprehendisset, uulgo prudentissimus habebatur. Ne-
 que uerò solers sponsa muliebria tantum hæc domestica,
 sed ubi res posceret, publica etiam obibat officia uiro
 absente, lites patriæ nobiliumquæ discordias dirimens
 atque componens tam grauibz responsis tantaque
 maturitate & iudicij æquitate, ut omnes ad salutem
 publicam demissam cœlo fœminam prædicarent. Neque
 multum tempus effluerat, dum grauida affecta, primum
 subditos anxia expectatione suspendit, dehinc filiam
 enixa pulcherrimam, quamuis filium maluissent, tamen
 uotina fœcunditate non virum modò sed totam patriam
 lætam fecit. Cepit, ut fit, interim Gualtherum cum
 iam ablactata esset infantula, mirabilis quædam, quàm
 laudibilis doctiores iudicent, cupiditas satis expertam
 charæ fidem coniugis experiendi altius & iterum atque
 iterum retentandi. Solam igitur in thalamum seuoca-

so great is her
 grace, her gravity,
 and sweetness.

Her fame is
 noised abroad.

Walter enjoys a
 happy home,
 and is held wise
 for having
 discerned
 Griseldis's
 qualities.
 She attends to
 state affairs as
 well as home, and
 sets disputers
 at one.

She bears a
 beautiful
 daughter.

Walter resolves to
 try his wife's
 faith.

He reminds her

Giannucole e guardiana di pecore pareua stata, ma d' alcun nobile si-
 gnore: di che ella faceua marauigliare ogni uom che prima conosciuta l'
 avea. E oltre a questo era tanto obbediente al marito e tanto seruento,
 che egli si teneua il più contento e il più appagato uomo del mondo: e
 similmente verso i sudditi del marito era tanto graziosa et tanto benigna, che
 niun ve n' era che più che sè non l' amasse e che non l' onorasse di grado,
 tutti per lo suo bene e per lo suo stato e per lo suo esaltamento pregando:
 dicendo (dove dir soliano Gualtieri aver fatto come poco savio d' averla
 per moglie presa) che egli era il più savio e il più avveduto uomo che
 al mondo fosse; perciocchè niun altro che egli avrebbe mai potuto
 conoscere l' alta virtù da costei nascosa sotto i poveri panni e sotto l'
 abito villesco. E in brieve non solamente nel suo marchesato, ma per
 tutto, anzi che gran tempo fosse passato, seppe ella sì fare, che ella fece
 ragionare del suo valore e del suo bene adoperare; e in contrario rivol-
 gere, se alcuna cosa detta s' era contra 'l marito per lei quando sposata
 l' avea. Ella non fu guari con Gualtieri dimorata, che ella ingravidò,
 e al tempo partori una fanciulla, di che Gualtieri fece gran festa. Ma
 poco appresso entratogli un nuovo pensier nell' animo, cioè di volere con
 lunga esperienza e con cose intollerabili provare la pazienza di lei,

of her former
state,

says he loves her,
but his nobles
don't, and he
must give way to
them, and get rid
of her child.

She must yield,
and show the
patience she has
promist.

'I and my girl
are yours. Do
with us as you
will.

You alone do I
desire, or fear to
lose.'

Walter goes,
and sends one of
his servants to
Griseidis,

who tells her
that he *must*
obey his master
and take away
her babe.

tam, turbida fronte sic alloquitur : "Nosti, ô Griseidis, neque enim præsentī fortuna te præteriti tui status oblitam credo : nosti inquam, qualiter in hanc domum ueneris. Mihi quidem chara satis ac dilecta es ; at meis nobilibus non ita, præsertim ex quo parere incepisti, qui plebeia Dominæ subesse animis ferunt iniquissimis. Mihi ergo, qui cum eis pacem cupio, necesse est de filia tua non meo sed alieno iudicio obsequi, & id facere, quo nil mihi posset esse molestius. Id enim uerò te ignara nunquam fecerim, uolo autem tuum mihi animum accomodes, patientiamque illam præstes, quam ab initio nostri coniugij promisisti." Iis auditis, nec uerbo mota, nec uultu. "Tu (inquit) noster es Dominus, & ego, & hæc parua filia tuæ sumus ; de rebus tuis igitur fac ut libet, nil placere enim tibi potest, quod mihi displiceat. Nil penitus uel habere cupio uel amittere metuo, nisi te, hoc ipso mihi in medio cordis affixum, nunquam inde uel lapsu temporis uel morte uellendum. Omnia prius fieri possunt, quam hic animus mutari." Lætus ille responso, sed dissimulans uisu moestus abscessit, & post paululum unum suorum satellitum fidissimum sibi, cuius opera grauioribus in negocijs uti consueuerat, quid agi uellet edoctum, ad uxorem misit, qui ad eam noctu ueniens, "Parce (inquit) ô domina, neque mihi imputes, quæ coactus facio. Scis sapientissima, quid est esse sub dominis, neque tali ingenio præditæ quamuis inexpertæ dura parendi necessitas est ignota : iussus sum hanc infantulam accipere ;" atque eam hic sermone abrupto, quasi crudele ministerium silentio ex-

primieramente la punse con parole, mostrandosi turbato e dicendo che i suoi uomini pessimamente si contentavano di lei per la sua bassa condizione, e specialmente poichè vedevano che ella portava figliuoli ; e della figliuola, che nata era, tristissimi, altro che mormorar non facevano. Le quali parole udendo la donna, senza mutar viso o buon proponimento in alcuno atto, disse : "signor mio, fa' di me quello che tu credi che più tuo onore e consolazion sia ; chè io sarò di tutto contenta, sì come colei che conosco che io sono da men di loro, e che io non era degna di questo onore al quale tu per tua cortesia mi recasti." Questa risposta fu molto cara a Gualtieri, conoscendo costei non essere in alcuna superbia levata per onor che egli o altri fatto l' avesse. Poco tempo appresso avendo con parole generali detto alla moglie che i suditi non potevan patir quella fanciulla di lei nata, informato un suo familiare, il mandò a lei, il quale con assai dolente viso le disse : "madonna, se io non voglio morire, a me conviene far quello che il mio signor mi comanda. Egli m'ha comandato che io prenda questa vostra figliuola e ch'io . . . , e non disse più. La donna udendo le parole, e

primens subticuit. Suspecta uiri fama, suspecta facies, suspecta hora, suspecta erat oratio, quibus etsi clarè occisum iri dulcem filiam intelligeret, nec lachrymulam tamen ullam nec suspirium dedit, in nutrice quidem, nedum in matre durissimum. Sed tranquilla fronte puellulam accipiens, aliquantulum respexit, & simul exosculans, benedixit, ac signum sanctæ crucis impressit, porrexitque satelliti: "vade (ait) quodque tibi Dominus noster iniunxit exequere. Vnum quæso, cura ne corpusculum hoc feræ lacerent, aut uolucres, ita tamen, nisi tibi contrarium sit præceptum." Reuersus ad Dominum, cum quid dictum, quidue responsum esset exposuisset, & ei filiam obtulisset, uehementer paterna animum pietas mouit; susceptum tamen rigorem propositi non inflexit, iussitque satelliti obuolutam pannis, cistæ iniectam, ac iumento impositam, quiete omni quanta posset diligentia Bononiam deferret, ad sororem suam, quæ illic Comiti de Panico nupta erat, eamque sibi traderet alendam materno studio, & charis moribus instruendam, tanta præterea occultandam cura, ut cuius filia esset, à nemine posset agnosci. Iuit ille illicò, & sollicitè quod impositum ei erat impleuit. Gualtherus interea, sæpe uultum coniugis ac uerba considerans, nullum unquam mutati animi perpendit indicium; par alacritas atque sedulitas, solitum obsequium, idem amor, nulla tristitia, nulla filiæ mentio, nunquam siue ex proposito siue incidenter nomen eius ex ore matris auditum. Transiuerant hoc in statu anni quatuor, dum ecce grauida iterum filium elegantissimum peperit, lætitiâ patris ingentem atque omnium amicorum. Quo nutrice ab urbe post biennium subducto, ad curiositatem solitam reuersus pater, uxorem rursus

She thinks he means to kill her child, but neither cries nor sighs.

She blesses it, bids the man obey his orders, but not let beasts or birds tear her little one's corpse.

Walter, on hearing this, is moved,

but tells his man to take the child to his sister, the Countess of Pavia, and charge her not to tell who the baby is.

Walter studies his wife's face and words, but finds her love still the same; she never names her child.

Four years go by, and she bears a son. Two years after, Walter

vedendo il viso del famigliare, e delle parole dette ricordandosi, comprese che a costui fosse imposto che egli l' uccidesse: per che prestamente presala della culla e basciata e benedettata, come che gran noia nel cuor sentisse, senza mutar viso in braccio la pose al famigliare, e dissegli; "te', fa' compiutamente quello che il tuo e mio signore t' ha imposto; ma non la lasciar per modo che le bestie e gli uccelli la diuorino, salvo se egli nol ti comandasse. Il famigliare presa la fanciulla, e fatto a Gualtieri sentire ciò che detto aveva la donna, maravigliandosi egli della sua constanzia, lui con essa ne mandò a Bologna ad una sua parente, pregandola che, senza mai dire cui figliuola si fosse, diligentemente allevasse e costumasse. Sopravvenne appresso, che la donna da capo ingravidò, e al tempo debito partorì un figliuol maschio, il che carissimo fu a Gualtieri. Ma, non bastandogli quello che fatto avea, con maggior puntura trafisse la donna, e con sembiante turbato un dì le

again tries his wife, tells her that his people murmur against Janicola's grandson ruling them,

and he must make away with her boy as he did with her girl.

'You are master of me and my children. Do as you will with your own.

If you want me to die, I willingly will. Death cannot conquer my love for you.'

Walter sends his servant again, who demands the boy.

Griseldis

blessees and kisses her baby, and gives him up, saying,

'Keep his tender

affatur: "& olim (ait) audisti *populum* meum *agrè* nostrum ferre *connubium*, *præsertim* ex quo te *fœcundam* cognouere. Nunquam tamen *egregiùs*, quam ex quo marem peperisti, dicunt enim & sæpè ad aures meas murmur hoc peruenit, obeunte igitur altero, Ianiculo nepos nostri dominabitur, & tam nobilis patria tali domino subiacebit. Multa quotidie in hanc sententiam iactantur in populis; quibus ego & quietis audus, & ut uerum fatear mihi metuens permoueor, ut de hoc infante disponam, quòd de sorore disposui. Id tibi prænuncio ne te inopinus & subitus dolor turbet." Ad hæc illa: "dixi (ait) & repeto, nihil possum seu uelle, seu nolle nisi *quæ* tu, neque uerò in ijs filijs *quicquam* habeo præter laborem; tu mei, & ipsorum dominus, tuis in rebus uire tuo utere, nec consensum meum quæras, in ipso enim tuæ domus introitu ut pannos, sic & uoluntates affectusque meos exui; tuos indui; quacunque ergo de re quicquid tu uis, ego etiam uolo: nempè quæ si futuræ tuæ uoluntatis essem præscia, ante etiam quicquid id esset, & uelle, & cupere inciperem, quam tu uelles; nunc animum tuum, quem præuenire non possum, libens sequor: fac sententiam tibi placere quòd moriar, uolens moriar, nec res ulla denique nec mors ipsa nostro fuerit par amori." Admirans fœminæ constantiam, turbato uultu abiit, confestimque satellitem olim missum ad eam remisit, qui multum excusata necessitate parendi, multumque petita uenia, siquid ei molestum aut fecisset aut faceret, quasi immane scelus acturus poposcit infantem. Illa eodem quo semper uultu, qualicunque animo filium forma corporis atque indole non matri tantum sed cunctis amabilem in manus cepit, signansque eum signo crucis, & benedicens ut filiam fecerat, & diuticulis oculis inhærens, atque deosculans, nullo penitus signo doloris edito, petenti obtulit. "Et tene (inquit); fac quid iussus es,

disse: "donna, poscia che tu questo figliuol maschio facesti, per niuna guisa con questi miei viver son potuto, sì duramente si rammariano che un nepote di Giannucolo dopo me debba rimaner lor signore: di che io mi dotto, se io non ci vorrò esser cacciato, che non mi conuenga far di quelle che io altra volta feci, e alla fine lasciar te e prendere un' altra moglie." La donna con paziente animo l' ascoltò, nè altro rispose se non: "signor mio, pensa di contentar te, e di soddisfare al piacer tuo; e di me non aver pensiero alcuno, perciocchè niuna cosa m'è cara se non quant' io la veggo a te piacere." Dopo non molti dì Gualtieri in quella medesima maniera che mandato avea per la figliuola mandò per lo figliuolo, e similmente, dimostrato d' averlo fatto

unum nunc etiam precor, ut si fieri potest, hos artus
 teneros infantis egregij protegas à uexatione uolucrum
 ac ferarum." Cum ijs mandatis reuersus ad Dominum,
 animum eius magis in stuporem egit, ut nisi eam nosset
 amantissimam filiorum, paulòminùs suspicari posset, hoc
 femineum robur quadam ab animi feritate procedere,
 sed cùm suorum omnium ualdè, nullus erat amantior
 quàm uiri. Iussus inde Bononiam proficisci, & illum
 tulit, quo sororem tulerat. Poterant rigidissimo coniugi
 hæc beneuolentiæ & fidei coniugalis experimenta
 sufficere: sed sunt, qui ubi semel inceperint non desi-
 nant, imò incumbant, hæreantque proposito. Defixis
 ergo in uxorem oculis, an ulla eius mutatio erga se fieret
 contemplabatur assidue, nec ullam penitùs inuenire
 poterat, nisi quod fidelior illi indies atque obsequentior
 fiebat, sic ut duorum non nisi unus animus uideretur,
 isque non communis amborum, sed uiri duntaxat unius,
 uxor enim per se nihil, uel uelle, ut dictum est, nihil
 nolle firmauerat. Cœperat sensim de Gualtero decolor
 fama crebrescere, quòd uidelicet effera & inhumana
 duritie, humilis pœnitentia ac pudore coniugii filios
 iussisset interfici, nam neque pueri comparebant, neque
 ubinam gentium essent ullus audierat; quo se ille uir
 alioquin clarus & suis charus multis infamem odiosum-
 que reddiderat. Neque idèò trux animus flectebatur,
 sed in suspecta severitate experiendique sua dura illa

limbs from bird
and beast.'

Walter wonders
at her goodness,

and her great
love for him.
Her boy is taken
to his aunt.

Walter can see
no change in
Griseidis, except
that she is more
true and kind
than ever.

Disgraceful
reports about
Walter spread,
that he has had
his children
killed.

uccidere, a nutricar nel mandò a Bologna, come la fanciulla aveva man-
 data. Della qual cosa la donna nè altre parole fece, che della fanciulla
 fatte avesse: di che Gualtieri si maravigliava forte, e seco stesso affer-
 mava niun' altra femmina questo poter fare, che ella faceva. E, se non
 fosse che carnalissima de' figliuoli, mentre gli piaceva, la vedea, lei
 avrebbe creduto ciò fare per più non curarsene, dove come savia lei farlo
 cognobbe. I sudditi suoi credendo che egli uccidere avesse fatti i figli-
 uoli, il biasinavan forte e reputavanlo crudele uomo, e alla donna avevan
 grandissima compassione. La quale con le donne, le quali con lei de'
 figliuoli così morti si condoleano, mai altro non disse se non che quello
 ne piaceva a lei, che a colui che generati gli avea. Ma, essendo più
 anni passati dopo la natività della fanciulla, parendo tempo a Gualtieri
 di fare l' ultima pruova della sofferenza di costei, con molti de' suoi
 disse che per niuna guisa più sofferir poteva d' aver per moglie Griseida,
 e che egli cognosceva che male e giovenilmente aveva fatto quando l'
 aveva presa, e perciò a suo poter voleva procacciar col papa che con
 lui dispensasse che un' altra donna prender potesse e lasciar Griseida, di
 che egli da assai buoni uomini fu molto ripreso. A che null' altro ri-
 spose se non che convenia che così fosse. La donna sentendo queste
 cose, e parendole dovere sperare di ritornare a casa del padre, e

Twelve years
after his
daughter's birth,
he sends to Rome
for a false bull,
and says it lets
him put away
Griseldis and
take another wife.

Griseldis hears
of this,

and waits
patiently for her
lord to decide.
He sends for his
children; and the
girl is set down as
his new bride.

The Count of
Pavia sets out
with the girl and
boy.

Walter says
publicly to
Griseldis,

'My people force
me to take
another wife.
She is on her
road here. Give
way to her. Take
back your dowry,
and go to your
old home.'

libidine procedebat. Itaque cùm iam ab ortu filiae duodecim annus elapsus esset, nuncios Romam misit, qui simulatas inde literas apostolicas referrent. Quibus in populo uulgaretur, datam sibi licentiam à Romano Pontifice, ut pro sua & suarum gentium quiete, primo matrimonio rejecto, aliam ducere posset uxorem: nec operosum sane fuit alpestribus rudibusque animis quidlibet persuadere. Quæ fama cùm ad Griseldis notitiam peruenisset, tristis ut puto, sed ut quæ semel de se suisque de sortibus statuisset, inconcussa constitit, expectans quid de se ille decerneret, cui se & sua cuncta subiecerat. Miserat iam ille Bononiam cognatum que rogauerat, ut ad se filios suos adduceret, fama undique diffusa uirginem illam sibi in coniugium adduci. Quod ille fideliter executurus, puellam iam nubilem, excellentem forma præclaròque conspicuum ornatu, germanumque suum simul annum iam septimum agentem, ducens cum eximia nobilium comitiua, statuto die iter arripuit. Hæc inter Gualterus solito, ut uxorem retentaret, ingenio, doloris ac pudoris ad cumulum, in publicum adductæ coram multis, "Satis (inquit) tuo coniugio delectabar, mores tuos non origine respiciens: nunc quoniam, ut uideo, magna omnis fortuna seruitus magna est, non mihi licet, quod cuilibet liceret agricolæ. Cogunt mei, & Papa consentit, uxorem me alteram habere, iamque uxor in uia est statimque aderit. Esto igitur forti animo, dansque locum alteri, & dotem tuam referens, in antiquam domum æqua mente reuertere. Nulla homini perpetua sors est." Contrà illa, "Ego (inquit) mi domine, semper sciui, inter magnitudinem

forse a guardar le pecore come altra volta aveva fatto, e vedere ad un' altra donna tener colui al quale ella voleva tutto il suo bene, forte in sè medesima si dolea; ma pur, come l' altre ingiurie della fortuna aveva sostenute, così con fermo viso si dispose a questa dover sostenere. Non dopo molto tempo Gualtieri fece venire sue lettere contraffatte da Roma, e fece veduto a' suoi sudditi il papa per quelle aver seco dispensato di poter torre altra moglie e lasciar Griselda. Per che, fattalasi venir dinanzi, in presenza di molti le disse: "donna, per concession fattami dal papa, io posso altra donna pigliare e lasciar te: e perciocchè i miei passati sono stati gran gentili uomini e signori di queste contrade, dove i tuoi stati son sempre lavoratori, io intendo che tu più mia moglie non sia, ma che tu a casa Giannucolo te ne torni con la dote che tu mi recasti, e io poi un' altra, che trovata d' ho convenevole a me, ce ne menerò." La donna udendo queste parole, non senza grandissima fatica, oltre alla natura delle femmine, ritenne le lagrime, e rispose: "signor mio, io conobbi sempre la mia bassa condizione alla

tuam & humilitatem meam nullam esse proportionem, meque nunquam tuo, non dicam coniugio, sed servitio dignam duxi, inque hac domo, in qua tu me dominam fecisti, Deum testor, animo semper ancilla permansi. De hoc igitur tempore, quo tecum multo cum honore longè supra omne meritum meum fui, Deo & tibi gratias ago; de reliquo, parata sum bono pacatoque animo paternam domum repetere, atque ubi pueritiam egi, senectutem agere & mori, felix semper atque honorabilis uidua, quæ uiri talis uxor fuerim. Nouæ coniugi uolens cedo, quæ tibi utinam felix adueniat, atque hinc ubi iucundissimè degebam, quando ita tibi placitum est, non inuita discedam: at quid iubes dotem meam mecum ut auferam, qualis sit uideo, neque enim excidit, ut paternæ olim domus in limine spoliata meis, tuis induta uestibus ad te ueni, neque omninò alia mihi dos fuit, quam fides & nuditas. Ecce igitur ut hanc uestem exuo, anulumque restituo, quo me subarasti, reliqui anuli & uestes & ornamenta quibus te donante ad inuidiam aucta eram, in thalamo tuo sunt: nuda ex domo patris egressa, nuda itidem reuertar, nisi quod indignum reor, ut hic uterus, in quo filij fuerunt quos tu genuisti, populo nudus appareat. Quamobrem si tibi placet, & non aliter, oro atque obsecro, ut in precium uirginitatis, quam huc attuli, quamque non refero, unicam mihi camisiā linqui iubeas, earum quibus tecum uti soleo, qua uentrem tuæ quondam uxoris opperiam.” Abundabant uiro lachrymæ, ut contineri amplius iam non possent, itaque faciem auertens, & “camisiā tibi unicam habeto,” uerbis trementibus uix expressit. Et sic abiit

‘I have been your servant, not your wife; a hand-maid here, and not a mistress. I thank you for the honour you’ve done me, and will go and die where I was bred, happy to have been your wife. To your new one I give place willingly.

As to my dowry,

It was but faith and nakedness. Here are your garments, jewels, and your ring. Naked I came, naked I will go; but the womb that bare your children, people should not see naked. For my maidenhood give me one shift, to cover your wife’s womb.’

Walter weeps and consents.

vostra nobiltà in alcun modo non convenirsi, e quello, che io stata son con voi, da voi e da Dio il riconoscea, nè mai come donatolmi mio il feci o tenni, ma sempre l’ebbi come prestatomi. Piacevi di rivolerlo, e a me dee piacere e piace di renderlovi. Ecco il vostro anello col quale voi mi sposaste, prendetelo. Comandatemi che io quella dote me ne porti che io ci recai: alla qual cosa fare, nè a voi pagatore nè a me borsa bisognerà nè somiere, perciocchè uscito di mente non m’è che ignuda m’aveste. E, se voi giudicate onesto che quel corpo, nel quale io ho portati figliuoli da voi generati, sia da tutti veduto, io me n’andrò ignuda; ma io vi priego in premio della mia virginità, che io ci recai e non ne la porto, che almeno una sola camicia sopra la dote mia vi piaccia che io portar ne possa.” Gualtieri, che maggior voglia di piagnere avea che d’altro, stando pur col viso duro, disse: “e tu una camicia ne porta.” Quanti dintorno v’erano il pregavano che egli una roba le donasse, chè non fosse veduta colei, che sua moglie tredici anni e più era stata, di casa sua così poveramente e così vituperosa-

Griseldis goes, in
her shift only,

silent amid the
crowd's laments,
to her father's
house.

He, who had
always thought
that Walter
would put her
away, had kept
her old gown,

and now put
it on her.
She stayed with
him some days,
showing no sign
of sadness,

when the Count
of Pavia's near
coming was
announced.

Walter sends for
Griseldis, tells
her he wants his
guests well
received and
placed, and that
he relies on her
to see everything
properly done.

illachrymans; illa coram cunctis sese exuens, solam sibi retinuit camisiam, qua contexta, nudo capite, pedibusque nudis, coram cunctis egreditur, atque ita prosequen-
tibus multis ac flentibus fortunamque culpantibus, siccis una oculis, & honesto ueneranda silentio, ad paternam domum remeavit. Senex qui has filiæ nuptias semper suspectas habuerat, neque unquam tantam spem mente ceperat, semperque hoc euenturum cogitauerat, ut satietate sponsæ tam humilis exorta, domo illam quan-
doque uir tantus & more nobilium superbus abijceret, tunicam eius hispidam, & attritam senio, abditam parvæ domus in parte seruauerat. Audito ergo non tam filiæ tacitæ redeuntis quàm comitum strepitu occurrit in limine, & seminudam antiqua ueste cooperuit. Mansit illa cum patre paucos dies, æquanimittate atque humanitate mirabili, ita ut nullum in ea signum animi tristoris, nullum vestigium fortunæ prosperioris extaret, quippè cum in medijs opibus inops semper spiritu vixisset atque humilis. Iam Panicus comes propinquabat, et de nouis nuptijs fama undique frequens erat, præmissoque uno ex suis, diem quo Salutias peruenturus esset acceperat. Pridie igitur Gualterus ad se Griseldam euocans, deuotissime uenienti: "Cupio (ait) ut puella cras hûc ad prandium uentura magnificè excipiat, uirique & matronæ qui secum sunt, simulque & nostri, qui conuiuio intererunt, ita ut locorum, uerborumque honor integer, singulis pro dignitate seruetur; domi tamen fœminas ad hoc opus idoneas non habeo, proinde tu, quamuis ueste inopi, hanc tibi quæ mores

samente uscire, come era uscirne in camicia. Ma in vano andarono i prieghi: di che la donna in camicia e scalza e senza alcuna cosa in capo, accomandatili a Dio, gli uscì di casa, e al padre se ne tornò con lagrime e con pianto di tutti coloro che la videro. Giannucolo (che creder non avea mai potuto questo esser vero, che Gualtieri la figliuola dovesse tener moglie, e ogni dì questo caso aspettando) guardati l'aveva i panni, che spogliati s'avea quella mattina che Gualtieri la sposò: per che recatiglielie, ed ella rivestitigliasi, a' piccioli servigi della paterna casa si diede, sì come far soleua, con forte animo sostenendo il fiero assalto della nimica fortuna. Come Gualtieri questo ebbe fatto, così fece veduto a' suoi, che presa avea una figliuola d'uno de' conti da Panago: e facendo fare l'appresto grande per le nozze, mandò per Griselda, che a lui venisse. Alla quale venuta, disse: "io meno questa donna, la quale io ho nuovamente tolta, e intendo in questa sua prima venuta d'onorarla; e tu sai che io non ho in casa donne che mi sappiano acconciare le camere nè fare molte cose che a così fatta festa si richieggiono; e perciò tu, che meglio che altra persona queste cose di

meos nosti, optimè suscipiendorum locandorumque
 hospitum curam sumes." "Non libenter modò (in-
 quit illa) sed cupide, & hæc & quæcunque tibi placita
 sensero faciam semper, neque in hoc unquam fatigabor
 aut lentescam dum spiritus huius reliquiæ uelle supere-
 runt;" & cum dicto, seruilia mox instrumenta corrip-
 iens, domum uerrere, mensas instruere, lectos sternere,
 hortariæ alias cœperat, ancillæ in modum fidelissimæ.
 Proximæ lucis hora tertia, Comes superuenerat, certa-
 timque omnes & puellæ & germani infantis mores ac
 pulchritudinem mirabantur. Erantque qui dicerent
 prudenter Gualtherum ac fœliciter permutasse, quod et
 sponsa hæc tenerior esset, & nobilior, & cognatus tam
 speciosus accederet. Sic feruente conuiuij apparatu,
 ubique præsens omniumque sollicita Griseldis, nec
 tanto casu deiecto animo nec obsoletæ uestis pudore
 confusa, sed sereno uultu intranti obuia puellæ, flexo
 poplite serulem in modum, uultuque demisso reuerenter

She says she'll
 do it, not only
 willingly, but
 eagerly.

She sets to work,
 arranges tables,
 strews beds, &c.

The Count
 arrives. All
 admire the girl
 and her brother.
 Some say
 Walter's made a
 good change.

Griseldis sees to
 everything,
 regardless of her
 old clothes,
 humbly welcomes

casa sai, metti in ordine quello che da far ci è, e quelle donne fa' invitare
 che ti pare, e riceuile come se donna qui fossi: poi, fatte le nozze, te ne
 potrai a casa tua tornare." Come che queste parole fossero tutte coltella
 al cuor di Griselda, come a colei che non aveva così potuto por giù l'
 amore che ella gli portava, come fatto avea la buona fortuna, rispose:
 "signor mio, io son presta e apparecchiata." Ed entratane co' suoi
 pannicelli romagnuoli e grossi in quella casa della qual poco avanti
 era uscita in camicia, cominciò a spazzar le camere e ordinarle, e a far
 porre capoletti e pancali per le sale, a fare apprestare la cucina,
 e ad ogni cosa, come se una piccola fanticella della casa fosse, porre le
 mani; nè mai ristette, che ella ebbe tutto acconcio e ordinato quanto
 si convenia. E appresso questo, fatto da parte di Gualtieri invitare
 tutte le donne della contrada, cominciò ad attendere la festa. E venuto
 il giorno delle nozze, come che i panni avesse poveri in dosso, con
 animo e con costume donnesco tutte le donne, che a quelle vennero, e
 con lieto viso ricevette. Gualtieri, il quale diligentemente avea i
 figliuoli fatti allevare in Bologna alla sua parente, che maritata era in
 casa de' conti da Panago (essendo già la fanciulla d'età di dodici anni,
 la più bella cosa che mai si vedesse, e il fanciullo era di sei) avea man-
 dato a Bologna al parente suo pregandolo che gli piacesse di dovere con
 questa sua figliuola e col figliuolo venire a Saluzzo, e ordinare di menare
 bella e orrevole compagnia con seco, e di dire a tutti che costei per sua
 moglie gli menasse, senza manifestare alcuna cosa ad alcuno chi ella
 si fosse altramenti. Il gentile uomo, fatto secondo che il marchese il
 pregava, entrato in cammino, dopo alquanti dì con la fanciulla e col
 fratello e con nobile compagnia in su l'ora del desinare giunse a
 Saluzzo, dove tutti i paesani e molti altri vicini dattorno trovò, che at-
 tendevan questa novella sposa di Gualtieri. La quale dalle donne

her new mistress,
and receives the
other guests so
courteously
that all wonder
at her dignity
and grace.

Walter asks her
what she thinks
of his new bride.

'None more
beautiful. May
you live happy
with her! But
do not pierce her
heart as you've
pierced another's.
She cannot suffer
like me.'

Walter can bear
it no longer:
'I have tried you
enough, my
Griseldis!'

atque humiliter, "Benè uenerit domina mea," inquit. Dehinc cæteros dum conuiuas læta facie & uerborum mira suauitate susciperet, & immensam domum multa arte disponderet, ita ut omnes & præsertim aduenæ unde ea maiestas morum atque ea prudentia sub tali habitu, uehementissime mirarentur, atque ipsa in primis puellæ pariter atque infantis laudibus satiari nullo modò posset, sed uicissim modò uirgineam, modo infantilem elegantiam prædicaret. Gualtherus eo ipso in tempore, quo assidendum mensis erat, in eam uersus, clara uoce coram omnibus, quasi illudens, "Quid tibi uidetur (inquit) Griseldis de hac mea sponsa? Satis pulchra atque honesta est?" "Plane (ait illa) nec pulchrior ulla, nec honestior inueniri potest, aut cum nulla unquam, aut cum hac tranquillam agere poteris, ac felicem uitam; utque ita sit cupio, & spero: unum bona fide te precor ac moneo, ne hanc illis aculeis agites, quibus alteram agitasti. Nam quod & iunior & delicatius enutrita est, pati quantum ego auguror non ualeret." Talia dicentis alacritatem intuens, atque constantiam totiens tamque acriter offensæ mulieris examinans, & indignam sortem non sic meritæ miseratus, ac ferre diutius non ualens, "Satis (inquit), mea Griseldis, cogitata &

ricevuta, e nella sala, dove erano messe le tavole, venuta, Griselda così, come era, le si fece lietamente incontro dicendo: "ben venga la mia donna." Le donne (che molto avevano, ma invano, pregato Gualtieri che e' facesse che la Griselda si stesse in una camera, o che egli alcuna delle robe che sue erano state le prestasse, acciocchè così non andasse davanti a' suoi forestieri) furon messe a tavola e cominciate a servire. La fanciulla era guardata da ogni uomo, e ciascun diceva che Gualtieri aveva fatto buon cambio: ma intra gli altri Griselda la lodava molto, e lei e il suo fratellino. Gualtieri, al qual pareva pienamente aver veduto quantunque desiderava della pazienza della sua donna, veggendo che di niente la novità delle cose la cambiava, ed essendo certo ciò per mentecattaggine non avvenire, perciocchè savia molto la conosceva, gli parve tempo di doverla trarre dell' amaritudine la quale estimava che ella sotto il forte viso nascosa tenesse. Per che, fattalasi venire in presenza d' ogni uomo, sorridendo le disse: "che ti par della nostra sposa?" "signor mio," rispose Griselda, "a me ne par molto bene, e, se così è savia come ella è bella, che 'l credo, io non dubito punto che voi non dobbiate con lei vivere il più consolato signor del mondo: ma quanto posso vi priego, che quelle punture, le quali all' altra, che vostra fu, già deste, non diate a questa: chè appena che io creda che ella le potesse sostenere, sì perchè più giovane è, e sì ancora perchè in dilicatezze è allevata, ove colei in continue fatiche da piccolina era stata." Gualtieri veggendo che ella fermamente credeva costei dovere esser sua

spectata mihi fides est tua, nec sub cœlo aliquem esse
 puto, qui tanta coniugalis amoris experimenta per-
 ceperit." Simul hæc dicens, charam coniugem læto
 stupore perfusam & uelut è somno turbido expectantem,
 cupidis ulnis amplectitur, "& tu (ait) sola uxor mea es,
 aliam nec habui, nec habebo; istam autem quam tu
 sponsam meam reris, filia tua est; hic qui cognatus
 meus credebatur, tuus est filius; quæ diuisim perdita
 uidebantur, simul omnia recepisti. Sciant qui con-
 trarium credidère me curiosum atque experientem esse,
 non impium, probasse coniugem, non damnasse, occul-
 tasse filios, non mactasse." Hæc illa audiens pene
 gaudio exanimis & pietate amens iucundissimis que
 cum lachrymis, suorum pignorum in amplexus ruit,
 fatigatque osculis, pioque gemitu madefacit; raptimque
 matronæ alacres ac fauentes circum fuse, uilibus
 exutam suis, solitis uestibus induunt exornantque,
 plaususque lætissimus & fausta omnium uerba circum-
 sonant, multoque cum gaudio & fletu ille dies celebra-
 rimus fuit, celebrior quoque quam dies fuerat nuptiarum.

He embraces her,
 and says, 'You
 alone are my
 wife; no other
 will I have. Here
 is your daughter;
 there your son.

I have but tried
 my wife, not
 condemned her;
 hidden my
 children, not
 killed them.'
 Griseldis rushes
 into her children's
 arms, and
 smothers them
 with kisses.

She is dressed
 anew,
 and all is joy.

moglie, ne perciò in alcuna cosa men che ben parlava, la si fece sedere
 allato, e disse: "Griselda tempo è onai che tu senta frutto della tua
 lunga pazienza, e che coloro, li quali me hanno reputato crudele e
 iniquo e bestiale, conoscano che ciò, che io faceva, ad antiveduto fine
 operava, volgiendo a te insegnar d'esser moglie, e a loro di saperla
 torre e tenere, e a me partorire perpetua quiete mentre teco a vivere
 avessi: il che quando venni a prender moglie gran paura ebbi che non
 m' intervenisse: e perciò, per prova pigliarne, in quanti modi tu sai, ti
 punsi e trafissi. E perocchè io mai non mi sono accorto che in parola
 nè in fatto dal mio piacer partita ti sii, parendo a me aver di te quella
 consolazione che io desiderava, intendo di rendere a te ad una ora ciò
 che io tra molte ti tolsi, e con somma dolcezza le punture ristorare che
 io ti diedi. E perciò con lieto animo prendi questa, che tu mia sposa
 credi, e il suo fratello per tuoi e miei figliuoli. Essi sono quegli li
 quali tu e molti altri lungamente stimato avete che io crudelmente
 uccider facessi, e io sono il tuo marito, il quale sopra ogni altra cosa t'
 amo, credendomi poter dar vanto che niuno altro sia che, sì com' io, si
 possa di sua moglier contentare." E così detto, l'abbracciò e basciò,
 e con lei insieme, la qual d' allegrezza piagnea, levatisi n' andarono là
 dove la figliuola tutta stupefatta queste cose sentendo sedea: e abbrac-
 ciatala teneramente, e il fratello altresì, lei e molti altri, che quivi
 erano, sgannarono. Le donne lietissime levate dalle tavole, con
 Griselda n' andarono in camera, e con migliore agurio, trattile i suoi
 pannicelli, d' una nobile roba delle sue la rivestirono, e come donna, la
 quale ella eziandio negli stracci pareva, nella sala la rimenarono. E
 quivi fattasi co' figliuoli maravigliosa festa, essendo ogni uomo lietissi-

She and Walter
live long.
Her father is
honoured in the
palace; her
daughter nobly
married; and her
son succeeds his
father.

I have retold this
tale, not to put
before our ma-
trons an inimit-
able example of
patience, but to
excite all readers
to constancy and
firmness under
trial.

It is out of affec-
tion for you that
in my old age I
have written
what I scarcely
should have writ-
ten in my youth.

A common friend,

Multosque post per annos ingenti pace concordiaque
uixere, & Gualtherus inopem socerum, quem hactenus
neglexisse uisus erat, ne quando conceptæ animo
obstaret experientiæ, suam in domum translatum in
honore habuit, filiam suam magnificis atque honestis
nuptijs collocauit, filiumque sui domini successorem
liquit, & coniugio lætus & sobole.

Hanc historiam stylo nunc alio retexere uisum fuit,
non tam ideò, ut matronas nostri temporis ad imitan-
dam huius uxoris patientiam, quæ mihi uix imitabilis
uidetur, quam ut legentes ad imitandam saltem fœminæ
constantiam excitarem, ut quod hæc uiro suo præstitit,
hoc præstare Deo nostro audeant, qui licet (ut Jacobus
ait Apostolus) intentator sit malorum, & ipse neminem
tentet. Probat tamen & sæpe nos, multis ac grauibus
flagellis exerceri sinit, non ut animum nostrum sciât,
quem sciuit antequam crearemur, sed ut nobis nostra
fragilitas notis ac domesticis indicijs innotescat; abundè
ergo constantibus uiris asscripserim, quisquis is fuerit,
qui pro Deo suo sine murmure patiat, quod pro suo
mortali coniuge rusticana hæc mulierecula passa est.

Vrsit amor tui, ut scriberem senex, quod iuuenis
uix scripsissem, nescio an res ueras, an fictas, quæ iam
non historiæ, sed fabellæ sunt, ob hoc unum, quod res
tuæ, & à te scriptæ erant, quamuis hoc præuidens, fidem
rerum penes auctorem, hoc est, penes te fore sim præ-
fatus: & dicam tibi, quid de hac historia, quam fabu-
lam dixisse malim, mihi contigerit. Legit eam primum
communis amicus Patauinus uir altissimi ingenij, multi-

mo di questa cosa, il sollazzo e 'l festeggiare moltiplicarono e in più
giorni tirarono, e savissimo reputaron Gualtieri, come che troppo repu-
tassero agre e intollerabili l' esperienze prese della sua donna; e sopra
tutti savissima tenner Griselda. Il conte da Panago si tornò dopo al-
quanti dì a Bologna, e Gualtieri, tolto Giannucolo dal suo lavorio, come
suocero il pose in istato, sì che egli onoratamente e con gran consola-
zione visse e finì la sua vecchiezza. Ed egli appresso maritata alta-
mente la sua figliuola, con Griselda, onorandola sempre quanto più si
potea, lungamente e consolato visse. Che si potrà dir qui, se non che
anche nelle povere case piovono dal cielo de' divini spiriti, come nelle
reali di quegli che sarien più degni di guardar porci, che d' avere sopra
uomini signoria? Chi avrebbe, altri che Griselda, potuto col viso non
solamente asciutto ma lieto sofferire le rigide e mai più non udite
pruove da Gualtier fatte? Al quale non sarebbe forse stato male in-
vestito d' essersi abbattuto ad una che, quando fuor di casa l' avesse in
camicia cacciata, s' avesse sì ad un altro fatto scuotere il pelliccione,
che riuscita ne fosse una bella roba.

plicisque notitiæ, & cum epistolæ medium uix transisset, subito fletu præuentus substitit: post modicum uerò cum in manus eam resumpsisset, firmato animo perlecturus, ecce iterum, quasi ad condictum rediens, lecturam gemitus interruptit. Fassus itaque se non posse prodesse, eam uni suorum comitum docto satis uiro legendam tradidit. Quod accidens quorsum alij traherent incertum habeo, ego in optimam partem traxi, mitissimumque uiri animum intellexi; uerè enim homo humanior, quem ego quidem nouerim nullus est. Redijt illo flente, ac legente ad memoriam Satyricum illud:

—mollissima corda

Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit; hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

Post tempus amicus alter noster Veronensis, sunt enim nobis ut reliqua, sic amici etiam communes, audito quid alteri inter legendum accidisset, eandem legere optauit. Gessi morem ingenioso, & amico uiro, legit eam totam, nec alicubi substitit, nec frons obductior, nec uox frac-tior, nec lachrymæ, nec singultus interuenere, & in finem, “Ego etiani (inquit) flessem. Nam et piæ res, & uerba rebus accommodata fletum suadebant, nec ego duri cordis sum, nisi quod ficta omnia credidi, & credo. Nam si uera essent, quæ usquam mulier, uel Romana, uel cuiuslibet gentis hanc Griseldim æquatura sit: ubi quæso tantus amor coniugalis? ubi par fides? ubi tam insignis patientia atque constantia?” Iis tunc ego nil respondi, ne rem à iocis amicique colloquij festa dulcedine ad acrimoniam disceptationis adducerem: erat autem prona responsio: esse nonnullos, qui quæcunque difficilia eis sint, impossibilia omnia arbitrentur, sic mensura sua omnia metientes, ut se omnium primos locent, cum tamen multa fuerint fortè & sint, quibus essent facilia quæ uulgò impossibilia uiderentur. Quis est enim exempli gratia, qui non Curium ex nostris, & Mutium, & Decios: Ex externis autem Codrum, & Philenes fratres, uel quoniam de fœminis sermo erat, quis uel Portiam, uel Hipsicrateam, uel Alcestim & harum similes non fabulas fictas putet? Atqui historia ueræ sunt. Et sanè, qui pro alio uitam spernit, quod non spernere, quid non pati possit non intelligo. Cæterum & illam, & alteram duas magnas epistolas ad te non peruenisse nunc sentio: sed quid faciam? Patioportet, indignari licet, non ulcisci. Apparuit ecce per Cisalpinam Galliam tædiosissimum hoc hominum genus, custodes passuum, imò pestis nunciorum, qui literas

a Paduan, a man of great ability and various learning, read it; but weeping broke down at the middle. He tried again, but could not get on; and had to give it to one of his retainers to read.

Another friend of Verona read it on to end unmoved.

‘I too,’ he said, ‘should have wept, only I believed and believe it is all fiction. For whenever could there be a Griselda?’

I did not then reply, but I had an answer ready: That some men judge what is possible by their own capacities. Have we not had Curius, Mutius, the Decii? And others, Codrus, Porcia, Alceste, who belong truly to history?

But I now see that that [?] letter and another have not reached you.

This is through

those accursed
fellows who will
read all open
letters,

and sometimes
keep them.

Such meddling
often stops my
writing alto-
gether.

Moreover, I grow
old and weary.

And so now I say
to you, and all
my correspond-
ents, good-bye.

I once promised
I would write
shortly; but be-
tween friends
silence is easier
than brevity.

Adieu, my
friends; adieu,
letter-writing.

apertas introspeciant & morosissimè contemplentur, quod dominorum forsàn iussus [sic] excusat, qui sibi omnium conscij, trepida ac superba uita, de se & contra se omnia dici putant, atque omnia nosse uolunt. Illud nihil excusat; quod si quid in literis ipsis inueniunt, quod aures asininas mulceat, solebant quidam in transcribendo tempus terere, & nuncios detinere, nunc crescente licentia, ut digitis suis parcant, abire illos iubent sine literis, quodque grauissimum tædij genus est, hic illi maxime faciunt, qui nihil intelligunt: Similes ijs, quorum ampla & præceps gula est, & lenta digestio, qui malæ uoletudini proximi sint oportet. Importunitatum talium nemo me stomachantior, nullus impatentior, ita ut sæpe me à scribendo diuerterit, sæpe quo scripserim dolore coëgerit, quando contra hos prædones literarum nulla uindictæ alterius patet occasio, turbatis omnibus, et Reipublicæ libertate pessundata. Sanè huic tædio accedit ætas, & lassitudo rerum penè omnium, scribendique non satietas modò, sed fastidium, quibus iunctis inducor, ut tibi amice, & omnibus quibus scribere soleo, quod ad hunc epistolarem stylum attinet ultimum, vale dicam, tàm ne usque in finem me, quod diutiùs iam fecerunt, à meliori studio scripturæ fragiliores impedian, quàm ne ad horum nebulonum manus ineptissimas scripta nostra perueniant, quorum sic saltem ab iniurijs tutus ero, si quando uel tecum uel cum alijs scripto opus sit, sic scribam ut intelligar, non delecter. Promiseram memini in quadam ordinis huius epistola, me deinceps in epistolis breuius scripturum, decliui iam temporis urgente penuria, promissum implere non ualui, multoque facilius, ut intelligi datur, silentium cum amicis est, quam breuiloquium; tantus est, ubi semel incepimus, ardor colloquendi, ut faciliùs fuerit, non cœpisse, quàm frenare impetum cœpti sermonis. Sed promissum, nonne sat promissum implet, qui plus præstat? Eram credo, dum promitterem, oblitus Catonis illud apud Ciceronem latè notum: Quod natura ipsa loquacior est senectus. Valetè amici, ualete epistolæ, inter colles Euganeos .6. Idus Junias M CCC LXXIII.

MR J. W. HALES'S NOTE ON CHAUCER'S *CLERK'S TALE*.

CHAUCER has followed Petrarch's version very closely throughout his poem, noticeably in his treatment of Wautier, and in the comment towards the end :

This story is sayd, not for that wyves scholde, &c.

Petrarch's version, though mainly founded on that of Boccaccio, as he expressly states, differs from that 'Novel' in several important ways

For the mere form the 'novel' is certainly to be preferred. Petrarch's Latinity is by no means faultless. Sometimes it is marred by grave solecisms; seldom, or never, does it attain any complete fluency and grace. He is not, nor was it in the nature of things that he should be, absolute master of an instrument that was, in fact, foreign to his hands. He was not to that manner born. His own conceptions of his Latin skill were a delusion. Would that he had had the wisdom of David, who declined moving to battle in arms he had not proved! A translation of the old story that stirred him so deeply—"quæ ita mihi placuit meque detinuit ut inter tot curas quæ pene mei ipsius immemorem facem illam memoriæ mandare voluerim ut et ipse eam animo quotiens vellem, non sine voluntate repeterem et amicis ut sit confabulantibus renarrem, si quando tale accidisset"—if given metrically in his mother tongue, could scarcely have failed to have added glory to his own renown, and to that of the literature of which he was, and is, so brilliant an ornament. But even through the not immaculate medium of Early Renaissance Latin the exquisite beauty of the old story shines out with a piercing effulgence, just, indeed, as the fairness of the heroine herself, when we first see her, could not be hid for all the mean cottage in which she lived obscurely with her father, and the sordid dress that marked and befitted her humble rank. And certainly it was from that version that Chaucer formed his rendering, whether or not he had previously been attracted to the tale by any *vivâ voce* recital of it heard in some personal interview with Petrarch.

For the spirit, Petrarch seems to have entered more profoundly into the proper motive of the tale than did Boccaccio. Boccaccio grows

somewhat impatient and angry with Gualtieri, even as Ellis, in a misapprehending contrast he draws between *Griselda* and the *Nut Brown Maid*. Probably Chaucer, too, when maturer, would not have tolerated him; but Chaucer, when he wrote the *Clerkes Tale*, had not yet acquired that breadth and comprehension of view—that wide and catholic survey—that habit of independent realization, which characterize his more perfect works; he still wrote with the subservience of the disciple rather than with the authority of the master; he took what food the gods provided, or seemed to provide, and aimed at an obeisant and faithful reproduction. Petrarch retold the story in the medieval spirit in which he had originally found it; for the *Decameron* revived it in his mind, not first made it known; when the *Decameron* reached him, he bethought him how ‘mihi semper ante multos annos audita placuisset.’ And in that same spirit Chaucer accepted, and echoed it. Now it is the characteristic of the unsophisticated medieval litterateur that he deals with one idea at a time. It would often lead to a highly injurious conclusion to attach at all equal moral importance, or rather any moral importance, to the subordinate parts of what he sets forth. The central lesson is kept well in view; the others must look to themselves. The principal figure is brought into relief with enthusiasm; on the mere surroundings and background little or no care is spent. Thus many of the stories the Knight of the Tour Landry tells his daughters are sound enough at the core; but as wholes are anything but edifying—are not only not moral, but immoral and contra-moral. The mind of the hearer, as of the reciter, is supposed to be fixed on the main notion, and so incapable of seduction by any lateral matters of a less exemplary sort. So, when the Trouvère sang of Friendship in *Eger & Grime*, he did not, when concentrated on that noble theme, deem it his concern to see that other virtues were not violated, provided that one was honoured and glorified. And so in the story of *Griselda*, if we would read it in the spirit of the day when it became current, we should not vex ourselves into any righteous indignation against the immediate author of her most touching distresses. The old story does not make the Marquis a monster in human shape; indeed it represents him as a man of a noble and loveable nature; if he is not so, then even in the end *Griselda* reaps no earthly reward in permanently securing his admiration and love. And yet this Marquis perpetrates inexpressible cruelties; he is a very wolf, ruthlessly teasing and tearing the gentlest of lambs. The explanation is in accordance with what has just been said; the patience of *Griselda* is the one theme of the tale, and nothing else is to be regarded. In relation to her the Marquis has no moral being; he is a mere means of showing forth her supreme excellence; a mere mechanical expedient. He is no more morally than a thorn in the saint's footpath, or a wheel, or a cross. Surely it is vain to be wroth with him who rages against the mere fire that enfolds the Martyr, or the nails that pierce the hands of a crucified Believer? Indeed, nothing in the tale is of any ethical moment but

revised.
pt. 7. 1012

the carriage of the heroine herself. The eyes and the heart of the old century when she first appeared were fastened devoutly on that single form, and let all else go by. She is wifely obedience itself, nothing else. Before that virtue all other virtues bow. It enjoys a complete monopoly, an absolute sway. Other moral life is suspended in this representation of it. She has but one function; for her there is but one sin possible, and that is to murmur. She is all meekness, all yielding, all resignation.

Such a figure has comparatively few charms for us of these latter days. But it pleased the world once—even down to Shakespeare's time, who himself portrayed it in one of his earliest plays: Catherine in the *Taming of the Shrew* is a phase of Griselda. Perhaps in ages when much most ignorant abuse of women prevailed in literature—abuse springing mainly out of the vile prejudices and superstitions of the medieval Church—some such figure might have been expected to arise. It is the figure of a reaction. The hearts of men refused to accept the dishonouring pictures so often drawn of their fellow mortals. They rose in a loyal insurrection against lying fables of essential wantonness and of shameful obstinacy. To such chivalrous rebels the pale, sad, constant face of Griselda showed itself as the image of far other experiences and histories; and they gazed on it as on the face of their Saint. With an infinite reverence they saw her still calm and quiet in the midst of anguishes, with heart breaking, but lips uttering no ill word, with eyes that through the tears with which kindly nature of herself would relieve the terrible draught of sorrow still looked nothing but inalienable tenderness and love.

In Prof. Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. iv., may be found the ballad of *Patient Grissel*. (Prof. Child is certainly wrong in saying that Boccaccio derived the incidents from Petrarch.) This ballad is the work of Thomas Deloney, a mere day-labourer in verse-making of Queen Elizabeth's time, and is worthy of its author. A play on this subject, written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, has been printed by the Shakespeare Society. Another play of earlier date is lost; as also probably an older ballad than that by Deloney.

With the incidents in the third temptation of Griselda, when she 'waits' at the new wedding of her husband, and at last finds that the supposed bride is her own daughter, should be compared the old ballad of *Fair Annie*. There, too, the heroine performs a like service, not without much weeping, for a fair lady who has come from over the sea to wed the Fair Annie's lover. At last it is found that this new comer is the Fair Annie's sister, who nobly refuses to marry at her expense; and so all is made well. See *Lord Thomas and Fair Annie* in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; see also Herd's, Motherwell's, and Chambers' Collections. Scott points out that 'the tale is much the same with the Breton romance called *Lay le Fraîn*, or the Song of the

Ash.' He also states that 'a ballad agreeing in every respect with that which follows exists in the Danish Collection of ancient songs entitled *Kæmpe Viser*. It is called *Skæn Anna*, i. e. Fair Annie, and has been translated literally by my learned friend, Mr Robert Jamieson. See his *Popular Ballads*, Edin., 1806, vol. ii., p. 100.' See *Lai le Fraine*, 305, and Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i. See a translation of the Danish ballad in Prior's *Ancient Danish Ballads*, iii. 298—306, and Appendix H in that volume.

J. W. HALES.

11.

Five Versions of a Pear-tree Story

like that in

Chaucer's Merchant's Tale,

from

1. Adolphus's Latin, 1315 A.D.
2. The Appendix to Esop's Fables, ab. 1480 A.D.
3. Caxton's English, translated 1483 A.D.
4. Comædia Hydix.
5. Boccaccio's Decameron.

Tyrwhitt says, "The scene of the Merchant's Tale is laid in Italy, but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of *the Pear-tree* I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in Elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315¹." Tyrwhitt printed this Pear-tree fable, all except 9 lines; and Mr Thomas Wright printed the whole² in his *Latin Stories* for the Percy Society: with a prose version from the Appendix to *Æsop's Fables*, printed in 1480 A.D. Both are reprinted here, for convenience of reference, with the English fable next mentioned by Tyrwhitt: "The same story is inserted among *The Fables of Alphonse* printed by Caxton in English, with those of *Æsop, Avian, and Pogge*, without date; but I do not find it in the original Latin of Alphonsus, MS. Reg. 10 B xii, or in any of the French translations of his work that I have examined." (It is nearly the same as the *Æsop-Appendix* fable.)

M. Edélestand du Méril says that the story is without doubt of Eastern origin,—see his note on page 183,—and M. Sandras (*Etude*, p. 243) states that M. Victor Le Clerc pointed out in the 'Histoire littéraire de la France', vol. xxii. p. 62, the *Comœdia Lydiæ* as the common original that Boccaccio and Chaucer may have followed. But of course the fable existed separately before it was worked-up in the *Comœdia*, and was more likely to have been adapted by Chaucer and Boccaccio from its separate form.

¹ Of Adolphus himself we seem to have no other information than that furnished by the poem. He states that he composed it in 1315, and he dedicates it to Ulrich, then a celebrated professor in the University of Vienna in Austria. T. Wright's Pref. to *Latin Stories*, p. xii.

² The second among the fables of Adolph.

1. The Blind Man and his Fair Wife.

[*Adolphi Fabulæ, in Polycarpi Leyseri Historia Poetarum et Poematum Medii Ævi decem. Halæ Magdelburgiæ, 1721, p. 2008.*]

FABULA I.

- Cœcus erat quidam, cui pulcra virago. Reseruans
 Hanc puro pure, ne lu[d]at hæc alias. 20
 In curtis viridi resident hi cespite quadam
 Luce. Petit mulier robur adire pyri.
 Vir fauet, amplexens mox robur ubique lacertis,
 Arbor adunca fuit, qua latuit iuuenis. 24
 Amplexatur eam, dans basia dulcia. Terram
 Incepit colere, vomere cum proprio.
 Audit vir strepitum. Nam crebro carentia sensus
 Vnius, in reliquo, nosco, vigere solet. 28
 Heu miser! clamat: "Te lædit adulter ibidem!
 Conqueror hoc illi qui dedit esse mihi."
 Tunc Deus omnipotens, qui condidit omnia verbo,
 Qui sua membra probat, vasc'la velut figulus, 32
 Restituens aciem misero. Tonat illico; "Fallax
 Femina! cur tanta fraude nocere cupis?
 Heu, mihi, quam fraude mulier mala varia sordet.
 Integra iura thori non tenet illa viro:
 Alterius segetes semper putat vberiores. 36
 Yo confinis vbera magna tenet.
 Alterius thalamo mala credit inesse sapinum,
 Quamvis sit spado, nil valeatque thoro." 40
 Percipit illa virum. Vultu respondet alacri:
 "Magna dedi medicis; non tibi cura fuit.
 Ast, ubi lustra sua satis uda petebat Apollo,
 Candida splendescens Cynthia luce mera, 44
 Tunc sopor irrepsit mea languida corpora: quædam
 Astitit. Insonuit auribus illa meis:
 'Ludere cum iuvene studeas in roboris alto.
 Prisca viro dabitur lux cito, crede mihi.'
 Quod feci. Dominus ideo tibi munera lucis
 Contulit: ideirco munera redde mihi." 48
 Addidit ille fidem mulieri, de prece cujus
 Se sanum credit. Mittit & omne nefas. 52
 Esse solet nullum peius muliere venenum.
 Excolit hanc, adamat vir, [arat?] alter eam. 54
- A blind man's
 pretty wife asks
 him to go to a
 Pear-tree. She
 climbs up to a
 young man there,
 who ploughs her.
- The blind man
 hears the noise,
 and scolds his
 wife.
- God gives him his
 sight again.
- He reproaches his
 wife bitterly.
- She says she
 spent much on
 doctors for him
 in vain;
 then in sleep she
 was bidden to
 play with a youth
 up a tree, and her
 husband would
 be cured.
- This she did, and
 he is whole.
 He thanks her.

2.

[*Wright's Latin Stories* (Percy Society, 1842), p. 78,
'from the Appendix to the Latin editions of *Æsop's*
Fables printed in the 15th century,' *Wright*, p. 234.]

XCI. DE CÆCO ET EJUS UXORE.

A blind man sits
with his pretty
wife
one day
near a pear-tree.

She climbs up to
get some pears;

and a young man
up there before
her, embraces
her.

When they are
at work, the
blind man hears
the noise,

reproaches his
wife,

and asks Jove to
give him sight.

Jove does so; and
the man de-
nounces his wife
again.

But she at once
invents a lie, and
says she thanks
the Gods for
hearing her
prayers.

In answer to
them,

Mercury, by
Jove's command,
bade her copulate
on a pear-tree,
and then her
husband would
get back his
sight.
So he ought to
thank her for it.
He believes this,
and makes her
presents.

Cæcus erat quidam uxorem habens perornatam, qui cum cruciatu mentis castitatem suæ uxoris observabat, zelotypus namque fuerat. Accidit autem die quodam ut in horto sederent amœni, prope arborem pirum; uxori vero volenti arborem ascendere ut pira legeret, cæcus assensit, ne tamen quis alter vir ipsam accederet brachiis suis stipitem arboris amplectitur. Erat autem jabor ramosa, in qua, priusquam uxor ascenderet, iuvenis quidam se absconderet, mulieris expectans adventum. Conveniunt itaque læti, amplexantur se, figunt basia, ac Veneris vomere terra colitur hirsuta umbrosunumque nemus. Cumque juvenis in opere fortis ageret ut potuit, mulier vero vim inferenti vices referret, audit cæcus strepitus amborum, et dolens exclamat, "O mulier iniquissima! licet visu caream, auditus tamen et discursus in me sunt intensiores, ut sentiam tibi astare adulterum. Conquero igitur hoc nephandissimum scelus Jovi summo deo, qui gaudium tristium corda potest afficere, et lumen cæcis restituere." His dictis simul cæco reddita lux est, et suspiciens in arborem, adulterum vidit, exclamatque subito, "O mulier falsissima! cur has mihi cudis fraudes, cum te bonam castamque crediderim? Væ mihi! quia lætum diem tecum amplius non pervixero!" Mulier vero audiens maritum ipsam increpantem, licet primo parumper territa, alacri tamen vultu, cito fraude inventa, respondit marito, et exclamans, ait, "Gratias ago diis deabusque omnibus, qui preces meas exaudierunt, et visum restituerunt marito meo charissimo! nam, conjunx dilecte, scias te videre ex opera et precibus meis. Cum enim usque huc multa in vanum expenderem physicis, orationibus institi deorum ut salvum to facerent, ac visum tibi restituerent. Tandem deus Mercurius, Jovis supremi jussu, mihi in somno apparuit, dicens, 'Si ascendas in aborem pirum, et Veneris ludum cum juvene perficias, marito tuo lux pristina restituetur.' Quod ego nunc perfeci ut te sanarem. Munera ergo mihi debes ob tale meritum, cum tibi visum jam restituerim." Cæcus uxoris dolo et fraudibus fidem adhibuit, ac nephas omne remisit, et muneribus ipsam reconciliat, quasi corruptam inique et involuntarie.

3. A Fable of a blynd Man and his Wyf.

[From "The book of the subtil hystories and Fables of Esope,¹ which were translated out of Frensshe in to Englysshe by wylliam Caxton at westmynstre. In the yere of oure Lorde M.CCCC.lxxxij," leaf cxxxij.]

The xii fable is of a blynd² man and of his wyf

There was somtyme a blynd man whiche had a fayre wyf / of the whiche he was moche Ialous / He kepte her so that she myght not goo no wher / For euer he had her by the hand / And after that she was enamoured of a gentil felawe / they coude not fynde the maner ne no place for to fulfyll theyr wyll / but notwithstanding the woman whiche was subtile and Ingenyous counceylled to her frende that he shold come in to her hows / and that he shold entre in to the gardyn and that there he shold clymme vpon a pere tree / And he did as she told hym / and when they had made theyr enterpryse / the woman came ageyne in to the hows / and sayd to her husband / My frend I praye yow that ye wylle go in to our gardyn for to disporte vs a lytel whyle there / of the whiche prayer the blynd man was wel content / and sayd to his wyf / wel my good frend I will wel / lete vs go thyder / And as they were vnder the pere tree / she sayd to her husband / My frende I praye the to lete me goo vpon the pere tre / And I shalle gader for vs bothe some fayre peres / Wel my frend sayd the blynd man / I wylle wel & graunt therto / And when she was vpon the tree / the yong man begann to shake the pere tree at one syde / and the yonge woman at the other syde / And as the blynd man herd thus hard shake the pere tree / and the noyse whiche they made / he sayde to

A jealous blind man has a fair wife.

She loves another man,

and tells him to climb up a pear-tree in her garden.

Then she asks her husband to walk in the garden.

They do, and she gets up the pear-tree to pick some pears.

The wife and her lover make the tree shake.

¹ The fables of Avian begin on leaf cvi; those of Alfonse on cxx, back; those of Poge the Florentyn on leaf cxxxiii.

² Caxton's final d here is always ð.

The blind
husband abuses
her, and prays for
sight.

Jupiter gives it
him, and he sees
his wife swived.

But she tells him
she's done it to
get him his sight.

Venus promist it
her if she'd please
her young man.
This she has
done, and her
husband sees.
He believes and
thinks her.

them / Ha a euylle woman / how be it that I see hit
not / Neuertheles I fele and vnderstande lit well / But
I praye to the goddes / that they vouchesauf to sende
me my syght ageyne / And as soone as he had made
his prayer Iupiter rendryd to hym his syght ageyn
¶ And whanne he sawe that pagent vpon the pere
tree / he sayd to his wyf Ha vnhappy woman / I shalle
neuer haue no Ioye with the / And by cause that the
yonge woman was ready in speche and malycious / she
ansuerd forthwith to her husbond / My frend thow
arte wel beholden and bounden to me / For by cause
[of me] and for the loue the goddes haue [to me they
haue] restored to the thy syght / wherof I thanke alle
the goddes and goddesses / whiche haue enhaunced and
herd my prayer / For I desyryng moche that thow
myght see me / cessed neuer day ne nyght to pray
them / that they wold rendre to the thy syghte / wher-
fore the goddesse Venus vysyibly shewed her self to
me / and sayd / that yf I wold doo somme playsyr to
the sayd yonge man / she shold restore to the thy
syght / And thus I am cause of it And thenne the
good man sayd to her / My ryght dere wyf & goode
frende / I remercye and thanke yow gretely / For ryght
ye haue and I grete wronge.

4. Another Latin Pear-tree Story.

[From the "*Comoedia Lydiae*," by Matthieu de Vendôme, in a Vienna MS, in "*Anecdota Poetica*, &c. *Poesies Inédites du moyen âge*." Par Edélestand du Méril. 1854, p. 370.]

Talibus expletis¹, mentitur Lydia morbum²
 sponte sua morbi taedia ficta trahens.
 Forte salit vena ; palpat, sed physicus haeret :
 mentitur medico saepe dolentis amor.
 Morbus adest dubius et fallax passio, cum vult ;
 illa calet, quando friget, et aegra jacet.
 Sic ludens deludit amor, sic Lydia fallit
 arte mali medicum, fraude doloque virum.
 (H)ortus erat praecinctus aquis, celeberrimus umbris
 arboreis, miti germine poma ferens.
 Fons fluit in medio ; ramis³ loca fontis opacat
 una pinus, vere gaudia veris habens.
 Ut releveat febris aestum vitiique calorem,
 huc tendit languens Lydia laeta dolo ;

Lydia, wife of
 Duke Decius,
 feigns illness.

To refresh her-
 self, she walks in
 a garden, accom-

¹ Lydia, desiring Pyrrhus, has more than once sent her maid Lusca to induce him to gratify her. He refuses at first, but then agrees to consent if Lydia will get him her husband's favourite hawk, five hairs of his beard, and one of his teeth. All these she obtains, and sends to Pyrrhus ; then claims her reward, appoints the time and place for it, and gets it, as the poem proceeds to tell.

² Cette histoire du poirier enchanté qu'ont racontée aussi Boccace, l. I, [VII. ix.] et La Fontaine, l. II conte 7, est sans doute d'origine orientale ; car elle se retrouve dans le *Bahar Danush*, t. II, p. 64, et quoique le recueil n'ait été rédigé que dans l'an de l'hedschire 1061 (1650 de notre ère), les contes dont il se compose étaient certainement connus bien auparavant. Nous n'indiquons cette analogie que d'après Schmidt, *Beiträge zur Geschichte der romantischen Poesie*, p. 81, et M. Keller, *Li romans des sept sages*, p. CCII, car nous n'avons pu trouver le travail de Scott dans aucun des dépôts publics de Paris, et nous ne possédons que la réimpression de Weber qui en a rejeté, comme trop libre, tout le Tirrea Bede.

³ ramus, orig.

panied by Decius,
Pyrrhus her
lover, and Lusca,
her maid.

At last they stop,
under a pear-tree.

The duke bids
Pyrrhus climb
and gather fruit
for the longing
lady.

Pyrrhus, up the
tree, cries out as
if he saw the
duke and his wife
copulating, and
bids the duke
abstain.

Lydia says Pyr-
rhus's delusion is
caused by the tree
up which he is.

The duke climbs,
to see if it is so.

Et dux et Pyrrhus aegre comita[n]tur euntem :
dextra quod Pyrrho fit, data laeva duci.

Pone subit Lusca ; tacito sibi garrula risu
respondet, gratis fraude favente jocis ;
Rictibus ora trahens, Decioque ciconiat¹ usu :
naribus obductis cimbalat² aegra pedem.

Sistitur hic, faciesque loci succinnit amori :
laudantur flores, et placet unda sonans.

Visus velle notat ; facies suspiria prodit ;
dux ait : " Ascende ; collige, Pyrrhe, pira ".³

Pyrrhus ad alta piri surrepit, Lusca profatur :
" Jam meliore piro succute, Pyrrhe, pira."

Inque piro Pyrrhum succernens Lydia lustrat :
arboris⁴ in fructu fructus amoris erat.

" Parce, precor," Pyrrhus clamat, " dux, parce pudorem ;
non honor est istis sollicitare locis.

" Hic amor est praeceps ; hoc est non sana libido ;
Lydia, dux, alibi posset anhela quati.

" Sunt tibi, dux, thalami ; sunt et loca talibus apta ;
fac, sed ne videam rusticitatis opus."

Miratur Decius quod habetur⁵ ; ludicra Lusca
subridens, digitum comprimit ore suum.

" Arbor habet vitium," suspirans Lydia dixit,
" alta quidem visum flectere saepe solent."

Dux inquit : " Descende cito, descende ! Quid haeres ?"
" In terra poteris parcere," Pyrrhus ait.

Descendit Pyrrhus, et adhuc : " Dux, parce," precatur,
et tanquam nolit parcere, " Parce," rogat.

Dux ait : " Experiar (totiens fantasmata fallunt⁶)
an moveat Pyrrhus ludicra sive pirus."

¹ Ce verbe, que ne donne pas le du Cange de M. Henschel, se comprend aisément lorsqu'on se rappelle ce passage de Perse, sat. 1, v. 58 :

O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit

Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas

Nec linguae, quantum sitiit canis apula, tantum :

usu signifierait Selon l'usage : mais nous croirions volontiers qu'au moins ce dernier mot est altéré.

² Ce verbe ne se trouve dans aucun dictionnaire, et nous serions tenté d'y voir encore une corruption : évidemment le poète a voulu dire : Inclinant la tête en avant, la malade traîne le pied.

³ Probablement dans ces vers et dans l'avant dernier de la pièce, *pira* a un double sens trop obscène pour que nous cherchions à l'expliquer : voyez le du Cange de M. Henschel, t. V, p. 266, col. 2.

⁴ a thoris, *orig.*

⁵ habent, *orig.*

⁶ Il y a dans le MS. : *fallunt fantasmata*.

Scandit uterque simul, et dux et Pyrrhus anhelans :
hic repit ramis ; cruribus ille subit.

Est in utroque labor ; laetus tamen iste laborat :
dum quatit iste¹ pirum, concutit iste femur.

Miratur Decius et, vix sibi credulus, haeret :
plus stupet incertis, certior illa videns.

Et notat et dubitat, premit et gemit, insidiatur (*sic*) ;
vix credens oculis desidet ipse suis.

"Aut sic est, aut fallor," ait, "et visus inane
ventilat, aut vigilans somnia visa puto.

Sic mihi, sic illi visum fuit et mihi plus est ;
nescio si lusit, et puto, ludus erat.

Tot mora damna facit, faciet mihi jam mora damna ;
ut video ludens, ludor et ipse videns."

Imputat hoc ramis Decius frangitque quatitque :
Sæpe quidem, Pyrrhe,² sunt pira missa piro.

Labitur ergo citus, et dux et Pyrrhus, uterque,
alterius studio fallere facta studens.

Dux ait : "Aut furor est, aut hoc molimine fallor."

Lydia : "Nec Pyrrhus me movet, immo pirus."

Ut vidit³ : "Fateor, vidi verumque putavi ;
sed tamen hic video certius esse nihil.

Ut dixi tibi, dux, vitium fuit arboris ; illa
(esse potest) alios ludificabit adhuc."

"Cujus culpa manet ; quia sic malus error obumbrat,
sit pirus excisa !" dux jubet ; icta, ruit.

Lusca tegit risum ; Pyrrhus, pira ; Lydia, mentem ;
infelix unus fit sibi fraude trium.

Then Pyrrhus at
once copulates
with Lydia in
earnest.

The duke sees,
but thinks it a
mere ocular de-
ception, just such
as Pyrrhus had
suffered.

'It is all the
tree's fault,' says
Lydia.

So the duke has
the tree felled.

¹ lege 'ille'

² Peut-être faut-il lire Pyrrho, au datif.

³ Pyrrhus.

5. Boccaccio's Pear-Tree Story.

[From the "*Decamerone*," *Giornata settima, Novella ix.*¹
Ed. 1827-34, tom. iii, p. 257.]

Lydia sends her husband's tooth to Pyrrhus, who promises to yield to her desire.
To secure him, she pretends to be ill, and asks her husband Nicostratus, and Pyrrhus, to take her into the garden.

They do so, and set her down under a pear-tree.

She then says, 'Pyrrhus, I want some pears; climb up and throw me some down.' He does this, and says, 'Ah, Sir, what *are* you doing? Madam, aren't you ashamed of letting him do it in my presence?

[² p. 258]
Why didn't you do it at home?
Lydia says he's mad.

Nicostratus says he's dreaming.

La donna preso il dente, tantosto al suo amante il mandò. Il quale già certo del suo amore, sè ad ogni suo piacere offerse apparecchiato. La donna, disiderosa di farlo più sicuro, e parendole ancora ogni ora mille che con lui fossè, volendo quello che profferto gli avea attenergli, fatto sembante d'essere inferma, ed essendo un dì appresso mangiare da Nicostrato visitata, non veggendo con lui altri che Pirro, il pregò per alleggiamento della sua noia, che aiutar la dovessero ad andare infino nel giardino. Per che Nicostrato dall' un de' lati e Pirro dall' altro presala, nel giardin la portarono, e in un pratello a piè d'un bel pero la posarono: dove stati alquanto sedendosi, disse la donna (che già aveva fatto informar Pirro di ciò che avesse a fare): "Pirro, io ho gran desiderio d'aver di quelle pere, e però montavi suso e gittane giù alquante." Pirro prestamente salitovi cominciò a gittar giù delle pere, e, mentre le gittava, cominciò a dire: "he' messere! che è ciò che voi fate? e voi, madonna! come non vi vergognate di sofferirlo in mia presenza? Credete voi che io sia cieco? Voi eravate pur testè così forte malata: come siete voi così tosto guerita, che voi facciate tai cose? le quali se pur far volete, voi avete tante belle ²camere: perchè non in alcuna di quelle a far queste cose ve n'andate? e sarà più onesto, che farlo in mia presenza." La donna rivolta al marito disse: "che dice Pirro? farnetica egli?" Disse allora Pirro: "non farnetico no, madonna; non credete voi ch' io veggia?" Nicostrato si maravigliava forte, e disse: "Pirro, veramente io credo

¹ This tale and the *Comædia Lydiae* must be from the same original. Though Boccaccio calls the nobleman Nicostrato, he keeps the names Lidia, Lusca, Pirro, for the wife, maid, and lover.

che tu sogni." Al quale Pirro rispose: "signor mio, non sogno nè mica, nè voi anche non sognate, anzi vi dimenate ben sì, che, se così si dimenasse questo pero, egli non ce ne rimarrebbe su niuna." Disse la donna allora: "che può questo essere? potrebbe egli esser vero che gli paresse ver ciò ch'è dice? Se Dio mi salvi, se io fossi sana, come io fu' già, che io vi sarrei su, per vedere che maraviglie sien queste che costui dice che vede." Pirro d'in sul pero pur diceva, e continuava queste novelle. Al qual Nicostrato disse: "scendi giù;" ed egli scese. A cui egli disse: "che di tu, che vedi?" Disse Pirro: "io credo che voi m'abbiate per ismemorato o per trasognato: vedeva voi addosso alla donna vostra (poi pur dir mel conviene), e poi discendendo, io vi vidi levarvi e porvi costì dove voi siete a sedere." "Fermamente," disse Nicostrato, "eri tu in questo smemorato; chè noi non ci siamo, poichè in sul pero salisti, punto mossi, se non come tu vedi." Al qual Pirro disse: "perchè ne facciamo noi quistione? io vi ¹pur vidi; e, se io vi vidi, io vi vidi in sul vostro." Nicostrato più ognora si maravigliava, tanto che gli disse: "ben vo' vedere se questo pero è incantato e che chi v'è su vegga le maraviglie;" e montovvi su. Sopra il quale come egli fu, la donna insieme con Pirro s'incominciarono a sollazzare. Il che Nicostrato veggendo, cominciò a gridare: "ahi, rea femmina! che è quel che tu fai? e tu, Pirro, di cui io più mi fidava?" e così dicendo cominciò a scendere del pero. La donna e Pirro dicevano: "noi ci seggiamo;" e lui veggendo discendere, a seder si tornarono in quella guisa che lasciati gli avea. Come Nicostrato fu giù, e vide costoro dove lasciati gli avea, così lor cominciò a dir villania. Al quale Pirro disse: "Nicostrato, ora veramente confesso io che, come voi diciavate davanti, che io falsamente vedessi mentre fui sopra 'l pero; nè ad altro il conosco, se non a questo che io veggio, e so che voi falsamente avete veduto. E che io dica il vero, niun' altra cose vel mostri, se non l'aver riguardo e pensare, a che ora la vostra donna, la quale è onestissima e più savia che altra, volendo di tal cosa farvi oltraggio, si recherebbe a farlo davanti agli occhi vostri. Di me non vo' dire, che mi lascerei prima squartare, che io il pur pensassi, non che io il venissi a fare in vostra presenza. Per che di certo la magagna di questo transvedere dee procedere del pero; perciocchè tutto il mondo non m' avrebbe fatto discredere che voi qui non ioste colla donna vostra carnalmente giaciuto, se io non

Pyrhus declares
he is not.

Lydia says that
if she were well
she'd get up the
tree to see what
Pyrhus means.

Nicostratus bids
Pyrhus come
down, and asks
him what he saw.

'You on your
wife.'

'You are out of
your senses;
we've never
moved.'

[1 p. 259]
'But I saw you.'

'Well, I'll see
whether the pear-
tree's enchanted,'
says Nicostratus,
and climbs up it.
His wife and
Pyrhus conjoin.
Nicostratus
upbraids her,
and comes down.

The lovers
separate, and
sit apart.

Nicostratus sees
them as he'd
left them,
but abuses them.
Pyrhus tells
him that as he
declared Pyrhus
had seen falsely,
so has he,
Nicostratus.

'Is it likely your
excellent' wife
would outrage
you before your
own eyes?

Or that I would
either?

Depend on it,
this is the pear-
tree's fault.
All the world
couldn't have
made me believe

[p. 260]
that you weren't
with your wife
if you hadn't
told me I was
doing with her
what never
entered my head.
Lydia gets up
and reproaches
her husband.
'If I'd thought
of such sad deeds
as you say you
saw, be sure
that I shouldn't
have done them
under your eyes,
but in a room
where you'd have
known nothing
about it.'
Nicostratus, after
what they both
declare, stops
blaming them,
and says how
wonderful the
illusion of sight
was.

Lydia says,
'The pear-tree
shan't shame any
other woman.
Pyrrhus! get an
axe, and cut the
tree down!'

Pyrrhus cuts
the tree down.

[p. 261]
Lydia tells her
husband that her
anger is past,
and that she
forgives him.

So the miserable
befooled husband
goes home with
his wife and her
lover, who often
enjoy one
another at ease.

udissi dire a voi che ¹egli vi fosse paruto che io facessi quello che io so certissimamente che io non pensai, non che io il facessi mai." La donna appresso, che quasi tutta turbata s'era, levata in piè, cominciò a dire: "sia colla mala ventura, se tu m'hai per sì poco sentita che, se io volessi attendere a queste tristezze, che tu di che vedevi, io le venissi a fare dinanzi agli occhi tuoi. Sii certo di questo che, qualora volontà me ne venisse, io non verrei qui, anzi mi crederei sapere essere in una delle nostre camere in guisa e in maniera, che gran cosa mi parrebbe che tu il risapessi giammai." Nicostrato, al qual vero pareva ciò che dicea l'uno e l'altro, che essi quivi dinanzi a lui mai a tale atto non si dovessero esser condotti, lasciate stare le parole e le riprensioni di tal maniere, cominciò a ragionar della novità del fatto e del miracolo della vista, che così si cambiava a chi su vi montava. Ma la donna, che della opinione che Nicostrato mostrava d'avere avuta di lei si mostrava turbata, disse: "veramente questo pero non ne farà mai più niuna, nè a me nè ad altra donna, di queste vergogne, se io potrò; e perciò, Pirro, corri e va' e reca una scure e ad una ora te e me vendica tagliandolo, come che molto meglio sarebbe a dar con essa in capo a Nicostrato, il quale senza considerazione alcuna così tosto si lasciò abbagliar gli occhi dello intelletto: chè, quantunque a quegli che tu hai in testa paresse ciò che tu di, per niuna cosa dovevi nel giudizio della tua mente comprendere o consentire che ciò fosse." Pirro prestissimo andò per la scure, e tagliò il pero. Il quale come ²la donna vide caduto, disse verso Nicostrato: "poscia che io veggio abbattuto il nimico della mia onestà, la mia ira è ita via;" e a Nicostrato, che di ciò la pregava, benignamente perdonò, imponendogli che più non gli avvenisse di presumere di colei, che più che sè l'amava, una così fatta cosa giammai. Così il misero marito schernito con lei insieme e col suo amante nel palagio se ne tornò, nel quale poi molte volte Pirro di Lidia, ed ella di lui, con più agio presero piacere e diletto. Dio ce ne dea a noi!

12.

The Legend of St Cecilia

the original of

Chaucer's "Second Nun's Tale,"

in four versions:

1. The Latin of Jacobus a Voragine, ab. 1290 A.D.
2. The French of Jehan de Vignay, ab. 1300 A.D.
3. The Early English of Ashmole MS 43, bef. 1300 A.D.
4. The Later English of Caxton, A.D. 1483.

Tyrwhitt pointed out in his Introductory Discourse, § xxvii, that Chaucer's Second Nun's Tale was 'almost literally translated from the life of St Cecilia in the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus Januensis,' or Jacobus a Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, at the end of the 13th century. Tyrwhitt should have said 'freely' for 'literally,' as Chaucer cuts out dull bits, expands pretty ones, alters phrases, and treats his original at 'his own sweet will.' Mr Robert Bell—or rather his Chaucer-editor, Mr Jephson—stated in a note to the first stanza of the Second Nun's Tale, on p. 6, vol. iii. of his edition of Chaucer, that "The opening stanzas against idleness are taken from Jehan de Vignay's introduction to his French translation of the *Legenda Aurea*, which was probably Chaucer's original throughout." I therefore reprint here this introduction, to show that Chaucer's opening stanzas were not 'taken' from it, though the hint of them may have been. I also reprint the French Life to show that an instance occurring within the first dozen lines of the Latin text, which is in Chaucer (st. 17, G. 113-119) and is not in Jehan de Vignay, negatives the Jephson-Bell suggestion that the French text was Chaucer's original.¹ Other instances of this are noted in the text on after-pages.

"La Legende doree et vie des Saincts et Sainctes translatee de latin en francoys Nouuellement Imprimee a Paris. [A.D. 1513.]

Prologue.

MOnseigneur saint hierosme dit ceste auctorite. 'Fays tousionrs aucune chose de bien, que le dyable ne te trouue oyseux.' Et saint angustin dit au liure des moynes & de leurs oeuvres, que 'nul homme puissant de labourer ne doit estre oyseux.' Pour laquelle chose, quant ie, frere Jehan de vignay, enz fait et acomply le mirouer des hystoires du monde, & translate de latin en francoys, a la requeste de trespuissante et noble dame, ma dame Jehanne de bourgogne, par la grace de dieu royne de France, ie fuz tout esbahy a laquelle oeuvre ie me mettroye apres si treshaute & longue oeuvre come l'aucye faicte par denant. Et pour ce que oysinete est tant blasmee que saint Bernard dit qu'elle est mere de truffes / marrastre de vertus: et qui tresbuche les fors hommes: et fait estaindre vertu & nourrir orgueil, et fait la voye d'aller en enfer. Et Cassiodore dit que 'la pensee de celui qui est oyseux ne peult penser a aultres choses que aux viandes pour son ventre.' Et saint bernard dit en vne epistre, 'quant il nous conui-

¹ Touching Tyrwhitt's note on the parenthetic lines, G. 270-283, observe that they are in the French. He says, "Ver. 15738. *And of the miracle*] I should have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthesis of 14 lines, which interrupts the narrative so awkwardly, and to so little purpose. The substance of it is in the printed Editions of the Latin *Legenda aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at first a marginal observation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of some copyist. Accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's *Goldene Legende*, and, I suppose, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he translated. The author of the French version had either made use of an uncorrupted MS., or perhaps had been sagacious enough to discern and reject the interpolation."—Tyrwhitt.

endra rendre raison du temps oyseux, quelle raison en pourrons nous rendre, quant en oysiueite ne en temps oyseux n'a cause de nulle raison.' Et orosper dit que 'celuy qui vit en oysiueite, vit en maniere de beste mne.' Et pour ce que i'ay ven les auctoritez qui blasment & desprisent oysiueite, ie ne ueil pas estre oyseux : mais me vueil mettre a tel oeuure come i'ay a consttume. Et pour ce que saint Angustin sur vng pseaulme dit que 'bonne oeuure ne doit pas estre faicte pour paour de peine, mais pour amour de droicture : & que c'est vraye & sonneraine franchise.' Et pour ce qu'il m'est aduis que c'est sonnerain bien faire entendre aux gens qui ne sont pas litterez la natinite / les vies / les passions & les meurs des saincts : et aucuns faitz notoires des temps passez, me snis ie mis a translater en francoys la legende des saints qui est dicte 'legende doree' : car ainsi come l'or est plus noble sur tous les aultres metaulx : aussi est ceste legende detenue pour plus noble sur toutes les aultres. Si prie le glorieux pere de paradis qu'il luy plaise a moy donner sens / temps et espace, de parfaire denement cest oeuure commencee, si que ce soit a la louenge de son glorieux nom & de toute la court celestielle : et au profit de l'ame de moy : et a l'edification de tous ceulx et celles qui la liront et orront lire. Amen."

I do not know who first pointed out that the 6th, 7th, and 8th stanzas (G. 36-56) of Chaucer's 12-stanza Preamble to his Second Nun's Tale were a translation, with variations,¹ of either the first twenty-one lines of Dante's *Paradiso*, Canto xxxiii, or perhaps their original in some Latin prayer or hymn, if any :—

Chaucer lines

36	Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,	
39	Humil & alta più che creatura, Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio.	3
40-1	{ Tu se' colei, che l'humana natura	6
41-2	{ Nobilitasti sì, che'l fu' fattore Non sì sdegnò di farsi sua fattura.	
43	Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore ;	
44	Per lo cui caldo ne l'eterno pace. Così è germinato questo fiore.	9
	Quì se' a noi meridiana face Di charitate : & giuso intra mortali Se' di speranza fontana viuace.	12
	Donna se' tanto grande, & tanto vali ; Che qual vuol gratia, & a te non ricorre, Sue disianza vuol volar senz' ali.	15
53-4	{ La tua benignità non pur socorre	18
55-6	{ A chi dimanda ; ma molte fiate Liberamente al dimandar precorre.	
50-1	{ In te misericordia ; in te pietate ; In te magnificèntia : in te s'aduna Quantunque in creatura è di bontate.	21

p. 622, ed. 1571.

¹ Chaucer's lines 45-49, in his 7th stanza, differ a good deal from Dante's lines 9-15. Prof. Longfellow printed Chaucer's lines in his notes to his translation of the *Paradiso*.

[*Jacobi a Voragine Legenda Aurea. (Recensuit Dr Th. Grässe.) Dresdæ & Lipsiæ, 1846, p. 771.*]

DE SANCTA CÆCILIA.

[*Her Name explained.*]

Four derivations:

a fifth.

1. A heavenly lily.

2. A path for the blind.

3. Heaven, as revolving round, and burning.

4. Wanting in blindness.

5. Heaven of the people.

Cæcilia, quasi cœli lilia, vel cæcis via, vel a cœlo et Iya. Vel Cæcilia, quasi cæcitate carens. Vel dicitur a cœlo et leos, quod est populus. Fuit enim cœleste lilium per virginitatis pudorem; vel dicitur lilium, quia habuit candorem munditiæ, virorem conscientiæ, ordorem bonæ famæ. Fuit enim cæcis via per exempli informationem, cœlum per jugem contemplationem, Iya per assiduam operationem. Vel dicitur cœlum, quia, sicut dicit Ysidorus, cœlum philosophi volubile, rotundum et ardens esse dixerunt. Sic et ipsa fuit volubilis per operationem sollicitam, rotunda per perseverantiam, ardens per caritatem succensam; fuit cæcitate carens per sapientiæ splendorem; fuit et cœlum populi, quia in ipsa tamquam in cœlo spirituali populus ad imitandum intuetur cœlum, solem, lunam et stellas, id est sapientiæ perspicacitatem, fidei magnanimitatem et virtutum varietatem.

[*The Legend about her.*]

Cecilia was of noble Roman descent,

and ever prayed to God to keep her a virgin.

She wore a hair shirt under her marriage robes,

and told her husband Valerian on the first night

Cæcilia, virgo præclarissima, ex nobili Romanorum genere exorta, et ab ipsis cunabilis in fide Christi nutrita, absconditum semper evangelium Christi gerebat in pectore, et non diebus neque noctibus a colloquiis divinis et oratione cessabat, suamque virginitatem conservari a domino exorabat. Cum autem cuidam juveni, nomine Valeriano, desponsata fuisset, et dies nuptiarum instituta esset, illa subtus ad carnem cilicio erat induta, et desuper de auratis vestibus tegebatur, et cantantibus organis illa in corde soli domino decantabat dicens: "fiat, domine, cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar;" et biduanis et triduanis jejuniis orans commendabat domino, quod timebat. Venit autem nox, in qua suscepit una cum sponso suo cubi- culi secreta silentia, et ita eum alloquitur: "o dulcissime atque amantissime juvenis, est mysterium, quod tibi

[*La Legende Dorée. Translated by Jehan de Vignay.*]

DE SAINTE CECILE.

(*Feuillet .ccxxv. sign. d. ed. 1513.*)

¶ L'interpretation du nom sainte cecile.

Cecile est autant a dire come lys du ciel ou voye des aueugles : ou elle est dicte du ciel & de lya : ou elle est dicte ainsi come non aueugle : ou de leos : c'est a dire, peuple. Et elle fut lys du ciel par pure virginite, et par ce qu'elle eut blancheur de nettete, & resplendeur de conscience, & odeur de bonne renommee. Elle fut voye aux aueugles par exemple d'information / et elle fut ciel par bonne contemplation. [See st. l. 113-119 of *Chaucer's Second Nun's Tale*] Celle ne fut pas aueugle : car elle eut clarte de sagesse. Elle fut ciel du peuple : car on¹ pouoit regarder en icelle le ciel espirituel pour ensuiuir l'autre ciel, & veoir en icelle le soleil, la lune, & les estoilles de sagesse par le regard de soy : et par la grandeur de la diuersite de vertu.

Four derivations :
a fifth.

1. A heavenly
lily.

2. A path for the
blind.

3. Heaven.

4. Wanting in
blindness.

5. Heaven of the
people.

[¹ no orig.]

¶ Legende de sainte cecile.

Cecile fut tresnoble virge nee du noble lignage de romme, & fut des le berceau nourrie en la foy de iesucrist, et portoit tousiours en sa poitrine l'euangile de nostre seigneur mussee dedens son cuer. Ne elle ne cessa iour & nuyt de aorer ne de parler de nostre seigneur, et de le prier que il luy gardast sa virginite : et toutesfoys ses amys luy donnerent pour mary vng iouenceau nomme valerien. Et quant le iour des nopces fut estably, elle auoit la haire vestue a sa chair, & estoit dessus parée de vestemens d'or. et quant les instrumens chantoient, elle chantoit a nostre seigneur en son cuer. "Sire, mon cuer & mon corps soient sans macule si que ie ne soies confuse," & ieusna trois iours en se commandant a nostre seigneur, qu'elle doubtoit. Et lors vint la nuyt, qu'elle entra en sa chambre avec son espoux, & elle l'arraisonna ainsi. "O tresdoux amy, bel iouenceau, ie ay vng maistre, que ie te

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that an Angel
loved her, and
would kill him
if he polluted her.

Valerian said,
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Angel.'

She bade him go

to St Urban

and get baptizel;
and then he'd
see the Angel.
Valerian found
St Urban, who
thanked God that
Cæcilia had tamed
her spouse.

To them appeared
an old man from
heaven.

Valerian profest
belief in God,

was baptized by
St Urban, and,
going home, saw
Cæcilia's Angel,
who gave them
each a crown of
roses and lilies.

confitear, si modo tu juratus asseras, tota te illud observantia custodire." Jurat Valerianus, se illud nulla necessitate detegere, nulla prodere ratione. Tunc illa ait: "angelum Dei habeo amatorem, qui nimio zelo custodit corpus meum. Hic si vel leviter senserit, quod tu me polluto amore contingas, statim feriet te, et amittes florem tuæ gratissimæ juventutis, si autem cognoverit, quod me sincero amore diligas, ita quoque diliget te sicut me, et ostendet tibi gloriam suam."

Tunc Valerianus, nutu Dei correctus, ait: "si vis, ut credam tibi, ipsum angelum mihi ostende, et si vere proba-vero, quod angelus sit, faciam quod hortaris; si autem virum alium diligis, te et illum gladio feriam." Cui Cæcilia dixit: "si in Deum verum credideris et te baptizari promiseris, ipsum videre valebis. Vade igitur in tertium milliarium ab urbe via, quæ Appia nuncupatur, et pauperibus, quos illic invenies, dices: 'Cæcilia me misit ad vos, ut ostendatis mihi sanctum senem Urbanum, quoniam ad ipsum habeo secreta mandata, quæ perferam.' Hunc, dum tu videris, indica ei omnia verba mea; et postquam ab eo purificatus fueris et redieris, angelum ipsum videbis." Tunc Valerianus perrexit, et secundum signa quæ acceperat, sanctum Urbanum episcopum intra sepulchra martirum latitantem invenit; cumque ei omnia verba Cæciliæ dixisset, ille manus ad cælum expandens cum lacrymis ait: "domine Jesu Christe, seminator casti consilii, suscipe seminum fructus, quos in Cæcilia seminasti, domine Jesu Christe, pastor bone, Cæcilia famula tua quasi apis tibi argumentosa deservit; nam sponsum, quem quasi leonem ferocem accepit, ad te quasi agnum mansuetissimum destinavit." Et ecce subito apparuit senex quidam niveis vestibibus indutus, tenens librum aureis litteris scriptum. Quem videus Valerianus præ nimio timore quasi mortuus cecidit, et a sene levatus, sic legit: "unus Deus, una fides, unum baptisma, unus Deus et pater omnium, qui super omnes, et per omnia, et in omnibus nobis." Cumque hæc legisset, dixit ei senior: "credis ita esse an adhuc dubitas?" Tunc exclamavit dicens: "non est aliud, quod verius credi possit, sub cælo." Statimque illo disparente, Valerianus a sancto Urbano baptisma suscepit, et rediens, Cæciliam cum angelo loquentem in cubiculo invenit. Angelus autem duas coronas ex rosis et liliis in manu habebat, et unam Cæciliæ, et alteram Valeriano tradidit, dicens: "istas coronas immaculato corde et mundo corpore

¹ Feuillet .ccxxv. back.

² 'This holy old Urban.'—*Chaucer*.

diray se tu me iures *que* tu le garderas en secret de tout *ton* pouoir." & valerien iura *qu'il* ne le descouriroit pour nul besoing, & lors celle luy dist. "L'ay vng ange de dieu amy, *qui* garde mon corps a trop grant amour: et se il sentoit *que* tu me touchasses par nulle amour desordonnee, il te frapperoit tantost si *que* tu perdrois tantost la fleur de ta ieunesse / et s'il scait que tu m'aymes de pure amour, il t'aymera ainsi come moy, et si te demonstrera son amour." & valerien, corrige par la volente de dieu, dist. "Se tu veulx *que* ie te croye, monstre moy celuy ange: & si ie voy proprement *que* ce soit vng ange, ie feray *que* tu le reçois; & sec'est vng aultre homme. ie te occiray et luy d'un glaive." Auquel cecile dist. "Se tu crois au vray dieu, & tu es baptise, tu le pourras bien veoir. va en la voye *qui* est nommee apienne, a trois mille de la cite de romme: & diras aux pources *que* tu trouueras: 'Cecile m'a enuoye a vous *que* vous me monstrez vrbain, vng saint home ancien: car ie luy ay a dire vng secret *qu'elle* luy mande': & quant tu le verras, dy luy toutes mes parolles: & quant tu ¹seras baptise de luy, tu verras adonc l'ange." Et quant valerien s'en alla a vrbain pape², *qui* se mussoit dedens les sepulchres des martyrs, & luy eut dit toutes les parolles de cecile, vrbain tendit les mains & dist. "Sire iesucrist, semeur de conseil droicturier, recoy le fruit de la semence *que* tu semas en ta benoiste ancelle cecile. Sire iesucrist, cecile ta chamberiere te sert ainsi come la mouche a miel en accroissant tousiours: car son espoux, *qu'elle* print cruel comme vng lyon, elle enuoye a toy comme vng tresdoux & tresdebonnaire seigneur." Et tantost apparut entre eulx deux vng ancien homme, vestu de blancz vestemens, *qui* tenoit vng liure escript de lettres d'or: et quant valerien le veit, il cheut de paour ainsi come mort, & celuy ancien home le leua, et luy leut. "Vng dieu: vne creance, vng baptesme. Vng dieu, pere de tous, et est sur tout & en tous lieux." & quant il luy eut tout leu, il luy dist. "Croy tu estre ainsi, ou se tu doubtes encores?" & valerien dist. "Il n'est chose *qui* puisse estre creue plus vrayement soubz le ciel: & tantost il se desapparut, & valerien receut baptesme, & retourna, et trouua en la chambre cecile parlant a l'ange; & l'ange tenoit en sa main deux couronnes de roses [&] de lys, & bailla l'une a cecile, & l'autre a valerien:" et dist: "Gardez ees couronnes de cuer & de corps net sans macule: car ie vous les apporte de dieu de paradis; ne

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loved her, and
would kill him
if he polluted her.

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Valerian found
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each a crown of
roses and lilies.

Valerian askt that his brother might know the truth.

At once the brother, Tiburtius, came in, and askt why he smelt roses and lilies.

Valerian told

him he could see 'em if he believed in God and renounced idols. (St Ambrose attests this miracle of the crown of roses.)

Cecilia converts Tiburtius,

kisses his breast,

and tells him to be baptized

by St Urban. 'What! by him who is to be

custodite, quia de paradiso Dei eas ad vos attuli; nec unquam marcescent, nec odorem amittent, nec ab aliis, nisi quibus castitas placuerit, videri poterunt. Tu autem, Valeriane, quia utili consilio credidisti, pete quodcumque volueris, et consequeris." Cui Valerianus: "nihil mihi in hac vita exstitit dulcius, quam unicus fratris mei affectus, peto igitur, ut et veritatem ipse mecum agnoscat." Cui angelus: "placet domino petitio tua; et ambo cum palma martirii ad dominum venietis." Post hoc, ingressus Tiburtius, frater Valeriani, cum nimum rosarum sensisset odorem, dixit: "miror, hoc tempore roseus hic odor et liliorum unde respiret; nam si ipsas rosas vel lilia in manibus meis tenerem, nec sic poterant odoramaenta tantæ mihi suavitatis infundere; confiteor vobis, ita sum refectus, ut putem me totum subito immutatum." Cui Valerianus: "coronas habemus, quas tui oculi videre non prævalent, floreo colore et niveo candore vernantes; et sicut me interpellante odorem consisti, sic et, si credideris, videre valebis." Cui Tiburtius: "in somnis hoc audio, an in veritate ista tu loqueris, Valeriane?" Cui Valerianus: "in somnis usque modo fuimus, sed jam nunc in veritate manemus." Ad quem Tiburtius: "unde hoc nosti?" Et Valerianus: "angelus domini me docuit, quem tu videre poteris, si tu purificatus fueris, et omnibus ydolis abrenuntiaveris." (Huic miraculo de coronis rosarum Ambrosius attestatur in præatione sic dicens: 'sancta Cæcilia sic cælesti est dono repleta, ut martirii palmam assumeret; ipsum mundum est cum thalamis exsecrata; testis est Valeriani conjugis et Tiburtii provocata confessio, quos, domine, angelica manu odoriferis floribus coronasti; viros virgo duxit ad gloriam, mundus agnovit, quantum valeat devotio castitatis.' Hæc Ambrosius.) Tunc Cæcilia evidenter ostendit ei, omnia ydola esse insensibilia et muta, ita ut Tiburtius responderet ac diceret: "qui ista non credit, pecus est." Tunc Cæcilia osculans pectus ejus dixit: "hodie te fateor meum esse cognatum, sicut enim amor Dei fratrem tuum mihi conjugem fecit, ita te mihi cognatum contentus faciet ydolorum. Vade igitur cum fratre tuo, ut purificationem accipias et angelicos vultus videre valeas." Dixitque Tiburtius fratri suo: "obsecro te, frater, ut mihi dicas, ad quem me ducturus es." Cui Valerianus: "ad Urbanum episcopum." Cui Tiburtius: "de illo Urbano dicis, qui totiens damnatus est et adhuc in

¹ Say what thee list, and thou schalt have thi boone.—
Chaucer.

² leaf 225, back, col. 2.

elles ne fletiront ia, ne ne perdront leur odeur ; ne elles ne pourront estre veues d'autres s'ilz n'ont chastete. Et valerien, pour ce *que* tu as creu profitable conseil, demande ce *que* te vouldras¹." Et valerien dist. " Il ne m'est rien tant douce chose en ceste vie comme la bonne voulente d'un mien frere *que* j'ay : ie te prie qu'il congnoisse avec moy la voye de verite." Et l'ange luy dist. " Il plaist a nostre seigneur ce que tu requiers, & vous viendrez tous deux a nostre seigneur par martyre." Et apres ce, tyburcien, frere de valerien, entra en la chambre, & sentit tresgrant odeur de roses, & dist. " Ie m'esmerueille *que* ie sens en ce temps odeur de roses & de lys : car se ie tenoye roses & lys en ma main, si ne pourroyent elles donner greigneur odeur ; ie vous confesse *que* ie me sens soudainement mue." Auquel valerien dist. " Nous auons couronnes que tes yeulx ne peuvent veoir, *qui* sont de couleur ro'sine & blanches come lys ; & sicome tu sens l'odeur par moy, tu le pourras veoir se tu crois." & tyburcien dist. " Est ce songe *que* tu as ouy, valerien, ou se tu dis en verite ?" Et valerien respondit. " Nous auons este iusques icy en songe : mais nous sommes maintenant en verite." & tyburcien dist. " Ou l'as tu prins ?" & valerien dist. " L'ange de dieu me l'a appris, *que* tu pourroies veoir se tu estoies purifie & tu auoyes renonce a toutes tes ydoles." (Et ces miracles des couronnes tesmoigne ambroise en son preface & dit. 'Sainte cecile fut remplie du don du ciel, que elle print peine de martyre & despita le monde & ses delitz / & de cest tesmoing valerien son mary, & tiburcien son frere, que nostre seigneur couronna par la main de l'ange de fleurs odorans : & la vierge mena ces hommes a gloire : & le monde si congneut combien deuotion de chastete vault.') Et adonc cecile leur monstra clerement *que* toutes les ydoles sont mues et sans sens, si *que* tyburcien rendit & dist. " Qui ne croit ainsi, il est beste." Et adonc cecile luy baisa la poitrine, & dist. " Auiourdhuy te confesse estre mon cousin, tout ainsi comme l'amour de dieu a fait conioindre a moy ton frere, tout ainsi le despit des ydoles te fera estre mon cousin. va donc avec ton frere pour recevoir purification, *que* tu puisses veoir le visage des anges." Et adonc dist tyburcien a son frere. " Ie te prie, mon frere, *que* tu me dies a *qui* tu me veulx mener." & valerien luy dist. " A vrbain euesque : " et tyburcien dist. " Dis tu de celui vrbain *qui* tant de fois a este condamne, & demeure encore en vng lieu secret ; & s'il estoit trouue il seroit ars, & nous avec luy, & quant nous querons la diuinite *qui* se tapist es cieulx, nous encourons la

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'What! by him
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We shall be
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'There is a better
life than this,'
says Cecilia,
'of which God's
Son has told us.'

She shows him
how there are 3
Gods in one,

and how Christ
suffered.

'He, the blessed,
was curst, to win
man blessings ;

he was stript,
to clothe our
fathers.'

Tiburtius is
baptized and sees
angels.
He and Valerian

are taken before
Almachius,

questioned by
him,

latebris commoratur? hic, si inventus fuerit, cremabitur; et nos in illius flammis pariter involvemur, et dum quærimus divinitatem latentem in cœlis, incurremus furorem exurentem in terris." Cui Cæcilia: "Si hæc sola esset vita, juste hanc perdere timeremus; est autem alia melior, quæ nunquam amittitur, quam nobis Dei filius enarravit. Omnia enim, quæ facta sunt, filius ex patre genitus condidit, universa autem, quæ condita sunt, ex patre procedens spiritus animavit. Hic igitur filius Dei in mundum veniens verbis et miraculis aliam vitam esse nobis monstravit." Cui Tiburtius: "certe unum Deum esse asseris, et quomodo nunc tres esse testaris?" Respondit Cæcilia: "sicut in una hominis sapientia sunt tria, scilicet ingenium, memoria et intellectus, sic et in una divinitatis assentia tres personæ esse possunt." Tunc cœpit ei de adventu filii Dei et passione prædicare, et multas congruitates ipsius passionis ostendere. "Nam ideo," inquit, "filius Dei est tentus, ut genus humanum dimittatur peccato detentum; benedictus maledicitur, ut homo maledictus benedictionem consequatur; illudi se patitur, ut homo ab illusionem dæmonum liberetur; spineam coronam accepit in capite, ut a nobis sententiam auferat capitalem; fel suscipit amarum, ut sanaret hominis dulcem gustum; expoliatur, ut parentum nostrorum nuditatem operiat; in ligno suspenditur, ut ligni prævaricationem tollat." Tunc Tiburtius fratri suo dixit: "miserere mei, et perduc me ad hominem Dei ut purificationem accipiam." Ductus igitur, et purificatus, angelos Dei sæpe videbat, et omnia quæ postulabat, protinus obtinebat. Valerianus igitur et Tiburtius elemosinis insistebant; et sanctorum corpora, quos Almachius præfectus occidebat, sepulture tradebant. Quos Almachius ad se vocans, cur pro suis sceleribus damnatos sepelirent, inquisivit. Cui Tiburtius: "utinam illorum servi essemus, quos tu damnatos appellas! Qui contemserunt illud, quod videtur esse et non est, et invenerunt illud, quod non videtur esse et est." Cui præfectus: "quidnam est illud?" Et Tiburtius: "quod videtur esse et non est, est omne, quod in hoc mundo est, quod hominem ad non esse perducit; quod vero non videtur esse et est, est vita justorum et pœna malorum." Cui

¹ Chaucer, like the Latin, gives this speech to Cecilia: 'To whom Cecilie answerde boldely'.

² Here again Chaucer follows the Latin and not the French: 'By word and miracle liche goddes sone, Whan he was in the world, declared heere,' &c.

forcenerie ardant es terres :” & valerien¹ dist. “Se ceste vie estoit seule, par raison doubterions nous a la perdre : mais il est vne meilleure vie *qui* ne peult estre perdue, laquelle le filz de dieu nous raconte : car toutes les choses *qui* sont faictes, le filz engendre du pere fist; & toutes les choses faictes du saint esperit viennent du pere viuifie; & ce filz nous demonstre² au monde vne aultre vie estre.” & tyburciendist. “Tu affermes vng dieu estre; & comment congnois tu maintenant estre trois dieux?” & cecile respondit. “Sicome en la sages³se d’un seul homme sont trois choses, c’est engin, memoire, & entendement, ainsi que vne essence de diuinite sont trois personnes.” Et adonc luy prescha de l’aduenement & de la passion de dieu, et luy demonstra moult de conuenabletez de la passion : car elle dist “Pour ce souffrit le filz de dieu a estre tenu, qu’il delaissast aller l’humain lignage *qui* estoit detenu en peche. Le benoist fut maudit affin que home maudit eust benediction. Il souffrit estre despite, affin que l’home fust hors du despit du diable. Il eut en son chief couronne d’espines, affin qu’il ostant l’home de capitale sentence. Il receut le fiel tresamer, affin qu’il rendist a l’home son doulx goust. Il fut despouille, pour courir la nudite des premiers peres. Il fut pendu au fust de la croix, affin qu’il ostant le trespassement & l’outrage du fust de vie.” Et lors tibureien dist a son frere. “Ayes pitie de moy, & me meine a l’homme de dieu, si que ie recoiue purification.” & lors le mena, & fut purifie. Et tantost apres il veoit souuent les anges de nostre seigneur, & auoit tantost ce qu’il requeroit. ⁴Et lors valerien & tibureien se mirent a aumosnes faire, & ensepuellissoient les corps saintz que almachien faisoit decoller. Et almachien les appella, & leur demanda ⁵“pour quoy ilz ensepuellissoient les corps des damnez pour leur felonies.” auquel tibureien dist. “Ma vouldente fust que nous fussions seruiteurs d’iceulx que tu apelles damnez : car ilz despriserent ce *qui* est veu estre, & n’est pas : c’est tout ce *qui* est en ce monde qui demeine l’home a non estre. & ce *qui* n’est pas veu estre, & est : c’est la vie des iustes & la peine des mauuais.” & le preuost dist. “Ie ne cuide pas que tu parles de ta pensee.” Et lors commanda valerien estre amene deuant luy, & luy dist. “Pour ce que ton frere ne parle pas de

‘There is a better life than this,’ says Cecilia, ‘of which G.d’s Son has told us.’

She shows him how there are 3 Gods in one,

and how Christ suffered.

‘He, the blessed, was curst, to win man blessings;

he was despoiled, to clothe our fathers.’

Tiburcius is baptized and sees angels.

He and Valerian

are taken before Almachius,

questioned by him,

and re- uerred for their errors.

³ Feuillet .ccxxvi. sign. d. ii.

⁴ Chaucer leaves out the next statement.

⁵ Chaucer, like Caxton, cuts out the following discussion, saying only that Almachie ‘hem opposed, and knew alle here entente.’

præfectus: "non puto, quod mente tua loquaris." Tunc jubet adstare Valerianum dicens ei: "quoniam non est sani capitis frater tuus; tu saltem poteris sapienter dare responsum; constat plurimum vos errare, qui gaudia respuitis et omnia inimica gaudiis affectatis." Tunc Valerianus "se vidisse ait glaciali tempore otiosos jocantes, et operarios agricolas deridentes, sed æstivo tempore, dum advenissent gloriosi fructus laborum, gaudentibus illis, qui putabantur vani, cœperunt flere, qui videbantur urbani. Sic et nos nunc quidem sustinemus ignominiam et laborem, in futuro autem recipiemus gloriam et æternam mercedem. Vos autem nunc transitorium habetis gaudium, in futuro autem invenietis æternum luctum." Cui præfectus: "ergo nos invictissimi principes æternum habebimus luctum, et vos personæ vilissimæ perpetuum possidebitis gaudium?" Cui Valerianus: "homines estis, non principes, tempore nostro nati, citius morituri et Deo rationem plus omnibus reddituri." Dixit autem præfectus: "quid verborum circuitu immoramur? offerte Diis libamina et illæsi abscedite." Sancti responderunt: "nos Deo vero quotidie sacrificium exhibemus." Quibus præfectus: "quod est nomen ejus?" Cui Valerianus: "nomen ejus invenire non poteris, etiamsi pennis volaveris." Præfectus dixit: "ergo Jupiter nomen Dei non est?" Cui Valerianus: "nomen homicidæ et stupratoris est." Ad quem Almachius: "ergo totus mundus errat! et tu cum fratre tuo verum Deum nosti?" Valerianus respondit: "nos soli non sumus, sed innumerabilis multitudo hanc sanctitatem recepit." Traduntur igitur sancti in custodiam Maximi. Quibus ille ait: "o juventutis flos purpureus, o germanus fraternitatis affectus, quomodo ad mortem quasi ad epulas festinatis?" Cui Valerianus ait, quod, si crediturum se promitteret, gloriam animarum eorum post mortem videret. Et Maximus: "fulminibus igneis consumar, si non illum solum Deum confitear, quem adoratis, si contingat, quod dicitis." Ipse igitur Maximus, et omnis ejus familia, et universi carnifices crediderunt; et ab Urbano, qui illuc occulte venit, baptismum susceperunt. Igitur dum aurora nocti finem daret, Cæcilia exclamavit dicens: "eia milites Christi, abjicite opera tenebrarum, et induimini arma lucis." Quarto igitur milliaro ab urbe sancti ad statuam Jovis

and reproved for
their errors.

Valerian tells
Almachius

that his passing
joy will end in
everlasting grief.

Almachius bids
the brothers
sacrifice to his
gods.

On their refusal,

he puts them
into the custody
of Maximus,

whom they
convert, with his
family and the
executioners.

At daybreak
Cecilia encourages
them.

¹ Feuillet .ccxxvi. col. 2.

² Chaucer translates a line here.

³ on.

⁴ orig. mon.

⁵ Chaucer begins to translate again.

saine pensee, par aduenture pourras tu donner responce plus sagement. Il m'est aduis que vous foliez trop qui refusez les ioies, & couuoitez les choses contraires a ioye." Et lors valerien dist "I'ay veu au temps de glace iouer les oyseaulx & se mocquoient des ouuriers & des laboureurs, mais au temps d'este, quant les glorieux fruitz estoient venus, les laboureurs s'esiouysoient & ceulx qui les auoient moquez pleuroient. Et ainsi faictes vous orendroit: vous vous moquez maintenant de ce que nous soutenons les tristesses & les labeurs: & au temps aduenir nous en aurons plus grant loyer de gloire. & vous qui ayme orendroit ioye transitoire, aurez au temps aduenir la mort pardurable:" & almachien dist. "Donc aurons nous entre nous nobles princes pleurs pardurables:"

Valerian tells
Almachius

that his passing
joy will end in
everlasting grief.

[.]

& valerien dist. "Vous estes hommes nudz: & non princes: nez en vostre temps, pour mourir hastiement & rendre raison a dieu plus que nulz autres." Et lors le preuost dist. "Pourquoy demourons nous tant en parolles? ²offrez sacrifices aux dieux, & vous en allez quittes." Et les saintz respondirent. "Nous offrons chascun iour sacrifice au vray dieu." Et le preuost leur dist ainsi. "Quel est son nom?" & valerien dist. "Son nom est tel que tu ne le pourroyes trouuer, vouldisses tu." Et le preuost dist. "N'est pas donc iupiter nom³ dieu." & valerien dist. "C'est nom⁴ homicide et auoultre." Et adonc dist almachien. "Donc erre tout le monde: & toy & ton frere reconnoissez le vray dieu tant seulement:" & valerien respondit. "Nous ne sommes pas seulz: car grande multitude sans nombre recoit ceste saintete." ⁵Et lors les saintz furent mis en prison en la garde de maximien. Ausquelz il d.st. "O beaulte de ieunesse, volente de fraternite humaine, comment vous hastez vous d'aller a la mort ainsi come se ce fust vng conuy?" auquel valerien dist. "Se tu nous prometz que tu croiras en dieu, tu nous verras apres la mort:"

Almachius bids
the brothers
sacrifice to his
gods.

On their refusal,

& maximien dist. "Ie soye ars & enflambe de feu se ie ne confesse celuy vray dieu seul que vous adorez, s'il aduient ce que vous dictes." Et lors maximien & toute sa mesnie & tous les bouchers creurent en dieu, et furent baptizez de saint vrbain. Et quant l'aube du iour apparut, cecile s'escria en disant. "Moult ioye, cheualiers de iesucrist: otez les oeuvres de tenebres, & vestez les armes de lumiere." Et adonc les saintz furent menez a quatre mille de la cite a l'ydole de iupiter. & lors maximien iure par son serment qu'il veit les anges a l'heure de leur passion: car ilz furent decollez ensemble,

he puts them
into the custody
of Maximus,

whom they
convert, with his
family and the
executioners.

At daybreak
Cecilia encourages
them.

The brothers are
beheaded, and
Maximus sees
their souls borne
to heaven.

Maximus is
beaten to death.

Almachius has
Cecilia brought
before him,
and bids her
sacrifice or die.

She tells the
weeping folk
around her that
she'll change her
vile body for a
glorious one.

She converts
them, and above
400 are baptized.

She dares
Almachius,

and tells him that
his power is a
mere bladder
of wind,

that she will not
denv God,

ducuntur et dum sacrificare nollent, pariter decollantur. Tunc Maximus cum jurejurando asseruit, se in hora passionis eorum angelos vidisse fulgentes et animas eorum quasi virgines de thalamo exeuntes, quas in gremio suo in cœlum angeli detulerunt. Almachius vero audiens Maximum christianum effectum, eum plumbatis tandiu cædi fecit, quousque spiritum excussit. Cujus corpus sancta Cæcilia juxta Valerianum et Tiburtium sepelivit. Tunc Almachius facultates am-
borum cæpit inquirere, et Cæciliam tamquam Valeriani conjugem coram se fecit adstare, jussitque, ut ydolis immolaret, aut sententiam mortis incurreret. Cum autem ad hoc ab apparitoribus urgeretur, et illi vehementer flerent, eo quod puella tam decora et nobilis ultro se morti traderet, dixit ad eos: "hoc, boni juvenes, non est juventutum perdere, sed mutare, dare lutum et accipere aurum, dare vile habitaculum et accipere pretiosum, dare brevem angulum et accipere forum pellucidum. Si quis pro nummo solidos daret, nonne velocius festinaretis? Deus autem, quod accepit simplum, reddet centuplum. Creditis his, quæ dico?" Et illi: "credimus, Christum verum esse Deum, qui talem possidet famulam." Vocato igitur Urbano episcopo, CCCC et amplius baptizati sunt. Tunc Almachius sanctam Cæciliam ad se vocans ait: "cujus conditionis es?" Et illa: "ingenua sum et nobilis." Cui Almachius: "ego te de religione interrogo." Cui Cæcilia: "interrogatio tua stultum sumit initium, quæ duas responsiones una putat inquisitione concludi." Cui Almachius: "unde tibi tanta præsumptio respondendi?" At illa: "de conscientia bona, et fide non ficta." Cui Almachius: "ignoras, cujus potestatis sim?" Et illa: "potestas vestra est quasi uter vento repletus, quem si acus pupugerit, omnis protinus rigor pallescit et quidquid in se rigidum habere cernitur, incurvatur." Cui Almachius: "ab injuriis cæpisti, et in injuriis perseveras." Cæcilia respondit: "injuria non dicitur nisi quod verbis fallentibus irrogatur; unde aut injuriam doce, si falsa locuta sum, aut te ipsum corripe calumniam inferentem, sed nos scientes sanctum Dei nomen omnino negare non possumus, melius est enim feliciter mori, quam infeliciter vivere." Cui Almachius: "ad quid cum tanta superbia loqueris?" Et illa: "non est superbia, sed constantia." Cui Almachius: "infelix, ignoras, quia vivificandi et mortificandi mihi tradita

¹ leaf 226, back.

² Chaucer follows the Latin rather than the French.

pour ce qu'ilz ne vouloient sacrifier. Et dit *plus* maximien qu'il veit les anges yssir hors des corps ainsi come vierges yssent hors de leurs chambres, & les anges les emportoient en leurs gironz au ciel. ¹ Et quant almachien ouyt qua maximien estoit crestien, il le fist tant battre de plombees qu'il mist hors l'esperit. Et cecile enterra le corps delez valerien & tyburcien. Et almachien print tous les biens d'iceulx, & fist venir cecile, come femme de valerien, et dist qu'elle sacrifiast ou qu'elle receust sentence de mort. Et quant elle fut contraincte a ce des seruiteurs qui plouroient si fort pour ce que si belle pucelle & si noble se mettoit a mort de son gre, elle leur dist. "Doulx iouenceaulx, ie ne pers pas ma iuncesse: mais ie la mue: ie donne boue, & recois or: ie laisse vng vil habitacle, & recois vng precieux: ie donne vng brief anglet, & prens vng tres cher lien. se aucun donnoit solz pour deniers, vous vous hasteries d'y aller. Dieu, qui prend la simple chose, la rend a cent fois plus. Croyez vous ce que ie dis?" & ils dirent. "Nous le croyons, & croyons que iesucrist est vray dieu, qui a telle ancelle." Et lors fut appelle l'euesque vrbain, & furent baptisez quatre cens & plus. Et lors almachien, fist appeller cecile, & dist. "De quelle condition es tu?" & elle dist. "Ie suis de noble lignage:" & il luy dist. "Ie demande de quelle religion:" & elle respondit. "Ta demande a fol commencement qui cuide que ie conclue deux responces soubz vne demande:" & almachien dist. "Dont te vient si grande presumption de respondre." & elle respondit. "De bonne conscience de foy, et non pas fainte." & almachien dist. "Scez tu de quelle puissance ie suis?" & elle respondit. "Vostre puissance et vostre ventre est tout plain de vent,² que se vne aiguille le poignoit, toute sa force plieroit, et toute sa rondeur courberoit." & almachien dist. "Tu commencas par iniures, et par iniures perseueres." & elle dist. "Iniure n'est pas dicte que par parolles deceuantes: monstre moy se ie parle faulsement, ou corrige toymesmes disant malice: car, nous qui scauons le saint nom de dieu, ne le pouons pas nyer; et trop est meilleure chose mourir bonnement que viure malement." & almachien dist. "Pourquoy parles tu a si grant orgueil?" & elle dist. "Ce n'est pas orgueil, mais fermete:" & almachien dist. "Chetieue! tu ne scais pas que la puissance de viuifier & de mortifier m'est bailee." & elle dist. "Ie preue maintenant que tu as a menty contre la verite com³me tu peulx oster la

Maximus sees their souls borne to heaven.

Maximus is beaten to death.

Almachius has Cecilia brought before him, and bids her sacrifice or die.

She tells the weeping folk around her that she'll change her vile body for a glorious one.

She converts them, and above 400 are baptized.

She dares Almachius,

and tells him that his power is a mere bladder of wind,

that she will not deny God,

[³ col. 2.]

that he can only
take life, not give
it; he is but a
minister of Death,

and his gods
but stones.

Almachius
orders her to be
cast into a boiling
bath; and, as
that doesn't burn
her, to be be-
headed.

The headsman
strikes 3 strokes,
and leaves her
half dead.

She gives her
goods to the poor,
converts many
folk, and asks St
Urban to turn
her house into a
church,

which he does,
and buries her
with the bishops,
A.D. 223,

or A.D. 220.

est potestas?" Et illa: "contra veritatem publicam probo te nunc esse mentitum, vitam enim viventibus tollere potes, mortuis autem dare non potes; es igitur minister mortis, non vitæ." Cui Almachius: "jam depone amentiam et sacrificia Diis." Cui Cæcilia: "nescio, ubi oculos amiseris; nam quos tu Deos dicis, omnes nos saxa esse videmus; mitte igitur manum et tangendo disce, quod oculis non vales videre." Tunc iratus Almachius jussit eam ad domum suam reduci, ibique tota nocte et die jussit eam in bulliente balneo concremari. Quæ quasi in loco frigido mansit, nec modicum saltem sudoris persensit. Quod cum audivisset Almachius, jussit eam in ipso balneo decollari. Quam spiculator tribus ictibus in collo percussit, sed tamen caput ejus amputare non potuit, et quia decretum erat, ne quartam percussione decollandus acciperet, eam semivivam cruentus carnifex dereliquit. Per triduum autem supervivens, omnia quæ habebat, pauperibus tradidit, et omnes quos ad fidem converterat, Urbano episcopo commendavit dicens: "triduanas mihi inducias postulavi, ut nos tuæ beatitudini commendarem, et hanc domum meam in ecclesiam consecrares." Sanctus autem Urbanus corpus ejus inter episcopos sepelivit, et domum suam in ecclesiam, ut rogaverat, consecravit. Passa est autem circa annos domini CC et XXXIII tempore Alexandri imperatoris. Alibi autem legitur, quod passa sit tempore Marci Aurelii, qui imperavit circa annos domini CCXX.

vie aux vifz : mais tu ne peulx pas donner vie aux mors : & adonc tu es ministre de mort, & non pas de vie." A laquelle almachien dist. "Oste ta forcenerie, & sacrifie aux dieux." & cecile dist. "Ie ne scay se tu as les yeulx perdus, car ceulz *que* tu dis estre dieux, nous voyons tous que ce sont pierres. Metz donc ta main a ta teste, & prens a taster ce *que* tu peulx veoir." Et lors almachien courrouce, la commanda mener en sa maison : & la fist nuyt & iour estre en vng baing tout bouillant ; et elle estoit la tout ainsi come en vng froit lieu, & ne sentit oncques vng peu de sueur. Et quant almachien la ouyt, il commanda *qu'elle* fust decollée en ce baing. Et le martyreur frappa trois fois sur elle, et ne luy peut oncques coupper le col. et pour ce qu'il estoit ordonne *que* celui qui estoit decolleur ne ferist le quart coup, celui la lascia demye morte & toute sanglante. Elle suruesquit trois iours, & donna tout ce *qu'elle* auoit aux pources, & tous ceulx *qu'elle* auoit conuertis a la foy, elle recommanda a l'euesque vrbain, disant. "I'ay requis terme de trois iours pour recommander ceulx cy a ta beatitude : et pour ce que tu consacres ma maison en vne eglise." Et saint vrbain ensepuelit son corps entre les euesques : et dedia sa maison en vne eglise, sicomme elle luy auoit prie. ¹ Et elle souffrit mort enuiron l'an de nostre seigneur deux cens .xxiii. au temps de alexandre empereur. Et on lit ailleurs *qu'elle* souffrit mort au temps de marc aurelien qui fut empereur enuiron l'an de nostre seigneur sept cens et vingt.

that he can only take life, not give it; he is but a minister of Death,

and his gods but stones.

Almachius orders her to be cast into a boiling bath; and, as that doesn't burn her, to be beheaded.

The headsman strikes 3 strokes, and leaves her half dead.

She gives her goods to the poor, converts many folk, and asks St Urban to turn her house into a church,

which he does, and buries her with the bishops,

A.D. 223,

or A.D. 720.

¹ Chaucer leaves out the rest.

[From Caxton's *Golden Legende*, ed. 1483,¹ folio
CCC lxxvij, back, col. 2.]

Here foloweth of saint Cecyle byrgyne and
marter & fyrste of hyr name.

Cecylle is as moche to say as the lylle of heuen /
or a waye to blynde men / Or she is sayd of celo
and lya / or ellys cecilia as lackyng² blyndenes /
Or she is sayd of celo that is heuen / and leos
that is peple / she was an heuenly lylle by clennes
of vyrgynyte / a weye to blynde men by Informacion of
example / heuen by deuoute contemplacion lya by besy
operacyon / lackyng blyndenes by shynyng³ of wyse-
dom / and heuen of the people / ¶ For the people be-
helde in hyr as in folowyng the³ spyrytuel heuen /
the sonne / the mone and the sterrys / that is to say /
shynyng³ of wysedom / magnanymyte of feythe / and
dyuersyte of vertues / Or she is sayd a lylle for she
had the whytenes of clenness / a good conscience /
and odoure of good fame / Or she is sayd heuen / for
ysodore saith that the phylosopres sayen / that heuen
is meuable / rounde / and brennyng³ / In lyke wyse
was she moeuyng³ by besy operacion / rounde by per-
seueraunce / and brennyng³ by fyry charyte /

Cecilia means
'lily of heaven';
or, 'not blind';
or 'heaven of the
people':

a 'lily', for she
was white as
purity;

'heaven,' because
she moved in
good works,
and burnt by
fiery charity.

¹ The colophon to this 1st ed., on folio CCCC xliiii, is,
"Thus endeth the legende named in latyn legenda aurea / that
is to saye in englysshe the golden legende / For lyke as golde
passeth in valewe alle other metalles / so thys legende
excedeth alle other bookes / wherin ben conteyned alle the
hygh and grete festys of our lord / the festys of our blessyd
lady / the lyues passyons and myracles of many other
sayntes / and other hystories and actes / as al allonge here
afore is made mencyon / whiche werke I haue accomplished
at the commaundemente and requeste of the noble and puy-
saunte erle / and my special good lord Wyllyam erle of
aronde / & haue fynysshed it at westmestre the twenty day of
nouembre / the yere of our lord M / CCCC / lxxxij / & the
fyrst yere of the reygne of Kyng Rychard the thyrd

¶ By me Wyllyam Caxton"

² Caxton's g has a curl more like our d's.

³ folio CCC lxxvij.

AN EARLY-ENGLISH LIFE OF ST CECILIA.

[Ashmole MS. 43, leaf 185, back.]

St Cecilia
loved Christ
from her
cradle.

When she
was married
to Valerian,

she wore a
hairshirt
under her
robes,
[leaf 186]

and she
prayed Christ
to keep her
unspotted.

At night she
told Valerian

that an Angel
loved her,

and would
kill him if he
tried to rob
her of her
maidenhood.

Valerian said
she must
show him
the angel;

if it were a
man, he'd
kill him and
her too.

[1 MS. b 31f]
Cecilia told
Valerian that
if he'd believe
in Christ he
should see
the Angel.

S Eyn Cecile of noble kunne : ibore was at rome.
Our lord crist heo louede wel : ar heo fram cradel come
Heo lette hire baptise stilliche : as we fi[n]dep iwrite.
3erne heo bed ihesu crist : hire maidenhod to wite. 4
þoru hire frendes strengþe : ispoused heo was to a man.
Of gret nobleie & richesse : þat het valerian.
þis maide werede robe of pal : & cloþes swiþe riche.
Gerlans & tresours al of golde : þe here next hire liche. 8
Wen þe menstrales songe hor song : of hor menstrasie.
þis maide stilliche song of god : & seynthe marie.
Of þe sauter heo song þis vers : þat mest was In hire þoȝt.
'Let lord myn herte vn-wemmed be : þat Ine beconfounded noȝt.'
As heo was anyȝt in riche bedde : wiþ hire lord ibroȝt. 13
Sone hadde þis fole mon : of folie hire bisoȝt.
"Suete heorte" quaþ þis maide : "uor loue þat þou hast to me.
Grante þat ich þe mote telle a lute priuete. 16
& þat ich me mote scryue to þe : as conseil priue"
"Tristiliche þou miȝt" quaþ þis oþer : "to soþe ich bihote þe."
"Suete heorte" quaþ þis maide : "In warde icham ido.
An angel is my wardeyn : & my lefmon also. 20
Vaste he stont her by me : & ȝif he vnderȝete.
þat þou by-nome my maidenhod : uor noþing he nolde lete.
þat he nolde harde smyte : & by-nyme þe þi miȝte
Vor al þe nobleie þat þou hast : þe ne halt noȝt aȝen him fiȝte
Ac ȝif he seop þat þou louest me : In good lif & elene. 25
He wole þe wite as he doþ me : & ech vuel fram þe ȝene"
"ȝif þou wolt, lefmon : þat ich ileue þis.
þe angel þou most scewe me : þat ich him ise iwis. 28
ȝif ich mai þat soþe ise : þat þou hast þat soþe ised
In clannesse ichulle þi wille do : al after þi red.
ȝif ich ise þat In folie louest : an oþer þen me.
I nele bileue uor noþing : þat I nele him sle & þe." 32
"Swete heorte" quaþ þis maide : "ȝif¹ þou wolt þen angel ise.
þou most byleue on ihesu crist : & icristned be.
ȝif þou wolt so þou miȝt him ise : & wite he wole ous fram helle
& so gret Ioie worþ of our loue : þat no tonge ne mai telle.
Ac þre mile henne þou most go : to þe wei of apie 37

¶ Of saint Cecillye

Saynt cecillye the holy vyrgyn was comen of the noble lygnage of the Romayns / and fro the tyme that she laye in hir cradle she was fostrid and nourisshed in the feythe of cryste / and alle weye bare in hir breste the gospel hyd / and neuer cessyd day ne nyght from holy prayers but recommaunded to god all weye hir vyrgynyte / and whan thys blessyd vyrgyne shold be spoused to a yonge man named valeryan / & the day of weddyng was comen / & was cladde in ryal clothes of golde / but vnder she ware the hayre / and she heeryng the organes makyng melodye she sange in hir herte onelye to god sayeng / O lord I beseeche the that myn herte and body may be vnde-fowled so that I be not confounded / and euery second and thyrday she fasted commendying hir self vnto our lord whome she dredde / the nyght cam that she shold goo to bedde wyth hir husbond as the custome is / and whan they were bothe in theyr chambre allone / she sayd to hym in thys manere / O my beste belouyd and swete husbond / I haue a counceyll to telle the / yf so be that thou wylt kepe it secrete / and swere that ye shal bewreie it to no man / to whom valeryan sayd / that he wold gladly promyse and swere neuer to bewreie it / and thenne she sayd to hym I haue an aungel that loueth me / which euer kepeth my body whether I slepe or wake and yf he may fynde that ye touche my body by vylonye or foule and pollute loue / certeynly he shal anone slee you and so shold ye lese the floure of your yongthe / and yf soo be that thou loue me in holy loue and clen-nesse / he shall loue the as he loueth me & shal shewe to the his grace / Thenne valeryan corrected by the wylle of god hauyng drede sayd to hir / yf thou wylt that I beleue that thou sayest to me / shewe to me that aungel that thou spekest of and yf I fynde veryt-able that he be the aungel of god / I shal do that thou sayest / and yf so be that thou loue another man than me / I shal slee bothe hym and the with my swerde / Cecylle answerd to hym yf thou wylt byleue & baptyse the / thou shalt wel now see hym / goo thenne forth to via appia whiche is thre myle out of

She came of
noble Romans,
and was always
a Christian.

When she was
to be married,

she prayed God to
keep her pure.

When she had to
go to bed with
her husband
Valerian,

she told him an
Angel loved her,
and would kill
him if he polluted
her.

Valerian said,
'Show me your
Angel, and I'll
not touch you.'

Cecilia bade him

¹ col. 2, folio CCC lxxviiij.

- He was to go to the Appian Way,
finl out St Urban, and
get baptized.
- bou schalt þere vynde pouere men : on ihesu crist crie.
Sei þat ich þe to hem sende : þat hi þe teche anon.
To Seyn Vrban þe olde mon : vor þou most to him gon 40
& priue conseil wiþ him speke : uor he þe schal baptise.
þen angel þou schalt þenne ise : & he schal ous boþe wise."
- Valerian went,
- and found St Urban among the martyrs' tombs.
- Valerian aros anon : as our lord him zef wille.
To þe stude þat pis maide bad : uorþ he wende wel stille. 44
þis pouere men him teizte anon : to þe olde mon Seyn Vrban.
In an old stude uor-let : þer as ne com no man.
Among olde puttes & burles : as me cristene men þreu.
After þat hi Imartred were : ware meeny ikneu.
To is fet he vel adoun : anon so he to him com. 49
& sede þat cicile him sende þuder : to esce cristendom.
"Louerd Ihered be þi mizte" : sede Seyn Vrban.
"Is þis þe luper werreour : þat me clepeþ valerian. 52
War cicile habbe Imad him : þat was er so wilde.
& more tiraunt þen eny wolf : as a lomb þus milde."
þo com þer go a suyþe old mon : & alizte fram heuene þer.
Hor wiþ wite vestemens : a suyþe uair writ he ber 56
þo valerian him isei : adoun he vel uor drede.
Seyn Vrban him nom vp : & gan him uorþ lede.
þis halwe of heuene him tok þis writ : & bed him uorte rede.
Valerian radde þis writ : þat þes wordes sede. 60
'O lord is & on bileue : & on baptisinge.
O god & fader of alle þat beþ : þat ouer al is in eche þinge'
"Heuestou" quap Seyn vrban : "þat þou dest her ise"
"þer nys noþing" quap þis oper : "þat bet to leue be." 64
After þis wite mon he bihuld : he nuste war he bicom.
Seyn Vrban him nom anon & zaf him cristendom
To Seyn Cicile he wende azen : þo he hadde ibe þer 'i-fulle
He vond hire chambre lizt wiþþinne : & swiþe suote smulle.
He uond Cecile his gode spouse : & an angel bi hire stonde.
Brixtore þen eny leome : to gerlans he huld an honde.
Of rosen & of ly lion suote : þat on cicile he toke.
& þat oper ualerian : as we fi[n]deþ in boke. 72
"Witeþ þis" he sede "In trewe loue : wiþ chast bodi & clene
Ich hem habbe fram heuene ibrozt : our lord it doþ þou lene.
Vor welluwe ne olde neuer hi nelleþ : ac euer ilaste
þe two maner floures þat þer beþ : nelleþ neuer hor heu caste.
þe lilie tokenep þoure maidenhod : þat is so wit & suote. 77
þe rose bitokenep þoure martirdom : uor peron deie 3e mote.
& vor þou dest valerian cecilie red sone.
Wat þou of my lord bist : he wole grante þi bone." 80
"I ne wilny noþing so muche" : sede ualerian.
"As þat tybors my broþer : were cristeneman."
"My lord wole" quap þis angel : "zeue him pulke grace.
þat boþe 3e scholleþ at one tyme be : Imartred In one place."
- [leaf 186, back]
St Urban
thankt God
that Cecilia
had tamed
Valerian.
An old man
appeared
from heaven
- and handed
Valerian a
writing,
'One Lord,
one faith, one
baptism,' &c.
- Valerian
believed it,
- St Urban
baptized him,
[1 MS is]
he went back
to Cecilia,
and found an
Angel with
her, who had
2 garlands of
roses and
lilies,—
- lilies for
Cecilia's
maidenhood,
roses for her
martyrdom.
- Valerian askt
that his
brother
Tybors might
turn Chris-
tian.

this towne and there thou shalt fynde pope urban with
 poure folkes / and telle hym thyse wordes that I have
 sayd / and whan he hath purged you fro synne by
 baptesme / thenne whan ye come ageyn ye shal see
 the aungel / and forthe wente valeryan and fonde this
 holy man vrbane lowtyng emonge the buryellys / to
 whom he reported the wordes that cecylle had said /
 and saynt vrbane for ioye gan holde vp his honde and
 lete the teerys falle out of his eyen / and sayd o
 almyghty god Ihesu crist sower of chaast counceylle
 and keper of vs alle / Receyue the fruyte of the seed /
 that thou hast sownen in cecyllie / For lyke a besy bee
 she seruyth the For the spouse whome she hath taken
 whyche was lyke a wode lyon / She hath sente hym
 hyther lyke as a meke lambe / and wyth that word
 apperyd sodeynlye an olde man y-cladde in whyte
 clothes / holdyng a book wryten wyth letters of golde /
 whome Valeryan seyng for fere fyl down to the grounde
 as he had been deed / Whome the olde man reysed and
 toke vp and redde in this wyse / One god one feythe /
 one baptesme / One god and fader of alle / abouen
 alle / and in vs alle euery where / ¹ And whan this
 olde man had redde this / he sayd byleuest thou this
 or doutest thou it say ye or nay / Thenne valeryan
 cryed sayeng / ther is no thyng trewer vnder heuen /
 thenne vanysshed this olde man aweye / Thenne
 valeryan receyued baptesme of seynt vrbane and
 retorne home to saynt cecyllie whome he fonde
 wythin hir chambre spekyng wyth an aungel / and
 thys aungel had two crownes of roses and lylyes /
 which he helde in his honde / of whiche he gaf one
 to cecylle and that other to valeryen sayeng / kepe ye
 thyse crownes wyth an vndefowled and a clene body /
 for I haue brought them to you fro paradyse / and
 they shal neuer fade ne wydder / ne lose theyr
 sauour / ne they may not be seen but of theym to
 whom chastyte pleasyth / & thou valeryan by cause
 thou hast vsed prouffitable counceyl / demaunde what
 thou wylt / To whom valeryan sayd There is no thyng
 in this world to me leuer thenne my brother / whome
 I wold fayne that he myght knowe this veray trouthe
 wyth me / to whome the aungel sayd / thy peteyon
 pleseth our lord / and ye bothe shal come to hym by

go to Pope
Urban, get
baptized, and
then he should
see the Angel.

Urban is rejoicet
at Cecilia's over-
coming Valerian.

An old man
appears to
Valerian,

and proclaims
the one God to
him.

Valerian believes,

Urban baptizes
him; he returns
to Cecilia, and
finds with her
an Angel,
who gives them
a crown of roses
and lilies that'll
never fade while
they are chaste.

Valerian asks
that his brother
may be converted,

¹ folio CCC lxxviii (sign. bb j), back.

- The Angel
vanisht.
Tybors came,
and askt
where
the smell of
roses and
lilies came
from.
- þe angel wende wiþ þis word : me nuste war he bicom. 85
þis two clene þinges wiþ Ioie Inou : hor eiþer to oþer nom
Tibors com to þe chambre : to speke wiþ is broþer þere
He stod stille & bihuld aboute : as he nuste war he were. 88
"Broþer" he sede "hou geþ þis : þis tyme of þe 3ere.
So suote smul ne smulde ich neuere : me þençþ as ich do here
þei þis hous were vol of rede rosen : & of wite lilion also
I ne miȝte hem verisore smul : me þençþ þen ich nou do. 92
- [leaf 187]
- Valerian told
him from 2
invisible
garlands.
- So vol icham of þis smul : & so muche it is In my þoȝt.
þat I not hou icham sodenliche : In oþer witte ibroȝt."
"Leue broþer" quap valerian : "gerlans we habbeþ here.
Of floures þat þou ne miȝt ise : bote þou were our Iuere 96
Ac so as þou hast þem suote smul : þer-of þoru our bone.
3if þou wolt bileue as we doþ : þou miȝt hem ise sone."
- Tybors sup-
posed his
brother was
dreaming.
- "Leue broþer" quap þis oþer : "weþer is it soþ þis
Oþer ich stonde in metynge : & mete þat it so is." 100
"In metynge" quap valerian : "we habbeþ euer ibe.
- Valerian said
he had only
just been
awoke by
God's angel.
- Nou we beþ verst of slepe awaked : nou we mowe uerst ise."
"Suxtou bet nou" quap þis oþer : "þen þou hast er ido."
"3e" sede valerian : "wel me bi-houeþ so 104
Vor my lordes angel of heuene : haþ iȝeue me siȝt
& vor our loue he wole þe also : 3if þou wolt bileue ariȝt"
þo sede þis holi maide "tybors leue broþer.
Wat beþ þis maumetes bote wrechede : þou suxt non oþer.
Ne suxtou hou it is monnes were · Imad of old tre. 109
þing þet ne mai him sulue helpe : hou mai it helpe þe"
"Noping nys soþer" quap tibors : "þen þat þou hast ised.
Woder he weþer þen eny best : þat nolde do þi rede" 112
Seyn Cecile him custe anon : "leue tybors" heo sede
- and that he
must become
her brother,
- "To dai þou schalt my broþer be : vor þou wolt do bi rede.
þoru clene loue of good bileue : þi broþer my spouse is
þer-þoru þou schalt bicom also : my broþer wan þou art his
Myd valerian þou most go to þe biscop vrbā 117
& be icristned & do also : as he þe rede can."
"Is þat vrbā" quap tybours : "þat so 3erne haþ ibe isoȝt.
þat 3are haþ ibe fleme & ihud : & 3if he were uorþ ibroȝt.
Vorberne he scholde & we also : 3if we wiþ him were 121
& so þe wole we heuene soȝte : vorberne we miȝte here."
- Cecilia speaks
of the joys of
the future
life.
- "& 3if þer nere" quap þis maide : "soulement bote þis lif.
Fol he were þat it wolde lese : vor eny strif. 124
An wen þer is so muri lif : þat we schulleþ her-after auonge.
Fol is þat nele an wule be wo : to be In Ioie so longe."
- Tybors asks
to be led to
St Urban.
- "Leue broþer" quap tybours : "ich biseche þe
Lede me to þulke gode monne : & haue mercy of me." 128
þat o broþer ladde þat oþer : to þe biscop Vrbā
& let him vorsake is fole bileue : & bicom cristene man.
Tibours þo he com aȝen : þen angel he sei anon.
- He is
baptized,
and sees the
Angel.

the palme of marterdom / and anone tyburce his brother and he, Tyburce,
at once comes in,
 came and entryd in to thys chambre / and anone he felte
 the swete odour of the roses & lylyes / and meruaylled
 fro whens it came / Thenne valeryan sayd we haue
 crownes whyche thyn eyen may not see and lyke as by
 my prayers [thou] hast felte the odour of them / so yf
 thou wylt byleue / thou shalt see the crownes of roses
 and lylyes that we haue / Thenne cecyllye and and hears of
heaven, the abuse
of idols, &c.,
 valeryan began to preche to tyburcyen of the ioie of
 heuen / and of the foule creaunce of paynymys / the
 abusyon of ydolles / and of the paynys of helle whiche
 the dampned suffre and also they prechyd to hym of
 the Incarnacion of our lord and of hys passyon / and and of Christ,
 dyd so moche that Tyburcyen was conuerted and bap- and is baptized
by St Urban.
 tised of saynt vrbane / and fro than forthon he had so
 moche grace of god that every day he sawe aungellys /

- Cecile, being
a woman, has
to stay at
home.
[leaf 187, bk]
The brothers
go out, bury
martyred
Christians,
are caught in
the act,
and taken
before the
Justices.
Valerian tells
the Justices
that when
they are in
hell, he and
Tybors will
be in heaven.
The Justice
orders the
Brothers to
sacrifice.
They refuse,
and are put
in prison,
where they
convert their
jailer.
Cecilia bids
them show
their stal-
wartness.
They refuse
to sacrifice to
idols, and are
beheaded.
Maxime sees
their souls
taken to
heaven, de-
clares himself
a Christian,
and is
scourged to
death.
- þat Cecile him hadde bihote : In þe chambre wiþ hire gon.
 Cecile, vor heo womman was : atom heo moste abide. 133
 Ac þis breþeren þat were men : aboute wende wide.
 & wen me martred cristenmen : þuder hi wolde gon.
 & stele to wen hi miȝte best : & burie hem anon [don.
 bi-uore þe Iustice hi were ibroȝt : me lefte hem wat hi wolde
 Ho made hem so hardi : to ben þe emperours fon.
 As hi burede twei gode men : þat Imartred were.
 Come þe emperours men : & nome hem riȝt pere. 140
 þe misbilleued trechours : þat were aȝen our lawe.
 þat wiþ riȝt Iugement of londe : were ibroȝt of dawe.
 "Sire, we wolde," queþe þis oþer : "þat we wurþi were
 Hor knaues uorte habbe ibe : þat ȝe lette quelle pere. 144
 Hi bileuede þing þat noȝt nas þei semblaunce hadde
 & toke þat was aworþ : & no semblance naddē.
 Vor þei worldes wele habbe semblance · uor soþe noȝt it nys.
 & þei þe blisse of heuene þenche lute : uor soþe muche it is."
 "Belamys," þe Iustices seden : "ȝe me þenç wode. 149
 Wurþe he it to habbe wo : hose kepeþ noȝt of gode."
 "In wynter," quap valerian : "idelmen sitteþ & drinkeþ.
 To busemar hi liȝeþ erþetilien : þat aboute gode swynkeþ.
 In heruest wen hi mowe : vair corn repe 153
 In meseise hi mowe go vp & doun : vor hi nabbeþ neuer a grepe
 & we scholleþ uor our trauail : þi blisse repe atēende.
 Wen ȝe schulleþ uor our Ioie : wepynge to helle wende"
 "Eke we," quap þe Iustice : "þat lordes scholde be. 157
 Beþ lasse worþ þen suche wrechēs : þat nelleþ neuer iþe."
 "Certes" quap ualerian "þou art lasse itold
 þen a beggare aȝen god : ne be þou ne so bold" 160
 "Belamy," quap þe Iustice : "I ne kepe noȝt of þi tanglinge.
 Doþ ȝoure sacrifice anon : oþer me schal ȝou to deþe bringe"
 "Certes" queþe þis gode men : "þou ne bringest ous noȝt þerto."
 þe Iustice hem let anon : In strong prison do : 164
 Maxime þe gailer het : þat hem In warde nom.
 So þat he & alle his : þoru hem cristene bicom
 Seyn Cecile com bi þe prison : loude heo gan grede.
 "Wat doþ ȝe, stalwarde knyȝtes : cuþeþ ȝoure stalward hede.
 Fiȝteþ nou stalwardliche : to bileue þis derkhede. 169
 þat ȝe were In þe weie ibroȝt : þat to cler lizȝ ȝou wole lede"
 Amorwe to þe maunet þis gode men were ibroȝt.
 þe Iustice hem het do sacrifice : ac þo hi nolde noȝt. 172
 Hor heden he het boþe of smyte : & maxime isei
 War angles hor soulen nome : & to heuene bere an hei.
 To þe Iustice he eode anon : "cristene icham" he sede
 "Ich isei þe gode menne soulen : angles to heuene lede." 176
 þe Iustice him let nyme anon : naked he let him bete.
 Wiþ stronge scourgen vaste ibounde : vorte he gan þat lif lete.

and alle that euer he requyred of our lord he opteyned /
 After almachyus prouoste of rome / which put to deth
 many crysten men herde say that tybureyen &
 valeryen buried cristen men that were marterd / &
 gafe al their good to pour peple / he called them tofore
 hym / & after longe dysputacion he commaunded that
 they shold goo to the statue or ymage of Iubyter for to
 doo sacrefyse / or ellys they shold be byheded / & as
 they were ledde they prechyd the feyth of our lord to
 one called maxyme / that they conuerted hym to the
 cristen feyth / & they promysed to hym that yf he had
 veray repentaunce & ferme creaunce that he shold see
 the glorie of heuen / which their sowles shold receyue
 atte hour of theyr passyons / & that he hym self shold
 haue the same yf he wold byleue / Thenne maximus
 gate leue of the tormentours for to haue them home to
 his hows / & the sayd maxymus with al his hows-
 holde / and alle the tormentours were turned to the
 feyth / thenne came seynt cecyllye thyder with
 preestys & baptysed them / and afterward whan the
 mornyng came saynt cecyllye sayd to them / Now ye
 knyghtes of crist / caste awaye fro you the werkes of
 derknes & clothe you with the armes of lyght / &
 thezne they were ledde four myle out of the towne / &
 brought tofore thymage of Iupyter / but in no wyse
 they wold do sacrefyse ne encence to thydolle / but
 humbly with grete deuocion knelyd down & there were
 byheded / & saynt cecyllye toke their bodyes & buried
 them thenne maxymus that saw this thyng said that
 he sawe in the houre of theyr passyon aungels clere
 shynynge / & her sowles ascende in to heuen whyche
 the aungels bare vp / wherfore many were conuerted to
 the cristen feythe / & whan almache herde that
 maxyme was cristened / he dyd do bete hym with
 plomettes of leed so longe tyl he gaue vp hys spyryte &

Almachius,
Provost of Rome,

orders Valerian
and Tyburce to
sacrifice to
Jupiter, or be
beheaded.

They convert
their tormentors,
and Maximus and
his household.

They refuse to
sacrifice to
Jupiter, and are
beheaded.

Cecilia buries
them.

Almachius has
Maximus beaten
till he dies,

- [leaf 188] þat bodi hi caste wiþ-poute toun : þo gon Cecile uorþ gon.
 þis pre holi martirs : to-gadere heo burede anon. 180
 Heo was sone Inome & ilad : byuore þe Iustice þo.
 "Wat" he sede "hou geþ þis : beþ þer 3ut screwen mo.
 Artou valerianes wif : bi þe fei ich owe mahon.
 Bote þou oper do, þi wite heu : worþ sone ibrozt adon 184
 Of wat kun artou icome : þat so folliche þe doþ lere."
 "Of betere kunne" quap þis maide "þen þou euer were
 In wuch maner lif quap þis oper : þencstou þi lif lyue.
 þou axst as a fol quap þis maide : & such vsnure me schal þe 3iue
 Vor al þi poer þou schalt ise : wen þou wost þen ende. 189
 þat þou ne schalt fram ihesu crist : enes myn herte wende."
 "Hou com it to þe" quap þis oper : "to be so hardi her.
 To clepe me fol þat am þi maister : ne suxstou my poer." 192
 "þi poer wreche" quap þis maide : "worþ sone ibrozt bi-hinde
 Vor it nys bote as a bleddore : iblowe uol of wynde
 þat be ipriked wiþ a pricke : awei it scrynkeþ al.
 Also wiþ a lute sekenesse : þi wreche caroine schal. 196
 þi poer þat þou 3elpest of : worþ þenne suyþe lute."
 "Hou geþ þis" quap þe Iustice : "dame, wenne comeþ þi prute.
 Ne mai ich þe 3eue deþ & lif : ne suxtou wiþ þin eie"
 "Certes sire" quap þis maide : "þou luxt þer of wel heie.
 A wreche caroine þou miȝte 3eue deþ : þat wel schort is. 200
 Ac of lyue þou miȝte noþing 3eue : þi sulue nozt iwis.
 Wen þou miȝt deþ 3eue : me þenç þi pur riȝt.
 þat þou art deþes sergant : & of lif nastou no miȝt 204
 & wen þou deþes sergaunt art : deþ þi lord is.
 & In deþ wiþþoute ende : þou wolt be iwis."
 "Dame" quap þe Iustice : "of þi godhede ne kepe ich nozt.
 Do sacrifice to oure godes : oper þou worst to deþe ibrozt"
 "þou seist þat ich gidi am" : *Seyn* Cecili sede. 209
 "Ac þou art gidi & eke blynd : I sene on þi rede.
 Scholde ich honoure þine godes : þat beþ of ston & tre
 I lef 3if ich segge soþ : 3if þou miȝt nozt ise. 212
 Bote þou be blynd þou miȝt ise : þat þis þing soþ is.
 3if þou it suxst & leuest it nozt : gidi þou art iwis.
 Vor gidi he is þat nele ileue : þat he suçþ myd eie.
 & as gidi mon & blynd þou schalt : In helle pyne deie." 216
 þo verde þe screwe as he were wod : & het þis maide take.
 & lede hire to an out hous : & a gret fur make.
 & þer ouer a led uol of water : & al amidde hire caste
 & sepe hire þe wule þer wole : a lym of hire ilaste. 220
 þo þis Ingement was iȝeue : & me hire uorþ ladde
 Wimmen & men þat it iseie : loude hi woþe & gradde.
 "Alas" hi sede "a þis¹ 3ong þing : & a þis¹ vair creature.
 Schal nou 3eue hire 3onge lif : & deie þour fure." 224
 "Beþ stille" quap þis holi maide : "uor me ne wepe 3e nozt.

Cecilia is taken before the Justice, who abuses her, and asks her of what descent she is.

'Of better than you,' says Cecilia; 'you ask like a fool,

and shall not turn me from Christ.'

"How dare you call me a fool, with my power?"

'Your power is only a bladder of air, that 'll shrink at a prick.'

"Proud woman, can I not give you death or life?"

'No,' says Cecilia, 'only death to my carcase.'

"Sacrifice to our gods, or be put to death."

Cecilia declares she will not worship stone and wood.

The Justice orders her to be put into a caldron of water, and boiled to bits.

The folk mourn that [leaf 188, bk] she will lose her life. [MS. þs]

deyed / whos body Saynt Cecyllye buryed by valeryan
 and Tybureyan / & after almache commaunded that
 cecylle shold be brought vnto hys presence for to doo
 sacrefyse to Iubyter & she so prechyd to them that
 came for hyr that she conuerted them to the feyth
 which wepte sore / that so fayr a mayde & so noble
 shold be put to deth / thenne she said to them / o ye
 good yonge men it is noo thyng to lese the yongthe /
¹but to chaunge hit / that is to gyue claye and take
 therfore golde / To gyue a foule habytacle and take a
 precyous / To gyue a lytel corner and to take a ryght
 grete place / God rewardeth for one symple / an hon-
 dred folde / byleue ye thys that I haue said And they
 sayd / we beleue cryste to be veray god whiche hath
 suche a seruante / thenne saynt vrbane was callyd
 and four hondred and moo were baptysed / ¶ Thenne
 almachyus callyng tofore hym saynt cecylle sayd to
 hir / of what condycyon arte thou / & she sayd that
 she was of a noble kynrede / To whome almachyus
 sayd / I demaunde the of what relygyon arte thou /
 thenne cecyle sayd / thenne begannest thou thy
 demaunde follyly that woldest haue two answers in one
 demaunde / To whome almache sayd / Fro whens
 cometh thy rude answer / & she sayd / of good con-
 science and feyth not fayned / To whome almachyus
 sayd / knowest thou not of what power I am / and she
 sayd thy power is lytel to drede / for it is like a
 bladder ful of wynde / whiche wyth the prykyng of a
 nedle is anone goon awaye and come to nought / ¶ To
 whome almache sayd / in wronge beganst thou and in
 wronge thou perseueryst / Knowest thou not how our
 prynces haue gyuen me power to gyue lyf and to slee /
 & she sayd now shal I proue the a liar ageynst the
 veray trouthe / Thou mayst wel take the lyf fro them
 that lyue / but to them that been deed thou mayst
 gyue no lyf / Therefore thou arte a mynystre / not of
 lyf / but of dethe / To whome almachyus sayd now
 laye a parte thy madnes / and do sacrefyse to the
 goddes / To whome cecyllle sayd / I wote neuer where
 thou hast loste thy syght / for them that thou sayest
 ben goddes / we see them stones put thyn hande / and
 by touchyng thou shalt lerne that whiche thou mayste
 not see wyth thyn eyen / Thenne almachyus was
 wrothe and commaunded hyr to be ladde in to hyr
 hows / & there to be brente in a brennyng bayne

and then orders
 Cecilia to be
 brought to him,
 and to sacrifice to
 Jupiter.

She converts
 those who come
 to take her,

and 400 are
 baptized.

Almachius asks
 Cecilia of what
 religion she is,

and warns her of
 his power.
 She says his
 power is like a
 bladder full
 of air;

he cannot give
 life, but only
 take it.

He tells her to
 sacrifice to the
 gods.

She says they
 are stones.

He orders her to
 be put into a
 burning bath,

'Nay, I lose
not my young
life, I go to
life. A short
death will
bring me to
life without
end.' She is
cast into the
boiling water,
plays with its
waves,
preches, and
converts 400
men. The
Justice or-
ders her to be
beheaded.
The killer
hits her 3
times, but
doesn't quite
cut her head
off, and he
leaves her
half slain,
shrew that he
was!
Cecilia goes
about with
her head half
off, gives her
goods to the
poor,

turns men to
Christ;
and begs St
Urban to
make her
house into a
church.

On the 3rd
day she dies,
saying that
she goes to
Jesus.

This was A.D.
223.

Let us pray
God to bring
us to joy.

Mi zonge lif ne lese ich noȝt : ac to lyue ich worþe ibroȝt
A scorte deþ ich schal auonge : & lif wiþpouten ende.
Fol were þat nolde so : god him me sende" 228
Me caste hire In þe seþende water : þer-Inne al nyȝt heo seþ
þe lengore þer-Inne heo was : þe verrore heo was hire deþ
Wiþ þe walmes heo sat & pleide : & prechede of godes grace.
Mo þen four hondred men : bicom e þer cristene In þe place.
þe Iustice isei þat me ne miȝte : In such deþ qule hire noȝt
He let smyte of hire heued : þat heo were to deþe ibroȝt.
þe quellare hire smot wiþ is mayn : þre siþe in hire suere.
He ne smot it noȝt uolliche of : þe deþ was iboȝt dere. 236
No quellare ne moste bi þulke daie : smyte ouer þrie.
Half slawe hi bileuede hire so : hamward he gan hie.
Nou an vuel stude god it wolde : vor he was a screwe.
Wo dude he þe holi maide : gulteles so hire to hewe. 240
& beleue hire so half alyue : welles wo him be.
Vor ho muste of no deol þer me miȝte ise.
þis holi maide eode aboute : hire heued half of ismyte.
þat was half quic & half ded : þat reuþe it was to wite. 244
& pouere men muche of hire good : deled e wiþ hire honde.
Hit was a uair grace of god : þat heo miȝte enes stonde.
Heo prechede & to ihesu crist : mony good mon wende.
& alle to Seyn Vrban þe biscop : to baptise heo sende. 248
& bed him þat he schulde hire hous : þat heo wonede Inne.
Halwy In our lordes name : & a chirche þer bygynne.
& burie þer hire suete bodi : & þat our lordes seruice
Vpe is poer þer-Inne were ido : In alle wise 252
þe þridde day after hire martirdom : þis maide adoun lay.
& prechede cristene men : & bed hem habbe good day.
& sede "nou ichabbe ido : al þat my wille is to.
Wende ichulle to ihesu crist : & ȝe schulle also" 256
þis was two hondred ȝer : & þre & twenti riȝt.
After þat our lord was In is moder alȝt
Nou bidde we our suete lord : uor hire holi martirdom.
To bringe ous to þulke Ioie : þat hire soule to com. 260

which hir semed was a place colde & wel attemperyd /
 thenne almachyus heeryng that / commmaunded that
 she shold be byheded in the same bath / Thenne the
 tormentour smote at hyr thre strokes / and coude not
 smyte of hyr heed / & the fourth stroke he myght not
 by the lawe smyte / and so lefte hir there lyeng halfe
 a lyue / and halfe dede and she lyued thre dayes after
 in that manere / and gaue al that she had to poure
 peple / and contynuelly prechyd the faythe al that
 whyle / & alle them that she conuerted she sente to
 vrbane for to be baptysed / and sayd I haue axed re-
 spyte thre dayes that I myght commende to you thyse
 soules / And that ye schold halowe of myn hows a
 chyrche / and thenne at the ende of thre dayes she
 slepte in our lord and saynt vrbane wyth his dekenes
 buryed hir body emonge the bysshoppes / and halowed
 hir hows in to a chyrche / In whyche vnto this day is
 sayd the serveyce vnto our lord / She suffred hir
 passyon aboute the yere of our lord two hundred and
 xxij in the tyme of alexaunder themperour and it is
 redde in another place / that she suffred in the tyme
 of marcij aurelij whyche reygned aboute the yere of our
 lord two hondred and twenty Thenne lete vs de-
 uoutelye praye vnto our lord that by the merytes of
 thys holy vyrgyne and marter saynt cecyly we may
 come to his euerlastyng blisse in heuen amen /

and then to be
beheaded.

The headsman
strikes 3 strokes
at her, and then
leaves her half
dead.

She sends
converts to
Urban to be
baptized, and
bids him turn
her house into
a church.

He buries her,
and makes her
house a church.
She was martyred
ab. 223 or 220 A.D.

**Thus endeth the lyf of Saynt Cecillye virgyne
& marter.**

¹ folio CCC lxxix (sign. bb ij), col. 2.



13.

The Story of Constance

(FOR CHAUCER'S MAN OF LAW'S TALE)

ENGISHT IN A MS. OF ABOUT 1430—1440 A.D., BELONGING TO SIR A.
ACLAND-HOOD, BART., FROM THE FRENCH CHRONICLE OF
NICHOLAS TRIVET, AFTER 1334 A.D. (see p. iii, 1, above).

When the Constance story from Trivet was printed as the first 'Original' in this volume, no Early English of the French was known, and so Mr Brock put his modern version opposite Trivet's. But since then, Mr Alfred J. Horwood has, in the course of his searches for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, come across a mid-15th-century translation, on vellum, of the French Chronicle, belonging to Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, Bart.¹ Mr Horwood's offer (by Sir A. Acland-Hood's permission) to have the Constance story copied for us, at our cost, I gladly accepted, and he has kindly read both copy and proof with the MS. Mr Brock has added some references on the variations of the English version from the original French text.

The figures outside the text refer to the lines of Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*, numbered from l. 1 of its Headlink or Prologue.

Chaucer's story differs from Trivet in a few particulars; see pages vii—x above.

F. J. F.

17 November, 1875.

¹ The volume wants its last leaf. The now last one ends with the siege of Caen.

The Story of Constance.

¹The yere after the incarnacioun Dlxx. Tiberie Constantyn heelde the Empyre xxij. yere : a good cristen man and a religious, unto whom god encreased hys tresoures, for the grete almesdedes the whyche he ded ¶ ffor all that Tresoure the whyche Narset Patrice gadered togeder and heeped, he founde hit, and departed that amonge pore men. ¶ And in hys tyme, that ys to sey, the ix. yere of his empyre, Benoit heelde the See papale, a Romaine be nacion, .iiij. yere .vj. dayes. And the See was then vacaunt vij dayes. ¶ And in the tyme of thys Tiberye, seynt Gregory,—Notary of Rome, and afterward pope,—dwellyng at Constantinople for the besynesse and nede of hooly church, wrote the bokes moralles uppon the booke of Iob, at the request of leander, bysshop of hyspaly. And in the presence of the emperour Tiberie, that booke was rehersed, and gretly renamed.² ¶ And in the tyme of thys Benoit, the pope now named, and of thys Gregory, Chylderen weir brought to Roome out of Englund for to be solde, the whyche were the Brytons childrene. and amonge alle other that come to by chyl drene, come seynt Gregory, the whyche at that tyme was Archedeken of the Court of Rome. ¶ And then seynt Gregory axed ‘of whens and of what contre tho chyl dren were.’ And men answered to hym, and seyde that ‘they were of Engeland.’ And than seynt Gregory axed ‘of what contre.’ And men answered to hym, and seyde, that ‘they were of Deram,³ and that her kynges name was Alle.’ Than seyde seynt Gregory that ‘be ryght they myght be fulle welle called Engles or Anglys men, for they, for her beaute, myght wele be lykened to the Aungeles. ¶ And that they of Deram myght wele be named delyuered from wrothe. latine. Deram. *vel* de Ira ¶ And that the sugettes of kyng

¹ p. 89. ² Fr. *Renommé* . . renowned, . . exceedingly spoken of.—Cotgr.

³ Deira.

Alle myghit lerne to syng Alleluya.' And anone seynt Gregory was so supprysed of the Beaute of thoo chylde, the whyche there were named Angeles, he gate leue of the Pope Benoit to go in to Engeland for to conuerte hem unto the feyth of holy Chirche. But the Citezeins of Rome disturbelyd hym, and made hym come ageyne whan he was goyng. ¶ And in the tyme of thys Emperoure Tiberie, the Cote of oure lorde Ihesu Criste was found by a Iewe, in the Cite of 3ephat, nat fer from Ierusalem. And in hys tyme, hermengild, the son of kyng lemgild kyng of Visego3 in Ethenes wedded the doughter of kyng Sigeberd. And by hys wyfe he was drawn to the ryght feythe of Cristen men. for the whyche cause hys fader, the whyche was an heretyk by the doctrine of the Arriens, was angry and ryght wrothe. ¶ And for cause that he myghit not withdrawe hys son from cristen feythe, he made hym to be slayne with a ax in prison opon an Ester Euyn. And anone after dyed hys wycked fader. And than regnyd hys son Ricared, the whyche forsoke the eueH feythe of hys ffader, And sewed the belefe of hys brother, the whyche was than a martir, And made clene hys Reame from heresy Arriane, be leaunder, bysshop of hispale beforesayde. ¶ Than after Benoit pelagie heelde the see papale a Romayn by nacion .x. yere .ij. monthes and x dayes. Thys Pelagy was sacred pope withoute commaundement of the prince for cause that the lombardes had beseged Rome. and noman myghit go oute of that Cyte. Thys Pope Pelagie made chaunge the peface of the masse .ix. tymes in the yere. that ys to sey at Cristemasse and at the Twelf day At Ester And at the Ascensioun at Witsontide and at the Trinite And at the festes of the Crosse and of the aposteles and in the tyme of lentoñ. ¶ And in his tyme the pestilence of the fflank, that ys to sey the hoche, come oute and slewe many a man and chylde of Rome; the whyche sekenes, fewe men ascaped hit than. And of thys sekenes dyed the pope Pelagye And than after was the see vacaunt .vij. monthes and .xxv. dayes. ¶ And¹ in the tyme of thys Tiberie Constantyne the Emperoure as som Cronicles seyene there was a full worthy knyght of the contre of Capadoce called Morys. Thys Morys was chosen by the forsayde Tiberie to be Emperour with hym. and he gauē to hym

¹ Here begins the French extract, p. 3.

Constance hys doughter to be hys wife, And called hym¹ hys Eyre. But as the olde Cronicles of Saxons sayeth, Thys Morys was but of xvij. yere age when he was ordeynyd by Tiberie un to the Emperre, a full gracious yonge man, and of a merueylous strengthe of hys age, and of a wyse wytte, and of a sharpe. ¶ Thys Morys after the story of Saxons was the son of Constance, the doughter of Tyberie of a kyng of Saxons, Alle before named, ²the whyche was the secund kyng of Northumber, and was seyde of Cappodoce. ffor xij. yere he was norysshed in the Courte of the Senatoure Tarquinius of Rome, the whyche was of Cappodoce. Wherefore hit ys to know that thys Tyberie Constantyne, as longe as he gouerned the Court and the prouinces of the empyre under the Emperour Iustyne, as hit ys before sayde at the begynnyng of the xlvj. storrye, begate of hys wyfe ytalie a doughter called Constance. ¶ And for that cause that he had non other chylde, with full grete diligence made her to be taught the Cristen feythe, by wyse masteres knowyng the vij sciences, the whyche beth logyke, naturel, moral, astronomy, Geometry, Musique, perspectiue, Whyche beth the philosophies seculiers ynamed and cleped. And made her to be taught in diuerse langages. ¶ Than whan she was entird in to the xiiij. yere of her age, there **134** com unto her fader Court Tiberie, marchaunts paynemes oute from the grete Sarasin neym, brynging full diuerse and ryche merchaundyses. to whom Constaunce come doune for to auyse her ryches. And so she axed hem of hem of her londe and of theyre beleue. And whan that she understode that they were paynemes, she preched theym the cristen feythe. And than whan they had assented to the feythe of Cristen men, she made hem to be baptised, and to be taught parfitely in the feythe of Ihesu Cryst. Than they returnyd and went **173** hoome unto her londe. And than when they knowlagyd her feythe before her neyghbores and her kynrede Sarazins, they were accused to the grete Sowdan of theyre feythe. And than after that they were brought before hym, they were reproued by the wyse men of that lawe, forcause that they wolde belefe upon a man crucified and mortale. But than after, when they had sufficiently defended the lawe of Ihesu Crist ageynst the paynemes, the whyche cowde ner

¹ Fr. *la clama*, p. 3.² p. 90.

wyst more to sey un to hem,¹ neyther in no wyse alley nothyng by
 183 reason ageynst hem,¹ began to preyse the mayde Constaunce, the
 whyche had conuerted hem, of her hygh and so nobuH prudence, and
 of so grete and meruelous beaute and ientilnesse with grete nobles
 of blood. By the whyche wordes the Sowdan gretely supprysed in
 the loue of that maydene. And also, he beyng then a man of yonge
 age, sente than ageyne in aH haste, the same cristen men the whyche
 were so conuerted to the feythe. And with theym A Admirah, A
 payneme, with a full grete Aray And richesse un-to the presence of
 Tiberie, and specially un-to hys doughter,² askyng that mayden Con-
 staunce in mariage with full grete promesses of peese and aliaunce
 betwene the parties of Cristen peple and of the Sarazyns. ¶ And
 than whan Tiberi had counsayle of thys Demaunde, and specially of
 234 pope Iohan (of whome hit ys abouesayde in the xlvi. storye), and
 also of other men moost reputed of wysdom in aH holy church, e
 ¶ And also the Romayns of aH the Senat of Roome, they answered
 to the Admirah and to hys messangeres: "That yef the Sowdan
 wyllid hymself to assent for to forsake hys maumettes, and hys un-
 trew mescreaunces and false beleue, And that he wol resceue bapteme,
 and the lawe of Ihesu Cryste." Than to thys couenaunt Tiberie
 assented to the alliaunce, but to nothing elles in other fourme. ¶ And
 uppon thys, Tiberie sent hys letters to the Sowdan, and gretely
 worshypped the Messangers. ¶ And than the sayd messengers, at
 here comyng hoom to the Sowdon, praysed the mayden Constaunce
 above aH thynges, and her noblesse, and the kynges courte, with aH
 the ientiH Chivalrye of the nobuH emperoure Tiberie. ¶ And than
 the Admirah, before the Sowdon and before aH his counsayH,
 avowed hymself to the cristen feythe, yef the Sowdan wyllid assent
 therto. ¶ Than after, withyn fewe dayes the Sowdan sent ageyne
 the same Admirah, and full solempne Messagers of the grettest and
 the moste worthiest of hys londe, And in theyre Conduit .xij.
 chyl dren Sarizens, the sonnes unto the grete Sarazins hostages, unto
 Tiberie, in fourme of suerte for hys doughter. And to thys he sent
 244 hys assent, hygh and lowe, of the ordinaunce of cristen men. And

¹⁻¹ *neyther hem*, not in the Fr. See p. 5.

² *richesses & presentz a Tyberie & sa file*, p. 5.

to thys the Sowdon sent hys letteres full well sealed, and for to haue An entiere and a hoole pees among all cristen men, And the Sarizens, and also free passage for to goo and com frely with her marchaundises, and for to vysyte the holy place of the sepulture of oure lorde, And the mount of Caluary, and of Bedleem and of Nazareth, And the vale of Josophat, And all other holy places within the marches of hys power. And he aboundenyd the Cite of Ierusalem un to the lordeshyp of crysten men, for to enhabyte hem and to dwell yn. And also frauncheyes to the Cristen Bysshopes And to theyre clergie, to preche and to teche the pepul of that londe the ryght feythe, and for to cristen and baptise, and to make churches; and ¹moreouer for to destroy the temples of the Maumettes. And upon thys, the Sowdan sent hys letters to the pope, and to the Clergy, and to Tiberie also, and to the mayden Constaunce, and to all the Senat, with ryche yestes and tresoures, and for hys meyny full grete expenses. ¶ Then upon thys maundement and sendyng, all pepul accorded himself anone. And in that tyme that mayden Constaunce was sent oute of her house, and from her faders place, and oute from all knowlege, **268** among the straunge barbarins with full grete heuynes and muche pitefull wepyng, and gretly compleynyng of all the cite of Rome. And in that viage and iorney there was a bysshop Cardinaall sent, **253** And a preest Cardinal with grete number of Clergie, And a Senatoure of Roome with full nobul Chyualry and wyth full grete and ryche aray and with grete number of cristen men, the whyche went wyth hem, and som in pilgrimage, And som other for theyre heretaunse and seisine of the Cite of Ierusalem. ¶ Than hit happed full mys- **323** cheuously that the Sowdon Modur, the whyche that tyme leued, of whoos lyfe, Allas, was grete pite, had nat the wyll of god be. She, seyng and considering that her wyked lawe was in poynt to be destroyed by cristen men the whyche were comen in to Sarazaneyn, she bethought herself of Cursednes and of treasone. ¶ And than, after she had made a pruy and a secrete aliaunce of Covenant with vij.^c Sarazyns, the whyche abounded himself for to lyue and to dye in that quereff meued of her son.² ¶ When she herde the comyng **375** of that mayden and of the cristen peple A lytell wey within the

¹ p. 91,² *en la querele, Mist a son fitz*, p. 9.

lond, she began for to thanke god, And with her false feyntese to preyse god, that she had at that tyme purpose to resceyue the lawe of cristen men. And there she swere as a false forsworen creature, that fuH grete whyle she had be in that wyлле for to haue resceyued
 379 the cristen lawe. ¶ Than finally prayed her son the Sowdaun, that he wolde graunt to her the furst feste, before aH the festes of the nobuH Espousalys and weddinges. ¶ And the Sowdan hymself thanked her muche, and graunted to her her desyre. ¶ Then was
 396 that mayden and the cristen meñ resceyued of the Sowdon and of his moder with fuH grete worship and muche grete nobeles. ¶ And
 414 the furst day of her commyng was the feste purueyde for in the paleys of the Sowdan; and the meete and dyner was ordeynyd thus: That in the halys of the Sowdan moder¹ shulde abyde aH the men cristene and Sarizins; And also in the hales and in the feeste of the Sowdan² shuld be but onely the women, aH besyde the vij.^c Sarazins, the whyche were hired for that tresoun, and ordeynyd for to serue from oo feste un to the other.³ ¶ And than tho .vij.^c Sarazins hyred, whan the feeste was most lusty and pleasaunt, they come yñ armed, with a grete multitude of theyre Aliaunce and consentours, upon the
 429 men the whyche were sette at mete. And after, by the ordinaunce of thys Sowdons moder, they slew aH the cristen peple, bothe man and woman, but onely reseruyng that mayden Constaunce. And there they slewe the Sowdan and the admirale, and aH other conuerted to
 435 the feythe. And thorought aH the Court, as many as they myght fynde of the comone peple of cristen men, they put hem unto dethe. But among hem aH, .iij. seruauntes of cristen meñ ascaped Anoon furst whan they harde that affray; And in aH haste they come to Rome, and tolde to the Emperoure that grete myschefe and myscheuous dede, and the grete treason, And the dethe of hys doughter Constaunce, as they than understode. And then, for these tidinges, the Emperour, with aH the Clergy and the Senat, was gretly ameued and affrayed; And grete sorow and heuynesse was made here fore
 438 thorought aH Rome. ¶ And than thus in thys maner of wyse aboodē Constaunce alone, aH dismayed among her enemyes. ¶ Than after,

¹ *li soudan*, p. 11.² *le soudane* [*sa miere*], p. 11 and footnote.³ *del vne feste & del autre*, p. 11.

whan Constaunce wold nat for no feere promes of ryches, neyther of yestes, neyther also for no manassyng of peyne, neyther of dethe, reney and forsake the cristen feythe, That Sowdenesse, the deuyth membre, bethought herself of a new torment *with* all her false cruelt wyth. ¶ Nat for that the purueaunce of god, the whyche fayled neuer to folke hauyng her full trust opon hym. Thys mayde Constaunce trustyng opon almyghty god, made¹ a shyp for to be stored wyth vytayle of a maner of Brede, the whyche ys called Bisquite, and with pesyn and Benys, and wyth Sugor and hony and wyne for her sustenaunce for .iiij. yere. And in that Shyp she had do put all 442 the Ryches and tresoure the whyche the Emperour Tiberie had sent *with* that mayde Constaunce hys doughter. ¶ And than in that shyp, that ungodly Morderes the Sowdans Moder, put² that mayd Con- 440 staunce, *withoute* pooles or Orys, and *withoute* any maner of helpe of man. And thus thys Constaunce was led amonge other shyppes, unto her shyp was come in to the hygh see from the syght of all maner londe. And then all the Maryners left her allone, And commaunded her to the .iiij. wyndes. But oure lorde god was her guyde and mariner; ffor be hoole .iiij. yere she was led be god in the grete Occiane, where all that tyme she sawe neuer man neyther shyp, neyther had neuer comforte of creature; but onely god comforted her, and was her full counsaile. ¶ Than after, in the viij. moneth of the foure yere [it befel] that god—the whyche gouerned that holy mannys shyp, Noe, in the grete diluuie, that ys to say, Noes flood,—sent a wynde full propise and couenable, and draue the shyp in to 505 Englund, under a caste in the Reame of Northumberlond besyde humber. And the shyp arryued and come to londe on Cristemas euen. And whan the marineres, the whyche were nere the brynke of the londe in her shyppes, sawe thys meruayle, that ys to say, a mayden full fayre, and of a full iente feture, but gretly discolored *with* a straunge atyre, And wele stored *with* full grete tresoure, They went than to the kepar of the caste, whyche than was a Saxoñ, and hys name was called Olda,—ffor at tyme the Brytons had lost the lorde-shyp of the ysle, as hit ys before saide in the ende of the .xlv. story,—And there they tolde hym that meruayle. ¶ And than Olda full 512

¹ *Dount ele* [that is, the Sultanness] *fist*, p. 11.² p. 92.

curteysly come doune to that mayden Constaunce, and salued her,
 519 and axed of her 'where she was bore, And of what place.' ¹And
 she answered to hym and sayde that 'she was a Saxonesse, and born
 in Saxon.' And she spake redyly the tonge of Saxon,¹ whyche was
 the langage of Olda, as she was full well taught in many diuerse lan-
 gages as hit ys abouesayde. And also that mayden seyde, 'as for
 Creaunce and beleue, that she was of the cristen feythe.' And as
 touchyng her lynage, she sayd that 'she was bore and bred of the
 ryght ryche folke and worthy.' ¶ And be her langage she sayde
 524 that 'she was geuen in to Mariage unto a grete prince; And for that
 cause that her mariage displeased the grete astates of that londe, for
 that cause she was in such maner exyled.' And among all her sey-
 inges she wold nat be a knowen of Tibery the Emperoure, her flader,
 neyther of the Sowdan; for the auenture of that morder of the
 Sowdan and of the cristen men was than knowen thorow all londes.
 And whan that Olda had herde her so resonably speke hys langage,
 and found *with* her so grete tresoure, [he] supposed well that she was
 doughter of som kyng of Saxones beyonde the see, as of Alemayne,
 or of Saxonie, or of Suece, or elles of Denmark. And *with* full grete
 ioy full curteysly resceyuyd her *with* full muche Reuerence and grete
 worshyp in to hys Casteil. And the tresoure that he had found *with*
 her, he locked hit fast in a grete Cofin, under .ij. lockes, of the
 whyche lokkes he tooke the mayde the oo key, And kept the other
with hymself, And commaunded to hys felyshyp that they shulde
 make that mayde good chere worshypfully in her chamber.
 ¶ Than after a lyte whyle, after whan she was well strenghted and
 recomforted *with* good metes and drynkes, and well comforted *with*
 bathes and *with* other easementes for her body, And had resceyued
 ageyn her beaute and her fayre coloure; And she was of a meruelous
 semelynes of body, And passed in beaulte of vertuous all other, as
 god had predestinat her to grace, and to vertew, and to temptacion
 and to ioye. ¶ Than after whan hermigild the wyfe to Olda aper-
 535 seyued her nobill lyfe and vertuous conuersacion. She caste her
 herte and grete loue unto that mayde that nothyng myght breke her
 purpose neyther her wyll. ¶ Than whan many tymes they .ij. had

¹⁻¹ *E, ele lui respondit en sessoneys, p. 13.*

spoke to geder, upon a day, as hermygyld rehersed the holy wordes of the mayden, The mayde Constaunce answered and sayde to her : " Yef ye wyth consent un to me, and do after my counsayle, ye shal be as good as I am." And than hermygild answered to her : " to that I may neuer atteyne or com to ; ffor ye be in thys erthe *withoute* pere or vertew." And Constaunce than answered and seyde : " to suche vertew ye may full wele come to, yef ye wold beleue in that god, the whyche ys lorde of all vertu." ¶ ffor that tyme hermigild 533 and Olda her housbond, and the other Saxons the whyche had the *dominacioun* and *gouvernaunce* of the londe, were yet at that tyme paynemes. ¶ And euermore hermigilde mekely and deuoutely herde the doctrine and techyng of the Cristen feythe by the mowthe of Constaunce whyche taught her of the myghtful^h puissaunce of god, And of the makyng of all the worlde, and hys grete vengeance that he toke for syn by the grete Noes flood, And after upon grete Citees, when they sonke doune in to helle for syn *with* men and beestes, And all thyng^h whyche were *withyn* hem. ¶ Than after Constaunce shewed to her the grete lof of god, as in hys byrthe,¹ and of grete and goodly mekenesse in hys dethe and passyon, and of the vertue of hys hygh godhede, and hys resurreccion and of hys ascensyon, And all the nature of oo soule god and iij. persounes, And of the glorious commyng of the hooly goost. ¶ And than afterwarde whan thus many a day Constaunce had taught hermygyld the feythe of god, and the .vij. sacramentes and also the .x. commaundementes, she taught to her the loue and the zele of the ioy of heuen, and also the pynys of helle. ¶ Than hermygild, after thys holsome doctrine and goostly techyng, deuoutly prayed to Constaunce that she myght be baptized 538 after the fourme of holy church. But for that cause that her housbond was a payneme she myght nat wele at that tyme to pursue here purpose. ¶ And than hit happed thus, As Olda and hermigild and also Constaunce shulde walke upon a day on theyre disporting 556 toward the See syde, to see the fysshers fysshe in the see, There com ageynst hem a poore cristen Briton all blynde. Thys Bryton was straunge to all men, but he was wele taught by the hooly goost. And the blynde man began to calle and crye before all folk there :

- 561 "hermygild, the wyfe of Olda, and the discipule of Constaunce, I pray and beseche the, in the name of Ihesu uppon whom thow beleuest, that thow make me the sygne of the Crosse uppon myñ eyen, the whyche bethe blynde." ¶ Than, at thys poore blynde man request, hermigild was sore affrayed and agast; but than Constaunce, understondyng and hauyng in mynde the vertu of god in the wordes of the
- 566 blynde man, confortyd hermigild, and seyde to her: "Dame, hyde nat that vertew that God hathe geue to yow." ¶ Than hermigild, before Olda and hys meyny whyche that folowed hym, *with* her good feythe and stedfast belefe, made opyn the eyen of the blynde man the marke and sygne of the hooly crosse, and seyde to hym in her langage of Saxon: "¶ Buson man, in Ihesus name, uppon the roode yslawe, haue thy syght!" ¶ And the blynde man recouered hys syght anone, and sawe wele and ful clerely. ¶ Than whan
- 568 Olda had see thus, he merueled gretely where that hys wyfe hermigild had lerned to do so fayre a mastery. And than after, she sayde and answered un to hym, that 'yef he wolde take hede to her counsaile, that he shulde do suche a merueyle, and a more gretter.' Than hermigild and Constaunce cesed nat to preche to Olda, and unto all hys meyny, the feythe of Ihesu Criste; and they resceyuyd that poore bryton, and they gaue to hym hys sustenaunce, for the loue of
- 574 Ihesu Cryste. ¶ Than Olda ful ioyfully resceyued the doctrine of the feythe; And be her comun assent, sent priuily that seyde Bryton in to Wales, where than was the most partee of the Brytons fled (as hit ys beforesayde in the ende of the .xv.¹ story,) for to bryng from thens a bysshop of Britayne, the whyche myght and wolde baptize and cristen Olda and hys wyfe, *with* her meyny euerychone. And in the mene tyme Olda made to be breste doune theyre Mahouns, the whyche they had worshypped, and commaunded hem to be cast away all a ferre. ¶ Than thys pore Bryton commynge ageyne from walys, brought *with* hym lucius, oon of the bysshops of walys, and of the Cite of Bangor. ¶ Thys bysshop lucius, after that he had assayed and proued that Olda *with* hys wyfe and *with* hys meyny were enformed after the ryght fourme of the feythe, thankyng almyghty god ful deuoutely, And baptized there to the nombur of iiij. score

¹ *quarantisme quinte*, p. 19.

persones and .xi. ¶ Than Olda, be a grete avysement and pryuy
 counsayl of hymself, wente un to hys lorde Alle, the kyng of
 Northumberlond before named; And in pryuy counsayle he tolde
 hym of that mayde Constaunce, as to hym, whyche be gret affiaunce
 of trowthe and of wytte had kept her Souerayne of the reame after
 the kyng. ¶ And whan the kyng had herkened aH hys seying
 priuily in counsayle betwyxt hem bothe, the kyng than desyred
 muche to see and speke with that mayde Constaunce; and for that
 desyre he promysyd to Olda that he wolde come pryuyly and to
 visite her. And in that mene tyme, a knyght of Saxon, of the 582
 meyny of that Capitayne Olda, amonge aH other than baptized, to
 whom Olda had take the keypyng of hys CasteH un to hys commyng
 ayene, was by pryuy temptacion supprysyd in loue of that mayden
 Constaunce. And for cause that in the absence of Olda aH the
 keypyng was take to hym, be a fuH eueH enterpryse and temptacion of
 the deueH, he wente, and sought, and besyed hym to haue that mayde
 Constaunce to assented to hym in fleshly syn. And than after- 589
 warde, whan she had reprocud hym oon tyme and other, And the
 thryd tyme with a fuH grete herte she revyled hym, and sayyng to
 hym that he was lyke an hounde, in soo moche as hee, after the hooly
 sacrament of Baptyme, wolde returne a gayne to hys foule syn.
 ¶ Than he, douted that he was accused of hys mysdede to hys lorde
 Olda at his commyng home ageyne, purposed hym fuH cursydly with 591
 a cursed puruiaunce. ¶ ffor in the most restyng tyme of the ¹nyght,
 At whyche tyme Olda shuld enter in to hys CasteH with the com-
 myng ageyne from the kyng, And when hermigilde and Constaunce
 were strong a sleepe after theyre grete wachyng and grete prayeres, 596
 that same traytoure, the whyche gafe hymself aH to geder in to the
 deueH handes, cutte a to the throte of hermigil hys lady, besyde
 Constaunce, whan she was strong a sleepe in the same bed. ¶ And
 whan he had fuH done his felony, he hyd hys knyfe, aH bloody, under 601
 the pylowe of the mayden Constaunce. ¶ And than a lyteH whyle
 after Olda entred in the casteH, and in grete haste wente yn to hys
 wyfys chambre for to teH her tydinges of the kynges commyng.
 And than Constaunce, the whyche with hys noyse was a waked, and

trowed that hermigild, that lady, slepte, And meued her hande for to awake her. And whan she felt that her body was al moyst of bloode, with a full grete and hydous afray she sayde thus, crying : " My lady ys dede ! " ¶ At the whyche worde, Olda and all tho that were aboute hym in presence, were soore abasshed, and full sory, as they that knewe nothyng of that felony, and cried and asked after lyght. ¶ And than whan the lyght and toorches brennyng
605 come there, they founde the throte of hermigild hydously cut, and the body all to-wrapped in bloode. ¶ And than whan all peple had seen and ascried that cruelte, in askyng of Constaunce the trowthe,
620 ¶ That false Traytour the whyche had do that felonye, hugely surmysed and put that tresoun uppon that mayden Constaunce, And with a full grete and hasty contenance. And for cause that the dethe wente nere hys herte then to any other body, he skyped aboute the house as a woodman, un to the tyme that he had founde the knyfe, there where he hymself had hyd hit. And than before all folke he shewed the instrument of that felony wythe an huge noyse and crye, ¶ And appeled that mayde Constaunce of that trea-
659 soun. ¶ But Olda, the whyche myght nat thynke that cruel dede done of that mayde, defendyd that myschefulle dede full goodly on the maydons behalfe. And than that wyked traytour in a full grete haste toke betwyxt bothe hys handes the boke of the bysshop lucius before named,—the whyche was a booke of the Gospelles, whyche booke the holy women hermigh and Constaunce every nyght for grete devocion had hit aboute hem,—And than upon that Booke he
667 swore, crying : " As god myght hym helpe, and the hooly gosselle, and his bapteme the whyche he had resceued late, that the mayden Constaunce was the morderesse and feloness of that good lady." ¹ And anethe he had nat full fynysed hys langage, but that hys oo hande appered closed as the fyste of a man, before Olda, And before
669 all pepul that were there in presence, And the false felon smote so hymself upon hys hatere that boote hys eyen fyh oute from hys ² hede, And the teethe oute of hys mouthe, And that felon felle euen
673 doune to the erthe.¹ And than sayde a voyce frome heuen, in the

¹⁻¹ Contrast the French, p. 23, *a peine . . . a la terre*. This passage differs from the French more than any other.

² MS. hys hys.

heryng of aȝ men): “¶ *Aduersus filiam matris ecclesie ponebas scandalum! hec fecisti, et non tacui.*” And for cause the kynges comyng was nere, therefore Olda wolde nat geue no iugement uppon that treason un to hys commyng. And Olda set that feloun than in prysoñ. Than after, *withyn* a fewe dayes, by the kyng was the iugement geuen opou hys dethe. ¶ Than after, the kyng, for the grete loue that he had un to that mayde, and for the myracles shewed for her before god, Alle made hymself to be baptized of the bysshop lucius before named, And wedded that maydene, the whyche conceyued be her husbond kyng Alle a soñ. ¶ Than hit happed that halfe a yere after, come tidinges to the kyng that the peple of Albanie, *with* a greete Oost, whyche ys the londe of Scottes, were passed theyre boundes, and made grete werre opou the kynges londes, that by the kynges comon counsaile there was assembeled a grete Ooste opou kyng Alle syde for to resyste hys enemyes. ¶ And or the kyng went towarde Scotland, he betoke his Quene Constance hys wyfe in to the kepyng of Olda, Constabyll of hys Castell, And to lucius the Bysshop of Bangor, And charged to hem that whan she as sone were deliuered of her chylde, that they in aȝ haste possyble myght haue tidinges thereof. And also, aboue aȝ thynges in the worlde as hee coude thynke in hys best wyse, that the Quene shulde haue aȝ maner thyng that she coude desire, And aȝ ease that myght be thought. ¶ And yet at that tyme was kyng Alles moder alyfe, a lady in fayre poynt, And a full feerse and cruell in corage, And the whyche hated dedly Constance the Quene. ffor she had full grete disdeyn and scorne that her soñ the kyng Alle, shulde take a woman of a straunge londe, And moreouer that her linage and byrthe was nat knowen to her, And also the kyng her son shulde forsake hys furst lawe, the whyche aȝ hys Auncestirs had¹ full entierly kept and holden. ¶ And on the oo party she had full grete enuy, and sore hit hurte her at her herte, that Constance was so wele beloued *with* aȝ pepull, riche and poore, *withoute* eny comparison of her, And more worshypped and made of for here goodnesse and for her hoolynesse, and her merueylous beaute. And her spiteous stepmoder supposed euer, and went,² that her praysyng and glory of her grete

¹ p. 95.

² weend, thought.

- worshyp was hyghly empeyred and diminusyde, for that grete pryce and honoure the whyche peple gaf to that Quene Constaunce. ¶ And also here Stepmoder was gretly meued and wrethe, for cause that the Maydenys made songes of Quene Constaunce, And euermore thorowgh the londe they songe Carolles of here. The stepmoderes name was Domuld. ¶ Than after, whan god wolde, and nature,
- 722 Constaunce was delyuered of her fayre Chylde, the whyche was a full fayre son, And wele begeten, and full wele borne, ¶ And at the foonte stoon was named and called Morys. ¶ Than Olda and lucius, in all the haste that they myght, sente these gracious tydinges to the kyng Alle, howe the quene—blessed be god!—was hoole and in goode poynt, and was delyuered of here fayre son. ¶ And than at that tyme was Domild the kynges moder at knaresburgh, a Castelle betwyxt englonde, as in a mene place betwyxt bothe. hit happed than
- 729 that the messenger, the whyche was sent to Olda and lucius, wente by knaresburgh, for to bere tidinges, and telle to the kynges moder, the Ioyfull spede and good deliuerance of the quene. And as he wente¹ and supposed by his reasone that he shulde have of her, good yeftes and grete thanke for his tidinges. And in deede she feynyd herself full ioyfull before all pepur for the tidinges, And gaf to the messenger full grete yeftes, and ryght ryche, and made hym grete chere, And shewed herself full mery and ioyfulle. But that false woman thought other than she sayde. ¶ For that nyght she made
- 743 the messenger drunke with a full meruelous drynke, the whyche so toke his breyne, And so toke frome hym his wyttes and his mynde, that he slept lyke a dede man. Than after, by the assent and the counseyle of her untrew Clerk, they opened the Messengers box, and
- 746 unded the letteres the whyche were sente to the kyng by Olda, and lucius the bysshop abouesayde. Than this untrew stepdame and her Clerk falsed and contriued other false letteres under the same seales, and wreten in the names of the sayde lordes, other letteres bering suche sentence: "That the Quene Constaunce, the whyche was taken to hem to kepe after the departing of the kyng, she was
- 754 chaunged bothe in maneres and in condicion, as hit were all another creature; for she was an euell spirite in a wommans lykenes, whereof

¹ weend, thought.

the meruayles thynges that she ded, the whyche were lyke to myracles, they were but the disseytes and the dedes of wycked spirites in her body; unto the whyche wyttensseth the chylde that she bore, the whyche ys nat semblaunt to the lykenes of a man, but **751** fourmyed and mysshape thyng, to heuy and to shamefull to sey or to speke. And for thys cause, *sir* kyng, for cause that there shulde come no shame ne vyleny to thy persone, And to thy royal astate and honoure, we have made in monstraunce an other chylde to be baptized and cristened, And we haue named hym Morice; And the other foule shapyn thyng, after the feendes shappe, we haue pryuyly kept hit, and made hit faste in a Cage of yron, un to the tyme that hit may please thy lordeshyp to sende to us what we shafl do *with* afl, and to thy worshyp, of Constaunce and of her hydous engendrure. thys meruelous fortune we wryte to the, *with* full grete heuynesse of herte, and *with* full sore weppynge, as we were charged by thy full hygh and lordly commaundement for to sende to the afl the trouthe of thy wyfe and of her deliuraunce. And to the brynger of these letteres hit ys nat knowen, for he weneth that he knowe more than he can." ¶ Than the messenger arose from hys bed uppon the morow, afl seke and euefl at ease, for the malyce and the fume of the drynke, the whyche anoyed soore hys brayne. And than after many false flateringes and untrew promyses of Domild, he wente hys way un to the kyng. And the messenger was charged by her that he shuld come ayene by her at hys retornyng from the kyng, and the same way that he went. ¶ And whan thys messaunger was come to the kyng, he tolde to hym be mouthe afl the trouthe, and trewe tidinges, and full ioyouse. But the letteres so false contryuyd as hyt ys before sayde, made afl hys wordes to be torned un to grete heuynesse, And made hys langage to be of no credaunce.¹ ffor why, whan the kyng had red and loked uppon the letteres, he was full **757** hastily taken *with* a full grete thought and pensyfull heuynesse. And there he defended to the Messenger, uppon hys indignacioun, and under a grete peyne,² that he shulde speke nothyng, amonge men of hys Courte, of hys wyfe Constaunce ner of hys chylde. And

¹ *Mes lez lettres lui firent retourner a dolour, & lui fist nounceable.* p. 29.

² p. 96.

- 759 anone the kyng wrote ageyne to Olda and to lucius the bysshop, in answering to the letteres the whyche he supposed and wente had be sente to hym by her maundement and commaundement, the whyche were to hym full merueylous tidinges and full heuy; and nat with standing he wroote to hem, and commaunded that 'withoute any delay, or any maner ageyn saying, that they shulde do make hys
- 764 wyfe to be kepte safe, And her monster, un to hys commyng home.'
- 785 ¶ Than with theese letteres come ageyn that foole the messenger with an eueH happe be Domyld un to the CasteH of knaresburgh ayene. And whan he was come theder, he compleyned soore to her of the heuy chere that the kyng made to him, and of hys ungoodly
- 788 semblaunce, nothyng mery ne comfortable. But that treyteresse Domild was passyngly comforted with that worde, Whan he rehersed to her that the kyng made hym suche a semblaunt with ungoodly chere.¹ ¶ And that same nyght she made hym drunke, as she ded the other tyme before. Than that false woman, whan he was a sleepe, unded hys box with letteres, as she ded before, and loked opou and considered full wel that the kynges commaundement was nothyng [un]fauorable to the quene Constaunce.² Than under
- 793 the same kynges seale she wrote to Olda and lucius, as hit [were] by the kyng hymself in hys oune persoune, in suche sentence, As be the answeere had to the furst letters sent be him: "¶ That ofte tymes in a ferre Contre and straunge, a man may oft tymes heere tidinges souner than at hoom at hys neyghebores house. And for cause that he had herde tidinges of Constaunce hys wyfe, that yef she abood styH in hys londe, there shulde soone com suche werres and so grete pepuH of straungeres to destroye hys londe to be inhabited with folk of straunge nacions, Wherefore he commaunded
- 795 to Olda, in peyne of forfayteure of hys lyfe, And of hys londes and goodes, and of aH that he had, And also under peyne of disheritament of aH hys lynage, that withyn .iiij. dayes after that he had receeyuyd hys letters, that he shulde ordeyne a Shyp for to be arayed,
- 799 and vytayle thereyn for .v. yere, of mete and drynke, for Constaunce and her chylde; And in the same shyp to be put the same tresoure

¹ *Mes la treteresse mout le conforta de son fauz semblaunt.* p. 31.

² *ne lui fut de riens fauorable.* p. 31.

the whyche was found in her furst shyp; And in the same manerwyse, *withoute* poole or Oore, orells any other maner engyne or habilement for a shyp, And her chylde Morys to be put *withyn* the shyp *with* her, And soo she to be exiled oute of the londe as she *com* in." ¶ And thys same commaundement was commaunded to lucius, the bysshop of bangor, upon the feyne of perpetueñ em-
prisonement. ¶ And than whan these lordes nad resceued these 809
letteres, they made (god woote) full grete sorow and muche heuy-
nesse. ¶ And than, for cause that blessed lady Constaunce sawe
and aperseyued theyre heuy semblant, and her coloures so chaunged,
and *with* so grette a mornynge chere, And also whan the messenger
come ageyne, that she had no tokyn neyther sendyng from the kyng
her husband, supposed anon that her souuerayn lorde shulde be
dede, And required the messenger to telle her trouthe, *with* oute
concelyng of any thyng. ¶ Than the messenger sayde to her that
'the kyng made to hym so harde and heuy countenance, that he
wolde nat heere speke worde, neyther of yow hys lady, neyther of
youre chylde, in any maner that myght be.' Than the loordes come
to the good lady Constaunce, and shewed to her the kynges letteres
with a full heuy chere, and soore wepyng. ¶ Than Constaunce,
replenysshyd *with* all goodnesse, and aredy to all theyre wylls to
fulfyll, and also full redy to obey theyre ordinaunce, sayde to hem
with a meke and a full lowly spyryte: "God forbede euer that suche
a day shuld come, that for me the londe shulde be destroyed! And
also that for me, ye, my full dere frendes, shulde suffer dethe,
orelles haue or suffer any disease for my sake. But syth hit pleseth
god, and to my souuerayn lorde the kyng myne exyle, me oweth for 826
to take hit *with* good wyth, in trust and hopyng that thys harde
begynnyng God woth conuey hit to a full good endyng, And that
he, almyghty, may saue me in the see, the whyche ys all puissant
bothe be See and londe." ¶ Then the .iiij. day thys nobuñ Quene 823
Constaunce was exyled, *with* moryce her feyre son, the whyche
toke the See full yong. And suche an heuynesse and Crye and 820
wepyng pepuñ was in the Cite and in tounes, of ryche pepuñ and
poore, oolde folke and yong, that no tung neyther herte myght com-
prehende hit; ffor all pepuñ made grete lamentacioun, and leyde

grete blame to the kyng Alle, and cursed hym soore. ¶ And than whan her shyp was led forthe *with* another Nauy in to the hygh see from the syghit of Englonde, orelles of any other londe, The marineres *with* grete heuynesse commaunded her to god, And prayed god that

874 she myghit weH come to londe *with* her son Moryce, and *with* muche ioye. ¶ Than god gouerned and gyded her shyp unto the Spaynysshe

904 See, towarde the londe of the Este, under a CasteH ¹ of a admiraH of paynemes. Thys AdmiraH had hys stewarde, Oon a Renegate of the Cristen feyth, Thelous be name. Thys Thelous, when he sawe that lady in a shyppe, he wente therto *with* bootes, and brought that lady oute of her shyp, wyth her fayre son, before the AdmiraH, the whyche had grete pyte, boothe of her and of her chylde, And she was graciously resceued of hym. And than after warde whan she had dyled and weH refresshed herselfe, she wolde nat at nyght be loged in none other place saue in her shyppe, for cause she wolde nat to moche be conuersaunt *with* the paynemes. ¶ And she had leuer to floter in the wylde see, under the sauegarde of god, and under hys gouernaunce, then for to be herboored *with* goddis enemyes. ¶ Than oure lorde god, the whyche fayleth neuer in tribulacioun to hys beloued frendes, gaue to her suche grace before the AdmiraH, that he commaunded to the forsayde Thelous, hys stewarde, that he shulde haue the kepyng of her, and charged to hym that she shulde haue her desyres *without*e any grenaunce or disease. ¶ And thys Thelous, the Stewarde forsed, was full glad and ioyfull hereof. and in the

914 derke nyght he wente doune to here alone, and bore to her grete tresoure of golde and syluer and of *precious* stones. And whan thys Thelous had be *with* thys Quene Constaunce a lyteH whyle, he began to knowlache un to her hys grete erreure, spekyng to her full deuoutely, and meuyng under nethe full falsely. And in somoche as that he was sometyme a cristen man, and that he was ageyne god a treytoure Renegate, And for drede and feere of hys lyfe, and for couetyse of erthely worshype, ²prayed her that yef she myghit [take him] *with* her, that he myghit be sette ageyne in to the handes of god, and that he myghit torne ageyn to cristen feythe ² be her good prayeres towarde

¹ p. 97.²⁻² *lui pria qil se peut ou lui mettre en la meyn dieu pur retourner ascun lieu a sa foy.* p. 35 above.

god, and for to be nombred amonge cristen meñ. And than pryuyly, by thys Thelous helpe, the shyp wente fer from londe un to they come to the grete See. And then the gostely enemy, the fende, the whyche enforseth hym euer to do eueh, meued that Thelous, the knyght Renegate, to greuous temptacion, And for to entyse that good blessed lady to bodyly syn. But oure lorde god, to whome she had geueñ aH her herte to of youthe, wolde nat suffer her to assente, neyther to consent, to suche a wyked dede. ¶ Than whan thys 917 wycked Thelous, by harde manasses and hys grete strengththe had wyH to afforce her, than she refreynyd hys gret foly by thys reason, ffor cause that her Chylde Moryce, the whyche was of the age of .ij. yere aH fuH syth the tyme that she and he were exyled oute of Englonde, myght wele understonde, and to hoolde in mynde yef they .ij. dede suche an horrible dede in Morice presence. And thys was her coloure to defende her, and for to *preserue* her from synne. Than she prayed thys Thelous that he shulde loke as ferre as he myght, And auyse hym opou aH partes. yef that he myght see any londe. And whan they myght come to londe in couenabel place, she wolde fulfyH hys desyre. And than thys Thelous was hasty for thys promes. And than he wente in to the formest party of the shyppe and auyseyd hym al a boutte yef he myght see any londe. And then when he was moost busyest, Constaunce, in sauynge of her 922 chastite, pryuyly come behynde hys backe, and tumbled hym doune in to the see.

¶ Than after, *withyn* a lyteH whyle kyng Alle had expleted the Victory in scotlande of the puteus hys enemyes; And then *with* a fuH grete desyre and muche heynesse, for cause of hys quene Constaunce, hasted hym in aH haste in to ynglonde, ffor cause why, 876 hit was tolde hym of folke that come betwene howe that thys blessed lady Constaunce was by hys commaundement exyled oute of hys londe *with* her fayre son Morys. ¶ And as the kyng wente and come by day by the hygh weyes, by Cytees and by tounes in ynglonde, there come men women and Chyldren and oolde folke crying and reuylyng the kyng and caste foul harlatrye opou hym *with* grete stones ayenst hys breste. And men wemen and chylderen despoyled hemselfe naked for despyte, and shewed to hym her pryuytees be-

hynde. And the kyng had so sore persecucioun of hys pepur, that he must nedes take hys iorneyes by nyght and nat by day. ¶ And than whan the kyng come home to hys Castell *with* full grete drede and feere of hys lyfe, he made to be called to hym Olda and lucius
878 *with* full grete angor and wrethe, askyng of hem where they had do hys wyfe Constaunce, the whyche they wrote to hym and called her a wycked spyryte in fourme of a woman. And also where was be come her chyld, the whyche [they] sayde that hit was a monstre Demoniac. ¶ And here-to than Olda and lucius answered full soore abasshed and a-baude of thys langage. And they sayde playnely un to hym, 'that they knewe neuer ¹suche a thyng, but that the lady Constaunce was an holy woman and a full good, And that here engendrure was full fayre and gracious.' And the kyng, as a man almoste oute of hys wytte, asked of hem 'what maner reasoun meued hem for to sende to hym suche unresonables letteres as opynly and apertely he myght shewe there to hem.' Than whan these letteres
882 were seen from the [o] parte un to the other, than the kyng merueled how that suche letteres were sealed bothe *with* hys seale and *with* othere mennys seales. ¶ And they coude nat thynke howe thys treason myght be, but consentyng the Messenger. ¶ And so that messenger was called forthe, the whyche answered utterly, and sayde that 'he was neuer knowyng neyther culpable in nowyse in that
886 treason. Neuertheles he knowleged weele of hys drunkenesse in the court of Domyld, the kynges moder, at knaresburgh; And yef there were any treasoun do, hit was purposed there.' ¶ And than the kyng anone all inflamed *with* sorowe and angyre, began euen at the derke to go theder. And he sesed neuer unto the tyme that he come to hys moder, the whyche was that tyme abedde and a slepe. And *with* an hyduous voyse the kyng cryed and seyde to hys modere: "Thow false treyteresse! I commaunde the, that anone in all haste, that thou shewe me these letteres, the whyche thou haste as a false Treyteresse shulde do, feynyd and falsed." ¶ And anone sodenly she, soore afrayed and supprysyd *with* grete feer; and she seyng the kyng as a woode man *withoute* hys wytte holdyng a naked swerde ouer her,—And she knew wele howe she was gyilty and culpable of

¹ p. 98.

so hygh and grete treasoun—*withoute* eny mo wordes or reherse, she kneled adoune, and asked hym forgeuenesse and mercy. And she knowleched hit, and tolde to hym all the felony, and howe she dede. And than the kyng *with* a grete feersenesse sayde to her, that she shulde haue suche mercy as suche grete treason asketh and demaundeth. “ffor thow, of me, neythere of my wyfe, neyther opon my chylde, thow haddest no pite, ne I shaß neuer haue pyte opon the.” And *with* that worde he smote of her hede, and hacked her 894 body all to peces as she laye naked in her bedde. ¶ Than kyng Alle made solemply hys a-vowe before lucius the Bysshop of Bangor, that he wolde neuer wedde wyfe, neyther haue to do *with* any woman, un to that tyme that god, thorough hys moche mercy and grace, wolde sende to hym tydynges of Constaunce hys wyfe.

¶ Than after, thys Constaunce, the thryd yere whan she had drouned Thelous in the see, the whyche was the fyfthe yere of her exyle, as she was floteryng in her shyp opon the See, she loked all a ferre, And she thought she sawe a Nauey in the see, as hit had be a grete wode. And as her full moste nobuß Guyde, oure lorde God, conueyed here shyppe nere and nere, And at the laste she aperseued that they were mastes of a full grete nauye, the whyche nauy rested in an hauen under a grete Cite opon the see. ¶ And whan the 969 mariners sawe suche a shyp so merueylously floteryng uppon the see, they thought that hit had be som voyde shyp *withoute* marineres, And so drouen by tempestes. ¶ But whan they were come nere, they aperseued a woman in the shyp, and also a chylde of .v. yere age, rychely stuffed *with* tresoure, but fulle pore of vyteles. And after that the mariners had spoke *with* that lady, they brought her and her son in to the Cyte of the paleys of a senatoure of Rome, the whyche that lady Constaunce knewe full wele. ¶ Thys senatours name was called Tarquinus¹ of Cappadoce, a full wyse knyght and hardy, and a full excellent man of letterure, And a grete frende and secrete to the Emperour Tiberie of Constantyne, the fader of Constaunce. ¶ Thys senatoure Tarquinus, whan he sawe Constaunce, had no maner knowleche of here, the whyche she was welle apayde 971 of, and toke hit to grete ioy. ¶ And Constaunce knewe hym full

¹ *Arcemius*, p. 41.

wel, for ofte tymes she had seen hym in her fader the Emperours house. Thys Tarquinius was duke and Capteyne of aH that hoole Nauey. ¶ And than whan he axed the mayden many demaundes of here dwellyng place and of her fortune, she answered euer' full
972 wysely to hys axyng *withoute* any maner discoueryng of her lynage, or elles of the Emperour her' fader'. ¶ And she sayde, 'for cause that her' fortune was nat in aH thinges gracious after the worlde, though hit were as god wolde haue hit; And in so moche as she was maryed to a ryche loorde, the whyche had begote her' son opoñ her', to whom she was nat moste plesaunt in aH poyntes, and for that cause she suffered suche penaunce.' And after whan the Senatoure axed what was her name, she answered and sayde that her name was called Conste; ffor so the Saxons called here. Than thys lady Constaunce axed that Senatour, 'what shulde do that grete nauey, of the whyche he was Duke and Capyteyn of, and what hit amounted.' ¶ And he answered to her' and seyde, ¹ 'That hit was the nauey of the Emperour Tiberie, sente by hym at hys coste in to the hooly londe, And ayenst tho false Sarrazyns, the whyche treytouresly had murdred and sleyn hys doughtre Constaunce *with* grete nombre of cristen peple, *with* the Sowdon and hys Allyes, the whyche were frendes to cristen men.' And more ouer the Senatour' sayde to her' that 'on euery partye as they wente, god sente to hem gracious victory of here enemyes. ¶ ffor the Sowdons moder, that false morderesse, was brent, and there were slayne of the sarazyns mo then xj. M^l.; and, blessed be god, there was nat one cristen man slayne ne hurte in hys oste. ¶ And also that he had founde aH the bodyes of cristen men the whyche were slayne, and mordred by the Sarazyns, safe onely the body of Constaunce, the whyche after the seying of the Sarazyns was drowned in the see.' ¶ Than Constaunce prayed that nobuH Senatoure that hit myght please to hym that she myghte be conduyte, and to haue sewre passage, un to Rome. ¶ And the senatour' *with* a ioyfuH wyH rescued her' in to hys warde, *with* her son and aH her tresoure. And than whan they were come to Rome,
974 he recommended Conste, that ys to sey, Constaunce, unto hys wyfe Elyne, a Romaine, the doughter of Salustius, the brother un to the

Emperour Tiberie, and the uncle to Constaunce. ¶ Thys Elene, Nece and Cosyn germayne to Constaunce, louyd so tendurly her' Nece, and Morice her Cosyn, that they had neuer suche a ioye in aH her lyfe. And yet myght that more to be encreased, her ioyfuH loue, yef she had bewreyed herself to her nece, And tolde to her' aH the trouthe. ¶ Than Constaunce, with her son Morys, dwelled in the compayny of Arsenie Tarquine and with Eleyne .xij. yere. aH hoole a lady of 979 grete holynesse and of muche deuocioun. And thys Arsenius and Eleyne, the whyche that had none issue of her' bodyes, toke and had Moryce in so grete loue and tendernesse, that they called hym here son and here eyre. ¶ And than in that tyme Alle, the kyng of 988 ynglonde, by the counsayle of lucius the bysshop of Bangor, and Olda hys Constabyl, wente with hys peple to make hys pylgremage at Rome, and to resceyue hys absolucioun of the pope for the sleynge of hys moder. And in that tyme in hys absence, he betoke the keyping of hys reame to Edwyn hys soñ, the whyche was the thryd kyng after hym. ¶ And whan Alle was .vij. dayes iornes frome Rome, he sente Olda before, for to make worshypfuH purueaunce ayenst hys commyng. And than whan Olda was come to Rome, and had enquired where the kyng of ynglonde myght be worshypfully loged and herboled, hit was answered un to hym, 'that Arsenius, the senatoure of the Cyte of Rome, was nobully and rychely endowed of many fayre CasteH and Paleys.' Than Olda wente to Arsenius, and prayed hym that he wolde goodly shew to hym of hys Castelles and paleys in the whyche the kyng of Englonde myght be loged in at hys commyng. ¶ And than Arsenius assigned to Olda of the moost goodly places that he had, the whyche Olda had chosyn fuH worshypfully for the kyng. Than whan Arsenius come home to hys paleys, and was gone in to hys Chambre where hys wyfe Eleyne and Constaunce was, asked of hem 'yef they wolde heere any newe tydynges.' And they were weH apayde for to heere good tydynges. And than Arsenius tolde to hem veryly that 'Alle the kyng of ynglonde withyn .x. dayes shulde come to toune; And that he shulde be loged in hys CasteH. And for that entent he sente un to hym a grete Erle and a worthy Capetayn, hys oune MareschaH.' ¶ And when Constaunce herde these tydynges pryuyly for ioy fyH

doune plat for ioie almoste in a swoone. ¶ And than whan her spyrytes were come to her, folke that were a boutte her, asked her, 'what come to here, and what she eyled.' And she sayde that hit was febelnesse of her breyne, that she toke when she was in the see.

- ¶ Than *withyn* .x. dayes, when kyng Alle was comyng nere to the Cyte
 998 of Rome, Arsenius that nobuH senatoure, whyche shulde reseceyue hym *withyn* hys castelles, rode ayenste hym worshypfully *with* aH the Chyualry of Rome, and *with* aH the ryche Cytezeyns of the Romaynes. And there they resceued thys kyng Alle of ynglond fuH worthyly and curteysly. ¶ And as Eleyne, the senatours wyfe, and Constaunce, stode an hygh aboue A Galilee ordeyned opoH hygh Greeses so that they myghH see the kyng of ynglonde, and to avyse the Chyualry *with* her worshypfuH aray in rydyng *with* aH the pepuH, there come a worthy knyghH the whyche had seen the kyng before hys comyng to the Cyte by the wey, And the whyche was assigned for the ladies, to shewe to hem the kynges persone, shewed to hem where that he roode under the tresaunce of that Galilie,
 1 And the knyghte² called to the ladies and seyde: "See nowe ladies, kyng Alle!" ¶ And the kyng, heryng hys name called, loked up aH an hygh. And than whan Constaunce sawe hys vysage, she felle doune plat besyde Eleyne, the whyche she supposed ded hit for febelnesse. ¶ And than at that tyme of the comyng of the kyng to Rome, Moryce began to enter in to hys .xviij. yere. Thys Moryce
 1013 was taught pryuyly of hys moder Constaunce, that when he shulde go to the feeste *with* hys lorde the Senatoure, that aH thyng lefte, he shaft putte hymselfe before the kyng of Englund when that he were sette to hys mete, and that he were diligent in aH thynges for to serue the kyng. And that in nowyse he remeued hymself fro the kynges syghH. ¶ And that he serue hym wele and curteysly, ¶ ffor thys Moryce was passyngly lyke hys moder'. Than whan the kyng
 1016 sawe the chylde stonde before hym, he bethought hym much of hys resembraunce, And axed hym 'whos son he was.' And he answered to hym fuH curteysly, and seyde that 'he was the son of Arsenie the Senatoure, whyche sate opoH hys rygHt hande.' And whan Moryce had sayde so, the senatoure sayde to the kyng, that 'he holdeth

¹ p. 100.² MS. knyghte

hym for hys son, for somoche as he hathe made hym for hys eyre; And hys moder wyst that fuþ wele, but nat hys fader¹; 1020 ¶ ffor hys modere wolde neuer telle who was hys fader, in aþ the tyme of thys. xij. yere. And Moryce knewe nat, for hys moder and he were exyled whan he was nat but .x. wokes of age.' Than asked the kyng of thys yonge man, 'what was hys name:' and he answered and seyde to hym that hys name was Moryce. ¶ Than the kyng was in a grete thought and pensyfuþ, bothe of the yonge mannes name and of the semblaunce of hys vysage un to hys wyfe, 1030 hys owne moder'; And also for the wordes of the Senatour, the whyche he tooke goode hede of before; And axed of the Senatore 'yef that he knewe the chyldes moder', that hit myght lyke hym, that he myght see her.' And the senatore answered to the kyng that 'the chyldes moder was in hys place there.' ¶ And than the kyng hasted faste for to see her, and hyed hym in aþ haste that he 1036 myght frome hys mete. ¶ And than the Senatore wente doune in hys paleys, and commaunded hys wyfe to come doune with Constaunce in her moste goodly atyre and aray to see the kyng.² ¶ And assone as the kyng aperseyued that lady Constaunce, he salued her in hys moste goodly wyse, And be fulle very certeyn knowlache that anone he knewe her, he wente and tooke hys wyfe Constaunce 1051 in hys armes, and ofte tymes kyssed her. And there the kyng shewed so opyn shewyngs of loue un to her, that the senatore and hys wyfe and aþ tho that were there, merueled muche thereof. ¶ And than the kyng with an hygh noyse and cry, in an high voyse sayde thus: "I have found my wyfe!" Than come Olda and lucius, and knelyng opon here knees, salued that lady Constaunce. And they had fuþ grete ioy, and thanked god fuþ hyghly, the whyche fayleth neuer to hem the whyche trustyn opon hym. ¶ Than opon the morow the kyng wente to take hys absolucioun for the dethe of hys modere. And than after, whan he had tolde the pope pelagie before named, aþ these auentures, he assoyled hym, and thanked hyghly god. ¶ Than .xl. dayes that the kyng had a-byden in rome,

¹ Mistranslated; the Fr. has: *Elle sa mere savoit il bien, mes noun pas son pere*, p. 47.

² *Et quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senatour, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senatour*, p. 47.

- 1079 uppon a nyght Constaunce prayed hym, 'that he wolde vouchesafe to sende to the Emperour Tiberie, whyche that dwelled oute of Rome at that tyme but .xij. myle, that he wolde do to hym the worship for to come and to dyne *with* hym at Rome.' ¶ And the kyng was ful wele payde *with* Constaunce for her prayer and desyre. ¶ And
- 1086 than Dame Constaunce charged her son Moryce *with* the message, and seyde to hym that 'he shulde pray the Emperour, upon the kynges of ynglond behalue, that hit myght please hys hyghnesse to come dyne *with* hym. And yef the Emperour wolde nat graunte to hys prayere, that than he shulde require hym, for the loue that euer he had to the soule of hys doughter Constaunce;' ffor than she wyste weh that the Emperour wolde nat deny hym hys askyng, as he ded to no man that prayed hym of any thyng for hys doughter soule. ¶ And than whan Moryce was come before the Emperour, *with* a full honorable company, and had do hys message from the kyng hys fader. The Emperoure was supprised in grete loue towarde that chylde Moryce, And seyde to hys knyghtes, wepyng *with* a full heuy
- 1096 herte, "God, how thys yong man ys full lyke in semblance to my doughter Constaunce!" And than after he gave grete yestes to Moryce. But the Emperour wolde nat a longe whyle graunt his prayeres, for cause he tooke suche a full grete heuynesse for his doughter Constance,¹ the whyche he supposed that dede was, that neuer syth that tyme he wolde come to feste, neyther heere mynstralles ne mynstralsy. ¶ Then ageyne *with* full grete prayer, and after the forme abouesayde, he beseched the Emperour aboue sayde;
- 1093 the whyche than graunted to hym hys axyng. ¶ ²Than hit happed that thys feste shulde be holde upon seynt Iohan ys day the baptyst. ¶ And than Constaunce² seyde to the kyng, that she supposed that hit were grete curtesy, And that hit shulde muche please the Emperoure that he wolde resceyue hym in to the Cyte, and for to ryde agenst hys commyng. And so the kyng Alle dede; and *with* the nobuH Chyualry of Rome, and *with* the Cytezeyns, rode full honorably to geder *with* a worthy company. And so Constaunce

¹ p. 101.²⁻² *A-rynt la veil seynt Iohan le Baptistre, la feste de sa natiuite, quant la fest se devoit fere le iour ensuaunt, Constaunce . . . , p. 49.*

rode *with* the kyng, and *with* that pepuH, and here son Morice also. And than whan Constaunce sawe the Emperour come nere, she prayed the kyng that he wold vouchesafe to alyghte of hys steede ayenst the Emperour, whyche ded so. ¶ And than Constance, before aH the company, tooke her lorde in her ryght hande, And Moryce her soñ in her lyfte hande; and she come and kneled doune, and salued her fader by these wordes: “¶ My lorde, and my fayre fader Tiberie! 1105 I, Constaunce your doughtre, thanke hyghly oure lorde god, that yet at thys day hathe graunted to me my lyfe that I may see youre nobuH persone in helthe.” ¶ And than anone whan the Emperoure had herde hys doughter, and knewe her voyse and her persone wele, he toke to hym so soden ioy that almoste had faH doune bacwarde from hys stede. But the kyng Alle and hys son Moryce sawe that, and supported hym. Than, god knoweth, there was grete ioy in that 1114 blessed metyng. And than Constaunce tolde her fader aH her auentures, and howe she had dwelled .x.¹ yere in the house of the senatoure Arsenie, And *with* her Cosyn Eleyne, the whyche knew nat that she was her nece, unto that tyme. ¶ Than after other .xl. dayes passed, whan the kyng Alle returned ageyne homewarde in to ynglond, The Emperour Tybery, by the assent of pope Pelagy and of the Senat of Rome, for cause of hys age, toke Moryce, his doughter son, for to be hys felowe to gouerne the Emyre; And made hym to 1121 be called hys Eyre apperaunt. And than he was called “Moryce of Capodoce” for that skele, why that he was brought up *with* that Senatoure Arsenie, the whyche was of Capodoce, as hyt ys before sayde at the begynnyng of thys story. Thys Moryce was called of the Romaynes in latyn, ‘Mauricius, christianissimus Imperator,’ the whyche ys to sey, “Morice, the moste cristen Emperour.” Than Alle the kyng of ynglonde, the .ix. monthe after that he was come in 1142 to ynglonde, yelded up hys soule to god fuH holyly and *with* fuH grete deuocion. ¶ And than aH moste halfe a yere after Constaunce, the whyche had euerie grete loue and worshyp unto aH ynglond, torned agene, and wente to Rome, for cause that she had tydynge 1148 that the Emperoure her fader was seke and in poynt of dethe. And than the .xiiij. day after her comyng to Rome, Tiberie her fader

¹ *dozze*, p. 51.

deseased fuH holyly betwyxte the Armes of hys doughter, and yelded up hys soule to god. ¶ And Constaunce herself desesed the yere after. The yere was the yere after the incarnacioun Dlxxxiiij. opon seynt Clementes day. And she was buried at Rome besyde her ffader the Emperoure in seynt Petir Church. ¶ And than Olda, the whyche brought Constaunce un to Roome after the dyssease of kyng Alle, in returnyng ayene towarde ynglonde, dyed fuH holyly and deuoutely at the Cite of Toures of Tureyne; And be lucius the byssshop of Bangor abouesayde, was buried in the church of seynt Martyn at Toures. ¶ Than lucius come home in to ynglond ayene, un to hys Church of Bangor, and leued dyuerse yeres after. And the body of kyng Alle was buried in the Church of seynt AmphibeH, at the Cyte of Wynchestre, where he deseased.

14.

The Boy kild by a Jew

FOR SINGING *GAUDE MARIA!*

VERSIFIED BY

GAUTIER DE COINCY.

FROM THE HARLEIAN MS. 4401,

leaf 146, back, col. 1;

COLLATED WITH POQUET'S EDITION OF GAUTIER DE COINCY'S

MIRACLES DE LA SAINTE VIERGE

(Paris 1857), col. 557.

The Harleian MS. 4401, lettered on the binding *Miracula B. U. M. Metro Gallico*, and ascribed in the Catalogue (A.D. 1808) to the 14th century, consists of 189 vellum leaves (numbered in pencil figures), written in two columns of about 40 lines each. It begins, without a heading, on leaf 1, col. 1, with Gautier de Coincy's Prologue (Poquet, col. 3, l. 1), at first, on account of the large A, written in half lines :

A la loenge et a la gloire
En remembrance Et en memoire ;

and ends on leaf 189, back, col. 2 (Poquet, col. 639, l. 392), in the middle of a Miracle (*C'est dou clerz qui laissa sa fame por nostre dame sainte marie*) with :

Estoupe est horn & feus & flame
Tost est espris hom de tel fame
Tex estoupes pres de tel feu.

So some leaves are missing at the end ; after this Miracle Poquet gives two more, and some other poems. On leaves 3—5, 106—8 of the MS. are some songs with the music. The Abbé Poquet's edition is from a MS. of the Seminary at Soissons ; a description of this MS., and of thirteen others (all in Paris) of the many in existence, will be found in his Introduction, pp. ix, xix. The original Latin text of the Miracles also exists in various MSS. (P. Meyer, *Rapports*, 1e partie, p. 15.)

Though the Harleian MS. offers a text of this Miracle decidedly inferior to the Soissons one, it has been deemed advisable to print it, instead of reproducing Poquet's copy of the other. It is always desirable that accurate copies of the different MSS. of a text should be accessible to scholars, that they may have all the evidence for determining its original shape ; that the Society has not in this case chosen the best unpublished one, is the result of that MS. not being in London. The present print will be of interest to editors of English, as a French specimen of the mistakes which creep into MSS. by repeated copying, even when the scribes are native, and the language can have presented little or no difficulty. As the readings of Poquet's MS. (excluding, as a rule, differences in orthography and in the use of the nom. and acc. cases) are given in the footnotes, there will generally be little trouble in correcting the mistakes of the Harleian ; though in two or three cases (as in ll. 247, 553-4) both MSS. agree in bad metre or rhyme. Poquet's MS. (supposing his print to be correct) is itself by no means devoid of errors, from almost all which the Harleian is free ; in ll. 2, 72 (*a*), 112, 188, 223, 421, 563, 628 (*diront*), 629, 647, 664 (*ou*), 717, for example, the Harleian reading is preferable, or even indispensable—an instance of the common fact that a MS. may be comparatively bad and yet far from critically worthless. For the print being a correct copy of the MS. and the variants, as well as for diacritics, punctuation, and expansions, I am responsible ; I may note that though *n* is often quite distinct from *u*, the last letter of ll. 677-8 is ambiguous.

The Abbé Poquet, who derives his dates from the *Chronicon Sancti Medardi*, states (Intr., p. xxxiv) that Gautier de Coincy, probably of a noble family of that place, was born in 1177 ; became a monk of St. Médard in 1193, and prior of Vic in 1214, which office he held when he translated the Miracles, was made grand prior of St. Médard in 1233, and died in 1236.

July, 1876.

HENRY NICOL.

THE BOY KILLD BY A JEW

FOR SINGING *GAUDE MARIA*.

*C'est d'un clerc *que* li iuif tuerent qui chantoit [* leaf 146, back, col. 1]
 Gaude maria.

Sainte escripture nos esclaire¹
 C'on doit² courir & c'on doit taire¹

Scripture tells us
 to keep the
 King's secrets,

³Les secrez de toi⁴ & celer,

& les deu euures reueler.

4 and reveal God's
 wonderful works.

Les euures⁵ sont merueilleuses,

& a oïr moult deliteuses.

la letre dit en moult de leus

Que⁶ ses seinz est deu merueilleus.

8

& qant li rois puissanz & plus

& loing & pres est⁷ moult li⁸ lius,

Miracles & meruailles maintes

fait por ses sainz & por ses saintes ;

12 He must be a fool
 who wonders at
 God working
 many a miracle
 for the Virgin.

bien est buisnarz &⁹ se meruoille

Se mainte merueillant meruoille

fait ior & nuit por la pucelle

Qui l'alaita de sa memelle,

16

Qui le norri, qui le berça.

de pitié tout me tresperça

Qant ie le ui¹⁰ & oï primes

I was much
 moved when I
 first heard of
 this one.

.I. miracle douz & saintime¹¹

20

Q'an angleterre fist iadis

[†]li puissanz rois de paradis,

[† col. 2]

¹ This line is 2 in the MS. ² om. (*Poquet*).

³ The initials are written apart from the words they head.

⁴ le roy ⁵ dieu *inserted*. ⁶ Qu'en ⁷ en ⁸ de
⁹ qui ¹⁰ lui ¹¹ saintismes

There was once in England a poor woman,	¹ por essaucier le non sa mere. ¹ Come ² raconte ma matere,	24
who loved the Virgin,	<i>Que</i> ³ iadis une poure fame, Qui moult amoit la douce dame, En la contree d'angleterre.	
and had to work for her living.	Tant par iert poure <i>que</i> porquerre Sa sustance li couenoit, En la uile ou ele manoit.	28
She had one son,	.I. ⁴ tot sol fil ⁴ auoit, sanz plus, Qui tant iert biaux & genz <i>que</i> nus	32
a beautiful child,	Ne remiroit sa belle face, Ne li donast moult de sa grace ;	
whom she sent young to school.	Moult iert ⁵ biax li anfes ieunes, Ancor soit ⁶ il norriz d'aumosnes. Son poure enfant la poure fame, En l'enor deu & <i>nostre</i> dame, Moult ione fist ⁷ la poure metre, Son anfançon ⁷ a letres metre.	36 40
The Virgin made him learn well and fast,	la mere deu, qui entremetre Se uost d'aidier le clerçoncel, dedanz son cuer en .i. moncel Amoncela si grant sauoir,	44
so he could soon sing and read.	Q'an demi an li fist sauoir Plus c'un autre ne set ⁸ en quatre. Ne l'estuet pas ferir ne battre, <i>Que</i> ⁹ tant par est de cler angien Q'an oubliance ne met rien de riens <i>qu'</i> apreigne n'oie dire ; Tost sot ¹⁰ chanter & tost sot ¹⁰ lire. de bien chanter est lors si duiz,	48 52
He sang so well	<i>Que</i> ¹¹ chançonnetes & conduiz Cante si afaitiemant,	

¹ These lines transposed. ² Ce me ³ Qu'out
⁴ seul enfant ⁵ estoit ⁶ fust
⁷⁻⁷ Not in the print. ⁸ sout ⁹ Car ¹⁰ set
¹¹ Qui

Que clerc & lai communalment¹
 & trestuit cil qui chanter l'oent,
 Sa clere uoiz & son chant loent.
 Vne uoiz a si tres piteuse,
 Si² plaisant &³ si deliteuse,
 Ce dist chascuns qui chanter l'ot
 Que c'est la uoiz d'un angelot.
 *Ainz mais si faite meloudie
 de tel enfant ne fu oïe.
 Qant uoit li anfes c'on le iot⁴
 & que chascuns uolentiers l'ot,
 de biau chanter tant plus⁵ se paine.
 A son mengier chascuns l'enmoine⁶
 & il i ua moult uolantiers.
 les demis pains & les antiers,
 les pieces de char & l'argent,
 & quanque li donent la gent,
 porte a⁷ sa mere li cles⁸ ions.
 "d'autrui reliez, d'autrui aumosnes,
 M'auez,"⁹ fait il, "norri, ma⁹ mere.
 Mais foi que doi l'ame mon pere,
 Souant de¹⁰ duel le cuer me serre
 Qant ie uos uoi uostre pain querre.
 Moult durement au cuer me point ;
 dorenauant n'en¹¹ querrez point.
 Ce uos pleuis,¹² ma douce mere,
 Se dex me sauue na¹³ uoiz clere
 & il me¹⁴ salue & gart¹⁴ sain,
 Il n'iert ia iors que plain mon sain
 Ne uos aport tout sanz dotance
 de pain, de char & de sustance.
 Se deu plaist, bien nos fornirons

56 that all who
heard him
praised his voice
and singing.

60

[* leaf 147, col. 1]

64 When the child
heard these
praises,

he took still
more pains,

68 and was invited
to meals,

where he received
bread, meat,
and money.

72

76 He brought all to
his mother,

and told her
he hoped she
would not long
have to work.

80

84

¹ communement ² tres inserted. ³ om. ⁴ lot

⁵ moult tos ⁶ le maine ⁷ om. ⁸ clors

⁹⁻⁹ nourri, fait il, tout. ¹⁰ le ¹¹ Corr. in MS. from men-

¹² je ¹³ ma ¹⁴⁻¹⁴ garde sauf et

	Au molin, mais n'au for n'irons, Se deu plaist & la bone ¹ dame."	88
By his singing he earned enough for himself and his mother.	Ainsi la lasse ² bone fame Reconforte li clerçonniaux. ³ la ou de gent uoit les monciaus, Chançonetes & conduiz chante ; Par biau chanter toz les anchante. Tant fait ses chans & sa uoiz clere Que bien fornist lui & sa mere.	92
One of his songs was the <i>Gaude Maria</i> ,	Entre ses ⁴ biaux chans qu'il sauoit le biau respons ⁵ aprius auoit de la purification Qui gaude maria a non ; li diz en est douz & piteus & li chans biaux & deliteus.	96 100
[* col. 2]	*li clerçonnez an la memoire de la douce dame de gloire Ou chanter si se delitoit Qu'a plorer pluros ⁶ escitoit. Si le chantoit piteusement Que clere & lai communalment ⁷	104
which he sang so touchingly	Par fin estrif l'anfant prenoient ; por aus deduire l'enmenoient. Tant par est douce sa meniere Que riche & poure l'ont moult chiere. Tant est senez ⁸ & tant est sages ⁹	108 112
as to make many weep.	Que nus ¹⁰ nel' blasme, tant soit sages, ¹⁰ de rien ¹¹ que il face ne ¹² die. N'i pert ¹³ fors san & cortoisie, Que ¹⁴ clerc & lai l'aiment & prissent ; Tuit le loent, tuit le felissent, ¹⁵ ¹⁶ Tuit font de lui & ¹⁶ ioie & feste.	116
He was so good and sensible	A l'anuitier nul tens n'areste,	
that all loved and praised him.	¹ douce ² povre ³ clerronciaus ⁴ les ⁶ qu' inserted. ⁶ pluseurs ⁷ communement ⁸ serrez ⁹ saches ¹⁰⁻¹⁰ noter en ses aages ¹¹ En aie ¹² qu'il inserted. ¹³ Ne puet ¹⁴ Et ¹⁵ fetisent ⁶¹⁻¹⁶ Et tuit de lui font	

Ne s'an reuoist ueoir sa mere.

de lui nouele moult amere

Orra par tens la bone fame ;

Or an soit garde nostre dame.

C¹il qui ne set barat ne guille

.I. ior ioant aual la uille

Se ua avec ses compaignons ;

Tant q'an la rue des gaignons,

C'est a dire des faus iudex,²

Venez en est a .i. granz iex,³

Ou moult de clerc uenu estoient.

de lui grant feste quant le uoient

font chevalier & clerc⁴ & lai.

Tuit li prient que sanz delai

de nostre dame .i. petit chant.

Si tost con comance son chant

de totes parz les genz acorent

& de pitié li plusor plorent ;

Que⁵ tant chante⁶ piteusemant

Que tuit dient communalment⁷

Qu'il⁸ chante bel & outre bien.

Nes li iuif, li felon chien,

*I sont uenu avec les autres.

⁹Venu i a de⁹ felons uiaütres

.I.¹⁰ qui de honte¹¹ formia¹²

Quant oï gaude maria.

Qant an gabrielem le uers

Ot le iuif fel & paruers

le grant oprobre a toz iuis,

'Erubescat iudex infelis¹³

¹⁴Qui dit *Christum* ex ioseph

Semine & natum,'¹⁴

120 he went home
to his mother.

124 One day he was
playing with
his fellows
in the Jews'
quarter,

128

when a crowd
collected,

132

who asked him
to sing the
Gaude Maria.

136

He sang so well
that even the
Jews came to
hear him.

140

[* leaf 147, back,
col. 1]

144

One of them was
so enraged at
part of his song

148

¹ Ornamental letter. ² gieus * ³ gieus ⁴ cler ⁵ Car

⁶ chantoit ⁷ communement ⁸ Que ⁹⁻⁹ Un en y va des

¹⁰ om. ¹¹ tout inserted. ¹² fermia ¹³ judeus infelix

¹⁴⁻¹⁴ Qui dicit Christum

Ex Ioseph semine esse natum.

that he wished to kill him,	Moult pres se ¹ ua <i>que</i> d'un baston Ne l'a feru par mi le chief.	152
but was afraid of being killed himself.	Mais il uoit <i>bien</i> que a ² meschief de s'anredie conuandroit ; ³ A morir lors li couandroit, Ia ne uerras mais ⁴ l'andemain, Se ⁵ il met sor l'anfant la ⁵ main. N'a en la uile home ne fame Qui moult ne l'aint por nostre dame, de qui chante si doucemant.	156
So he waited till the crowd had dispersed,	Celui ⁶ qui de l'anueniment ⁷ ⁸ de l'anemi est ⁸ antouchiez, Qant li pueples est desfouchiez, l'anfant atrait ⁹ an la ¹⁰ meson ; doucemant l'a mis ¹¹ a raison, Moult le losange, ¹² moult l'acole.	164
and enticed the child into his house,	" Clerçons," dist ¹³ il, " a bone escolle As conuersé, ce m'est auis, <i>Que</i> ¹⁴ onques mais si a demis ¹⁵ Ne chanta anfes con tu chantes. Par ton bel chant la gent ¹⁶ anchantes ; Moi meesme ¹⁷ as tot anchanté. Hui par as tu si bien chanté C'onques mais clers miauz ¹⁸ ne chanta. An cel ¹⁹ respons si douz chant a, & tant est biaux & <i>bien</i> ditez, li cuers m'en est toz apitez. foi <i>que</i> ²⁰ doi l'ame mon pere, Miauz an sera ta poure mere, S'an ma maison uiens avec moi.	168
saying that if the child would sing his beautiful song again,	*par le grant deu an cui ie croi Cel respons uoil ancor oïr ;	172
		180

[* col. 2]

¹ s'en ² qu'a grant ³ tost venroit ⁴ verroit lors
⁵⁻⁵ seur l'enfant metoit sa ⁶ Cil ⁷ l'envenement
⁸⁻⁸ Le deable est touz ⁹ entrait ¹⁰ sa ¹¹ le met
¹² et *ins.* ¹³ fet ¹⁴ Car ¹⁵ devis ¹⁶ les gens
¹⁷ meesmes ¹⁸ si ¹⁹ ce ²⁰ je *ins.*

- ¹Tout le cuer me fait¹ esioïr
 Toutes les foiz *que* chanter t'oi.
 Ta mere por l'amor² de toi
 liuerrai toz ses estouoirs."
 bien cuide³ *que* ce soit tot uoirs
 li las anfes, li clerçonnez ;
 Si⁴ *simplement con* uns angelez
 le iuif suist an la⁵ maison.
 Tel cruialte ne fist mais hom ;
 lor q'anclos l'a dedanz la⁵ porte
 vne coignee⁶ lors li⁶ aporte,
 & tel li donne de la hache,
Que morte en fust une grant uache.
 li clerçons chiet toz porfanduz,
 Contre terre s'est estanduz ;
 Par mi la⁷ bouche clere⁸ & belle
 li saut le sanc & la ceruelle ;
 Touz est froez & esmiez.
 Cil qui mar fust onques criez,
 dedanz son huis plus tost qu'il puet
 fait une fosse, si l'enfuet ;
 la terre chauche & rahonie.
 la soue uie soit honie.
 Moult est dolante & esplore
 Qant de son fil la demoree
 Voit la lasse de bone⁹ fame.
 plorant deprie *nostre* dame
 de son anfant daint estre garde ;
 Se sa douçor ne le¹⁰ regarde
 Moult se doute ne l'ait perdu.
 Elle a le cuer si esperdu,
 & si li defaut & desmant,
 Elle s'escrie¹¹ trop durement.
- 184 his mother would
be the better off.
- 188 The child believed
it all,

and went in with
the Jew,
- 192

who immediately
killed him with
an axe,
- 196

made a grave
under the door,
- 200

and buried him.
- 204

As he did not
return,
- 208

his mother
feared he was
lost,
- 212

and went weeping
through the
town,
- 216

¹⁻¹ Le cuer me fet tout ² l' om. ³ cuides ⁴ om.
⁵ sa ⁶⁻⁶ tost ⁷ sa ⁸ tenre ⁹ povre
¹⁰ la ¹¹ Qu'ele s'en crient

inquiring of every
one she met.

Come desuee ua plorant¹

Aual la uille tout corant.²

Assez le trace, assez le quiert,

Assez demande, assez anquiert

220

& ça & la & sus & ius.

[* leaf 148, col. 1]

* & qant la lasse³ ne uoit³ nus

Nule nouvelle n'en set⁴ dire,

par .i. petit ne s'ocit d'ire.

224

When she heard
nothing of her
child,

Moult est dolante, moult est morne;

A son repaire s'en retorne.

Son anfant moult regrete & plaint;

A nostre dame se complaint,

228

she was so over-
come with grief
that she almost
killed herself.

⁵ A nostre dame se doulouse;

⁵ Moult⁶ uiaut, ce dist, mort & ⁷ goulouse.

"douce dame, sainte marie,"

fait la lasse, fet l'esmarrie,

232

"Soiez garde de mon anfant.

Ie ne⁸ sai demander tant;

Nule nouvelle nus m'en die.

She spent the
night weeping,

lasse poure, lasse mendie,

236

lasse, lasse, plus de .c.⁹ foiz;

las,¹⁰ las, mes¹¹ cuers, qui si est¹² froiz

desoz mes lasses de memelles,

and imploring
the Virgin to
aid her.

Me dist i'orrai¹³ froides nouelles

240

Se eil non¹⁴ fait q'z tout puet faire.

Sor lui met ie tout mon afaire,

& sor sa douce chiere mere."¹⁵

la poure fame en tel maniere

244

toute nuit se plaint & doulouse.

Son uis leue, son uis arouse

de maintes lermes ainz l'aiornee.

Next day she
resumed her
search.

l'andemain mate & esplore

248

Par la cité quiest¹⁶ son anfant.

¹ courant ² plorant ³⁻³ voit que ⁴ soit

⁵ These lines transposed. ⁶ Mort ⁷ et mort ⁸ le ins

⁹ mil ¹⁰ Mes ¹¹ de ¹² m'est ¹³ qu'orrai

¹⁴ n'el ¹⁵ mere chiere ¹⁶ quiert

- "Riens n'en sauomes,"¹ font li auquant,
 "Mais bien sauons, par uerité,
 N'a clerc ne lai en la cité 252
 Qui n'en eust au cuer pesance
 S'il auoit nule mesestance."
 Auquant redient, "bone fame,
 Vos filz ersoir de nostre dame 256
 Chanta assez a uns grant² ieux³
 En la⁴ grant rue des iuex.⁵
 Moult chanta bel, moult chanta bien;
 Mais li iuif, li felon chien, 260
 li fax gaignon, li felon uiautre,
 *⁶I uindrent ausi⁶ con li autre;
 de toutes parz i⁷ asemblerent.
 Il puet bien estre qu'il l'amblerent 264
 A l'anuitier qant s'an aloit;⁸
 Que⁹ moult le cuer lor esuolloit¹⁰
 & moult en erent mat & triste
 Com¹¹ en lor rue¹² & en lor triste, 268
 Meesmement deuant aus toz,
 Chantoit le haut¹³ plaissant & douz
 de la dame que¹⁴ heeNt tant.
 S'il ont tué n'ocis l'anfant,
 descouuert iert & reuelez;
 Ia¹⁵ murtres ne sera¹⁵ celez."
 Auquant¹⁶ redient, "n'est pas doute
 Iuif l'anfant n'amoient goute, 276
 Que¹⁷ il chantoit de nostre dame
 Si doucement, n'ere¹⁸ hom ne fame
 Qui toz li cuers n'en apitast.
 Mais quiconques s'i delitast, 280
 Il ne se¹⁹ delitoient point;
 Que²⁰ moult lor cuit & moult lor point,
- Some said they
 knew nothing of
 her child.
 Others told her
 that the night
 before,
 [* col. 2]
 he was singing
 in the Jews'
 quarter,
 and that it was
 likely that these
 wretches stole
 him at dark,
 as he sang of the
 Lady whom
 they hate;
 but that if they
 had killed the
 child,
 the murder would
 out.
 Others said the
 same,
- ¹ savon ² om. ³ juif ⁴ lo ⁵ Juis ⁶⁻⁶ Ausi ⁷ s'i ⁸ raloit ⁹ Quar ¹⁰ avaloit ¹¹ Quant ¹² ame
¹³ les chans ¹⁴ qu'il ¹⁵⁻¹⁵ ne sera murtres ¹⁶ Aucun
¹⁷ Car ¹⁸ n'iert. ¹⁹ s'i ²⁰ Car

and hoped the Virgin would reveal the matter;	Quant nus l'anore & nus la loe. ¹ la douce dame ceste chose	284
adding that if it was so,	Reueler doint ² par sa puissance. On les doit toz sanz delaience bruir en flame ³ & an tissons, S'il est ainsins con nos dissons."	288
the Jews ought to be burnt.	Communement par la cité Esmeu sont & escité Moult durement de cest afaire. Ne set que dire ne que faire	292
The poor woman told the Virgin	la dolante de bone fame ; dou tot s'enprent ⁴ a nostre dame, & bien li dit tout en apert	
that if she did not get back her son,	Que s'elle ainsi son anfant pert, Iamais nul ior n'aura fiance En sa douçor, en ⁵ sa puissance. Assez doulousse, assez lermante, ⁶ Moult se complaint, moult se demante,	296 300
[* leaf 148, back, col. 1]	Moult est en grant esmarriture ; ⁷ *Ne uos sai pas la multitude de sa tristee raconter. ⁸	
she would have no more faith in her kindness or her power.	Mais quant nostre dame racorder ⁹ Se vost a li de son anfant, .I. miracle fist si tres grant Que touz li monz s'en merueilla. la lasse fame assez ueilla	304 308
The poor woman was quite exhausted with watching and weeping.	deuant l'ymage nostre dame ; la cheitiue de poure fame Mainte soignie ¹⁰ i a portee ; de ueillier est toute amortee. ¹¹ Tant a ¹² ueillié, tant a oré, ¹² Tant a gemi, tant a ploré ¹³ Que ne puet mes mengier ne boiure. ¹⁴	312

¹ l'alose ² daint ³ flammes ⁴ se prent ⁵ n'en
⁶ lamente ⁷ amaritude ⁸ recorder ⁹ acorder
¹⁰ soignée ¹¹ avortee ¹²⁻¹² ouré, tant veillié a
¹³ ploré a ¹⁴ boire

- Moult sont dolant clerc & prouoire
 dou biau clerçon qui est periz,
 Qui tant iert¹ douz & seriz
 & qui tant iert bien antechiez.
 "Cist granz murtres, cist² granz pechiez,
³N'iert mie longuement³ celez.
Que dex uost qu'il fust reuelez
 por son saint non glorefier,
 por croistre & por manefier
 le non la⁴ glorieusse mere."
 Ce me recontre ma matere
 C'uns iors ala, li autres uint,
 bien em passerent plus de .xx.,
 Ainz *que* nouelle fust oïe
 de coi fust ⁵auques esioïe⁵
 la dolante qui sanz seior
 paumes batant⁶ & nuit & ior
 Aual la uile aloit criant,
 & nostre dame depriant
Qu'ele la mort li otroïast
 Ou son anfant li anuoïast.⁷
Si con deu plot, .i. ior auint
 Q'an la rue des iuis uint
 la chestiue paumes batant,
 Gent par som braire asamblant⁸
 Qu'il an i ot plus de .x.⁹ mille.
 *Effree est toute la uille,
 & tuit se tienent¹⁰ celle part.
 "fueiz, fueiz,¹¹ li cuers me part,"
 dist¹² la lasse, "ce m'est auis.
 fix douz, fix douz, se fussiez¹³ uis
 Ne fussiez¹⁴ pas tant demoré.
 filz douz, murtri & acoré¹⁵
- 316 All the clergy
were grieved
at the loss of the
little cleric.
- 320
- 324
- 328 It was three
weeks before
the sorrowing
mother had news
of her son.
- 332
- 336
- One day
she happened
to go to the
Jews' quarter,
- 340
- [* col. 2]
- 344
- collecting by her
lamentations a
large crowd.
- 348
- ¹ estoit ² est ³⁻³ Longues ne puet estre ⁴ sa
⁵⁻⁵ liee n'el joie ⁶ batoit ⁷ renvoïast ⁸ assembla tant
⁹ deus ¹⁰ traient ¹¹ Fiz, fiz, fiz, fiz ¹² Fait
¹³ fusses ¹⁴ N'eusses ¹⁵ acovré

She exclaimed
that the Jews had
killed her son,

T'ont cist¹ iuif, cist¹ puant chien.
filz douz, le cuer me dist moult bien

[²Qu'en ceste rue t'ont tué.

²Fiz douz, fiz douz, ou es tu, e ?]

352

Trop³ est dure ta matere,

Quant ne paroles a ta mere,

Qui ci s'ocit & ci⁴ s'afolle,

A tout le mains une parole."

356

lors chiet pasmee en mi la rue ;

Ses cheuex trait, ses cheuex rue,

Som piz debat & sa forcelle.

beat her breast

"dur cuers, dur⁵ cuers, dur cuers," dist⁵ ele,

360

"Trop me fait mal & trop me grieve⁶

and tore her hair,

Con tu ne faux⁷ ou tu ne crieues

En .ix. parties ou en .x.

ha, mere au roi de paradis,

364

Ia⁸ t'auoie ge⁹ commandé tant

and called on
the Virgin to
give her back
her child,

A iointes mains mon las d'anfant ;

Ie le t'auoie tant¹⁰ donné,

A letres mis & coroné,

368

por seruir toi & ton douz fil.

Q'an as tu fait, dame, ou est il ?

di moi, di moi, ou est il donques ?

ha, mere deu, ce n'auint onques

372

Que fust perdue &¹¹ adiree

Chosse¹² qui a toi fust liuree¹³

Ne¹⁴ comandee entre tes mains.

alive or dead,

¹⁵ha, mere deu, cest Cest¹⁶ or dou mains

376

di moi, a toi¹⁷ n'a point d'estrif¹⁷

or else send her
death.

Se tu randre le me¹⁸ uiax uif.

¹⁹Ren le moi tost o uif ou¹⁹ mort,

Ou tu m'enuoies tost la mort."

380

¹ cil ² These two lines are not in the MS. ³ par inserted.

⁴ qui si ⁵⁻⁵ durs, fait ⁶ greues ⁷ Quant tu ne fens

⁸ Je ⁹ om. ¹⁰ tout ¹¹ n' ¹² Riens ¹³ atiree-

¹⁴ Ou ¹⁵ This line is two in the MS. ¹⁶ om.

¹⁷⁻¹⁷ n'ai nul estrif ¹⁸ ne le ¹⁹⁻¹⁹ A tout le mains rent le moi

- lors est pasmee sanz plus dire.
 Tant a doulor & tant a d'ire,
 * & tant est persse, noire & tainte,
 Que chascuns dit qu'ele est estainte. 384
 de toutes parz la gent¹ aqueurent
 Qui de pitié tenrement plorent,
 & de la mere & de l'anfant
 Ont grant pitié petit & grant. 388
 Mais de la lasse poure fame
 prist grant pitié² a nostre dame ;
 por³ cele triste tristece
 Mua en ioie & en leece. 392
⁴ Quant celle gent fu⁴ assamblee
 Qu'a cel⁵ grant duel est aunce,⁶
 par le plaisir de nostre dame
 li filz a la lasse de fame, 396
 Qui enterrez estoit & morz,
 par grant uertuz, par grant effort⁷
 dedanz la⁸ fosse s'escria.
 Le respons Gaude maria
 Encomança⁹ a si haut ton
 & a si cler q'ainz¹⁰ n'oi hom
 Si haute uoiz ne si tres clere.
 Qant son enfant oi la mer,¹¹ 404
 Come desuee en haut s'escrie,
 "douce dame, seinte marie,
 I'oi mon anfant, i'oi mon anfant."
 Adonc i ot temoste grant 408
 & escrie en moult de lius,
 "Or au¹² iuis, or au¹² iuis,¹³
 Qui nos¹⁴ clerçon nos ont emblé."
 & clere & lai sont assamblé ; 412
 Chies le iuif¹⁵ moult tost s'embatent,

She fell in a
swoon,

[* leaf 149, col. 1]

and the
bystanders,
taking her for
dead,
sorrowed over her
and her son.

But the Virgin
made the child,

who was dead
and buried,

sing the
Gaude Maria
in a loud voice.

His mother
screamed as if
she were mad,
that she heard
her child.

There was a great
tumult,

and all set upon
the Jews.

¹ les gens ² Grant pitié prist ³ ce ins. ⁴⁻⁴ Queque cele grant
⁵ A ce ⁶ iert assemblee ⁷ effors ⁸ sa ⁹ Et commença
¹⁰ ainz ¹¹ mere ¹² aus ¹³ gieus ¹⁴ no ¹⁵ les juis

The Jews bolted their doors,	Iuif trebuchent & abatent, Iuis tuent, ¹ iuis tot ² toillent. ³ Iuis tantost ⁴ lor huis Veroillent,	416
but to no purpose.	Mais clerc, qui sont plain de derroi, Moult tost i font la clef le roi. Iuis hurtent & iuis fierent, l'anfant apelent, l'anfant quierent ;	420
	N'i a chambre ne repostaille ⁵ Ou l'anfant ⁶ ne quierent ⁶ chacuns m'aille. ⁷	
[* col. 2]	*N'est nus qui ⁸ nouvelle lor en die ; & s'oent tuit la melodie	424
When the Jew who had killed the child heard his voice,	& la meruoille dou clerçon ; Ainz n'ot uielle si ⁹ douz son. Quant de l'anfant autant la uoiz, li pautoniers, li fel, ¹⁰ li froiz,	428
he was much frightened,	Qui murtri l'ot ¹¹ en sa meson, Si grant paor n'ot ainz ¹² mes ¹³ hom, Come ¹⁴ ot la noisse & la temote, & la chose qui est escoute ¹⁵	432
and locked himself in.	Voit par miracle reuelee. Moult a sa maison ¹⁶ tost serree, Mais maintenant & clerc & lai la froent ausi ¹⁷ sanz dela, ¹⁸	436
But the people forced the door,	Con s'ele fust de uiez escorce, ¹⁹ & si saillirent enz tot a ¹⁹ force. "Ceanz," font il, "est il sanz doute," & foant ²⁰ uont la meson tote.	440
and after search- ing the house,	"par foi," font il, "c'est deablie Que nos ²¹ n'en poons trouer ²¹ mie, & s'est ceanz & ceanz chante.	
were astonished at not finding the boy,	Il nos deçoit, il nos enchante ;	444
though they heard him sing.	Il est muciez, ce samble, en terre,	
	¹ batent et ² om. ³ roillent ⁴ moult tost ⁵ repostailent ⁶⁻⁶ querre ⁷ n'aillent ⁸ om. ⁹ plus ¹⁰ juis ¹¹ l'ont ¹² om. ¹³ nus ins. ¹⁴ Quant ¹⁵ ert occulte ¹⁶ porte ¹⁷ Ausi la froent ¹⁸ delai ¹⁹⁻¹⁹ Se saillent enz a fine ²⁰ Tournoiant ²¹⁻²¹ trouver ne poons	

- Q'annuiez somes¹ tuit de *querre*."
 & il reuindrent droit² a l'uis.
 "Ici desoz chante en .i. puis,"
 font li auquant,³ "si con nus samble."
 lors le deffuent tuit ensamble,
 & si le trouent en la fosse,
 Ausins roont come une cosse.
 A⁴ ausins le trouent sauf & sain,
 Con se l'eust dedanz son sain
 la mere deu⁵ l'a bien⁶ gardé.
 bien l'ont demi ior regardé⁶
 Ançois *que* saoulé s'an soient.
 & cil & celes qui le *queroient*⁷
 l'esgardent tuit *par*⁸ grant meruoille.
 la⁹ face auoit⁹ ausi uermoille,
 A¹⁰ ausi rouuante,¹¹ ausi belle,
 Come une¹² cerisse¹³ nouelle.
 "Tant uienent gent de¹⁴ grant pooir
 de totes parz por lui ueoir
 Qu'a poines¹⁵ i puet nus auenir.
 Qant la mere le puet tenir,
 Si le tient cort, si le tient *chier*,
Que pou i lait nului¹⁶ touchier.
 A la lasse de bone fame
 Samble¹⁷ bien *qu'ele* soit plus¹⁸ dame
Que roïne n'empereriz,
 Qant ses anfes¹⁹ qui ert periz
²⁰fu deuant li & an²⁰ sa brace.
 .C. foiz li baisse front & face ;
 Si grant ioie a dedanz son cuer
 Qu'ele ne puet a *nesun* fuer
 .I. tout sol mot parler ne dire.
- 448 They returned
to the door,

and thinking his
voice came from
beneath,
452

they dug under it,

456 and found the
child safe and
sound,

460 with his face as
red as a cherry.

[* leaf 149, back,
col. 1]
464

Crowds came
to see him,
but his poor
mother would
hardly let anyone
else touch him.
468

472 She thought
herself better
than queen
or empress,

476 when she again
embraced her son.

¹ Quant enuié sunt ² reviennent tuit ³ il aucuns ⁴ om.
⁵⁻⁶ ades ⁶ esgardé ⁷ voient ⁸ a ⁹⁻¹⁰ facete a
¹⁰ om. ¹¹ et *inserted*. ¹² est ¹³ ou fleur *inserted*. ¹⁴ a
¹⁵ Que peu ¹⁶ puet nuli ¹⁷ moult *inserted*. ¹⁸ que plus soit
¹⁹ son enfant ²⁰⁻²⁰ Estraindre puet dedenz

Thus the Virgin
well recompensed
her for her
sorrow.

de mautalent, d'ardor & d'ire
bien l'a la dame respassee
de cui huchier ele¹ est lassee. 480
dou miracle est² grant la feste .

The boy had
round his head
a writing de-
scribing the
miracle;

li clerçons a encor³ la teste
Tel sirografe,⁴ tel escrit
Que⁵ le miracle bien descrit. 484
Ia soit ce *que* mal ne li face,

and his face,
which had been
cut to pieces,
was perfectly
healed.

Tout a le uis iusqu'a⁶ la face
& despecié & despanné.
Mais si gari & si sané 488
l'a *nostre* dame si⁷ soutilment,
Q'ainz n'i ot herbe n'oignement.

ENtor l'anfant, c'en est la some,
Sont assamblé⁸ li plus sage home. 492

When asked to
tell who had
killed and
buried him,

por deu⁹ li deprient doucement
Que il¹⁰ lor die isnellemant
Qui cil furent, qui cil estoient, 496
Qui enfoï leanz l'auoient

he said that when
the people had
left,

& despecié ainsi la teste.
"Er soir," dist¹¹ il, "a sa¹² grant feste
de ceste rue fu partie,

a Jew enticed him
into his house,

.I. gius¹³ qui ne m'amoit mie 500
de moi blandir tant se pera,¹⁴
par ci deuant moi¹⁵ amena,

[* col. 2]

* & il¹⁶ iura l'ame som pere
Que il¹⁶ feroit grant bien me mere, 504
Se ça dedanz chanter uenoie
Le biau respons què ie sauoie.

and struck him
with an axe;

Qant anserré m'ot ça dedanz,
Tout me fandi iusques es danz 508
d'une hache qu'il¹⁷ corrut *querre*.

¹ toute ² moult *inserted*. ³ entour ⁴ et *inserted*.
⁵ Qui ⁶ jusque en ⁷ *om.* ⁸ Assemblé sont ⁹ Qui
¹⁰ Por dieu ¹¹ fait ¹² quant la ¹³ juif ¹⁴ pena
 ¹⁵ me ¹⁶ moult ¹⁷ qui

- Ne sai s'il m'enfoi en terre,
*Que*¹ lors qu'il m'ot feru el² some
 Ie m'endormi, c'en est la some.
 Si grant talant de dormir oi,³
 Ancor⁴ m'est uis⁵ dormi ai⁶ poi;⁷
 Ne m'esueillasse por nule ame.
 Mais deuant moi uint *nostre*⁸ dame
 la douce mere ihesu crist,
 Qui m'esueilla & qui me dist
Que ie⁹ trop pereceus estoie,
 Qant son bel respons ne chantoie,
 Ainsins con ie soloie faire.
 la douce mere¹⁰ debonaire
 Atant se departi de moi,
 & ie au plus¹¹ haut *que* ie¹¹ poi,
 Encomençai le¹² bel respons.
 Or uos ai tot dit¹³ & respont¹⁴
 Tot mon afaire,¹⁵ tot mon estre."
 Atant s'escrient clerc & prestre,
 "Sonnez, sonnez, sonnez, sonnez;
¹⁶Ainz puis l'ore¹⁶ *que* dex fu nez
 plus biau miracle mais n'auint."
 Se .x. langues auoie ou .xx.
 Ne seroit pas par moi retraite
 la grant ioie qui i¹⁷ fu faite.
 Mainte grant closche i ot¹⁸ sonnee;
 Glorefiee¹⁹ & reclamee
 fu moult²⁰ la mere ihesu crist,
 Qui cest tres douz miracle fist
 par sa tres douce pité.²¹
 plusors iuif de²² la cité
 lor²³ iusdeal uie²³ deguerpirent;
- but that he did
 not know if he
 was buried,
 512 for it seemed to
 him that he
 fell asleep,
 516 and had slept
 but little
 when the Virgin
 came to him,
 520
 and asked him
 why he did not
 sing as usual;
 524
 and that he then
 began the
Gaude Maria.
 528
 532 The people rang
 the bells for this
 great miracle,
 536 and the Virgin
 was much
 glorified.
 540 Several Jews
 became
 Christians;

¹ Car ² ou ³ eu ⁴ Qu'encor ⁵ qui *inserted.* ⁶ om.
⁷ peu ⁸ une ⁹ Qu'assez ¹⁰ dame ¹¹⁻¹¹ que j'onques
¹² son ¹³ dit tout ¹⁴ espons ¹⁵ et *ins.* ¹⁶⁻¹⁶ Puis le biau jor
¹⁷ la ¹⁸ ont ¹⁹ Glorefié ²⁰ Moult fu ²¹ pité
²² par ²³⁻²³ judaisme

	de cuer amerent & seruirent	
[* leaf 150, col. 1]	*la ¹ mere ² ihesu crist ² de gloire;	
those who did not, were killed.	& tuit cil qui ne uoudrent croire	544
	Ocis furent & macecré. ³	
	A sage tien & a discrét	
	Celui qui met entente & cure	
He does well who well serves the Virgin;	A servir la pucelle pure,	548
	la douce dame ⁴ debonaire	
	Qui set si douz miracle faire,	
	Si tres piteus, si delitant.	
	Escrit trouons bien delitant	552
	Que plus est froiz & durs que fers,	
	Que ⁵ de lui servir ⁶ n'est engrès.	
	S avoir nos fait ceste matere	
	Que bon servir fait la deu mere;	556
those who do not are beasts and monsters.	⁷ Qui bien la sert, s'il ⁸ la requiert,	
	⁷ Tost li enuoie ce qu'il quiert.	
	Cist miracles bien dit & mostre ⁹	
	Que beste sont tuit cil & mostre ⁹	560
	& de lor ames ¹⁰ pou lor chaut	
	Qui ¹¹ de li servir ¹² ne sont chaut.	
	por deu, ¹³ por deu, ¹³ n'alons tardant,	
Let us serve her day and night,	Soient ¹⁴ engrès, soions engrant ¹⁵	564
	de li ¹⁶ servir & ior & nuit.	
	Gardez, ¹⁷ por deu, ne nos anuit	
	Ses seruises qui tant est douz.	
for she defends from adversity all whom she loves,	la douce dame desfant toz	568
	Ceuz ¹⁸ qui l'aiment d'auerressité.	
	Sachent tuit cil ¹⁹ de uerité,	
	de paradis est el ²⁰ santier	
	Qui l'aime ²¹ de fin ²¹ cuer antier.	572
	de ²² paradis fait clerc son lit	

¹ douce inserted. ²⁻² au roy ³ maceré ⁴ virge ⁵ om.
⁶ qui inserted. ⁷ These lines transposed. ⁸ si ⁹ monstre
¹⁰ ame ¹¹ om. ¹² qui inserted. ¹³⁻¹³ om. ¹⁴ Soions
¹⁵ ardant ¹⁶ lui ¹⁷ Gardons ¹⁸ Ceans ¹⁹ clerc
²⁰ ou ²¹⁻²¹ et sert de ²² En

- Qui uolentiers en chante & lit.
 Qui de li chante volantiers,
 En paradis¹ uole antiers
 & deuant deu ua toz montez.
 Saintes ne saint si grant bontez
 fere ne puet con nostre dame;
 Grant bonté fist la poure fame
 de son anfant quant li randi.
 Ne² sai pas s'il³ se randi,
 *Ne quel⁴ uie puis il⁵ mena,
 Que⁶ en mon liure plus n'en a;
 Mais esperer n'os⁷ ne ne puis
⁸Qu'il ne fust moult prodome⁸ puis.
 Asotez fust trop sotement
 S'il ne serui deuostement
 la douce mere ihesu crist
 por la bonté qu'ele li fist.
 & sa mere moult refu⁹ sote
 S'anuers li¹⁰ ne fu moult¹¹ deuote
 & tote a li¹² ne s'otroia.
 les chandoilles bien emploia
 Qu'ele porta¹³ deuant s'ymage.
 Entendre doiuent tuit li sage
 & bien¹⁴ doiuent apercevoir¹⁵
 Que cil & celes font¹⁶ sauoir,
 Qui metent¹⁷ souant¹⁸ granz poignies¹⁹
 &²⁰ granz tortiz &²⁰ granz poignies
 deuant l'ymage n[ost]re dame;
 Si²¹ con fist la poure fame
 Qui mainte belle & mainte grant
 En i porta por son anfant.
 bone²² chose est de luminaire
- 576 and they go
straight to
Paradise.
 580
 I do not know
 [* col. 2]
 584 what life the
woman or the
boy led after
he was restored
to her,
 588
 but they must
have been very
foolish if they
did not serve
the Virgin well.
 592
 596 The poor woman
well employed
the candles
she burned before
the Virgin's
image;
 600
 and those who
imitate her do
well.
 604

¹ touz *ins.* ² Je ne ³ si ⁴ quele ⁵ om. ⁶ Car ⁷ nous
⁸⁻⁹ Moult tres preudom qui ne fust ⁹ refu moult
¹⁰ puis *inserted.* ¹¹ om. ¹² lui ¹³ enporta ¹⁴ le *inserted.*
¹⁵ tuit sauoir ¹⁶ cele fait ¹⁷ met ¹⁸ a *inserted.*
¹⁹ soingnees ²⁰ les ²¹ Ausi ²² Haute

	& ¹ sages est qui le puet faire ; Qui enlumine sainte eglysse, & qui esclaire au deu ² seruisse.	608
But there are many who burn large candles on their tables till midnight,	Mais ie uoi moult certes de ceus Qui uain en sont & pereceus ; Meesmement tuit li plus riche d'amuler ³ deu tuit ⁴ li plus chiche.	612
but give only a small taper for the altar.	biens est an nos si amortiz ⁵ Que granz cierges & granz tortiz ⁶ Volons ardoir desor ⁷ nos tables ; Nes ⁸ por ⁹ chanter chançons ou ⁹ fables Volons ardoir, qui qu'il anuit, Granz cierges iusqu'a ¹⁰ mie nuit. Mais sor la table ou nos couchomes le cors ihesu crist & leuomes,	616
	N'ardomes fors mocheronciaus & cirotens ¹¹ & cirocotiaus. ¹²	620
The poor old women [* leaf 150, back, col. 1]	Fi, que dirons con ¹³ les uielletes *Qui souler n'ont ne clemisettes, ¹⁴	624
who on every saint's day bring large candles, which they have to work for,	En deu anorer se deportent & granz chandoilles i ¹⁵ aportent, Que gaignent a filochier. fit, ¹⁶ que diront, "a, ¹⁷ fi, lochier ; doit dex de uos hochier ¹⁸ la teste."	628
ought to make us ashamed of giving only little tapers,	les ueillettes chascune feste les chandoilles granz i ¹⁹ alument ; & nos les mocherons qui fument	632
which do nothing but smoke.	& les cierges li alumons, de coi l'autel tot enfumons.	
One person I know burns in church	Aucun conois, par saint ciqaut, ²⁰ A cui ²¹ si petit de deu ²¹ chaut, Qu'a ses messes, qu'a ses matines	636

¹ que ² om. ³ D'alumer ⁴ sont ⁵ amordis ⁶ tordis
⁷ de sus ⁸ Nous ⁹⁻⁹ cointir et lire ¹⁰ desqu'a
¹¹ cirgetons ¹² cirgonciaus ¹³ quant ¹⁴ chemisettes ¹⁵ li
 Fi ¹⁷ dirons fi ¹⁸ souvent ¹⁹ granz chandeles li
 ²⁰ Sicaut ²¹⁻²¹ de deu moult petit

- Art chandoilles¹ si frarines
*Que*² n'i a cire se tant non,
 C'un po daube³ limaignon.
 & qant d'aucun uiaut feste faire,
 Tel clarté,⁴ tel luminaire
 Qu'il art tortiz et cierges poinz.⁵
 Em buisnardie est bien empoinz;⁶
 & ⁷ bien set il ⁷ quant se porpanse,
 Ce m'est auis, que musarz panse.
 bien a les iex dou chief forez⁸
 prestres qui art tortiz dorez
 desor⁹ sa table come¹⁰ il soupe;
 & .i. cierge¹¹ farssi d'estoupe,
 Qui ne puet randre *que*¹² fumiere,
 Art deuant la uraie lumiere,
 Qui tant est bele, sainte¹³ & monde,
 Qui tout ¹⁴ enlumine le¹⁴ monde,
 Selonc l'escriture deuine,
 de fine limiere¹⁵ anlumine.
 Encor conos ie¹⁶ tel menesterel¹⁷
 Qui arderoit sor¹⁸ son autel
 Moult uolantiers, par saint romacle,¹⁹
 Se uergoigne n'auoit dou siecle,
 Chandoile²⁰ de uache ou de buef.
 bien art tortiz d'uit ou de .ix.
 Qant se deschauce sor sa couche;
 * & sor²¹ l'autel met ou²² il couthe²³
 le cors son criator & lieue,
 Chandoille si corte²⁴ & si brieue,
 Grant²⁵ ne porroit²⁶ estre ne²⁷ longue
 Ne par aucent ne par ditongue;
- 640 a candle almost
all wick,
but when he gives
a dinner to a
friend,
- 644 he has a brilliant
illumination.
- 648 A priest who
burns gilt torches
at his supper-
table,
- 652 and only a tow
taper at the
altar,
- 656 must have lost
his eyes.
- 660 I know such
a one,
- 660 who, if he were
not ashamed of
what people
would say,
- 664 [* col. 2]
would burn a
tallow-candle at
the altar;
- 668

¹ chandeletes ² Qu'il ³ le inserted. ⁴ fait inserted.
⁵ pains ⁶ en pains ⁷⁻⁷ moult set bien ⁸ cuer froiz
⁹ De sus ¹⁰ quant ¹¹ ciergeot ¹² fors ¹³ vraie, saine
¹⁴⁻¹⁴ homme venant ou ¹⁵ vraie lumiere ¹⁶ om.
¹⁷ menestrel ¹⁸ sus ¹⁹ sainte Tiecle ²⁰ Chandeles
²¹ sus ²² om. ²³ couche ²⁴ Si courte chandeles
²⁵ Que ²⁶ pas ins. ²⁷ om.

he has eight or nine torches in his bedroom,	& s'est ancor si chetiuete, Si tres aigre, ¹ si tres maigrete, <i>Que</i> graile est plus <i>que</i> piez de mouche ; Ia n'ardera s'an ² ne la mouche. ³	672
but burns in church a candle thinner than a fly's foot,	& nequedant ⁴ ie ai moult chier ⁴ <i>Que</i> ses doz arde a les mouchier ; <i>Que</i> ⁵ bien demostre a son affaire <i>Que</i> de deu n'a ⁶ gaires ⁷ <i>que</i> faire. ⁷	676
which will not keep alight without snuffing.	⁸ Ne l'apostres saint bertemin ⁸ Ne prise .i. grain de min ; A son autel pant .i. bouraz Qu'a tot rongié soriz & ⁹ raz ;	680
At St Bartholo- mew's altar he has hanging a piece of coarse cloth,	Aucune foiz, par seint richier, ¹⁰ Ai ge ueu plus blanc cendrier. Ses liz uoutis ¹¹ est & parez, Ses autex nus et esgarez.	684
gnawed by rats and mice ;	¹² & qui en gap, ¹² ie n'em puis rire ; & ie ai ¹³ droit, <i>que</i> ¹⁴ bien puis dire <i>Que</i> c'est ordre ¹⁵ preposterus. li portier d'enfer cerberus,	688
I have seen a whiter ashpit.	Ausi come ¹⁶ porter puet fros, ¹⁷ Nul tans, se ne li chante cox, ¹⁸ N'orra ia uespres ne matines,	692
His bed is splendid,	Se li deables ¹⁹ ne's a dites. ¹⁹ porquis sont ²⁰ de fer ou ²¹ d'arain por eschauder s'i fait farain. par seint lucien de biauuez, Il est pereceus & mauuaiz.	696
his altar bare.	En sa chambre a plus luminaire C'an son mostier, par saint hylaire ; Qant boiure uiaut mestre ysorez,	
Unless the cock crows,		
Cerberus will not hear vespers or matins.		
There is more light in his room than in his monastery.		

¹ haingre ² se on ³ les mauche ⁴⁻⁴ j'ai voir monchier
⁵ Car ⁶ Qu'il n'a de dieu ⁷⁻⁷ affaire
⁸ These two lines not in the print. ⁹ ou ¹⁰ Andrier
¹¹ vestuz ¹²⁻¹² Qui qui engast ¹³ j'ai grant ¹⁴ car
¹⁵ ordo ¹⁶ il inserted. ¹⁷ froc ¹⁸ chantent coc
¹⁹⁻¹⁹ ne matines ²⁰ Por cuisses ²¹ et

- Tortiz poinz¹ & pipelorez 700
 Alumer fait deuant sa coupe.
 Por le cuer beu, deu moie coupe,
 Pres ua ie² ne di³ meruoilles.
 deu, deu, tu dorz ou tu somoilles 704 [leaf 151, col. 1]
 Quant tex menestex ne crauantes⁴
 Qant tu tonnes ou⁵ tu uantes.
 Vers le siecle est trop despissanz,⁶
 & uers toi est si tres tandanz, 708
 Si tres auers, si tres eschars,
 Qui s'il⁷ auoit chargié .ij.⁸ chars
 de bone⁹ cire fine¹⁰ & clere,
 N'en auroit ia tu ne ta mere 712
 biau cierge ne bele chandoille.
 & s'il auoit .ijij.¹¹ muis d'oille,
 Ne sera¹² ia plaine sa lampe.
 Ne sai se la soriz i rampe, 716
 Ne se li rat par nuit la uoide,¹³
 Que¹⁴ ie la uoi moult souant uoide.
 Ou ce fait espoir la mostoile,
 Qu'ausi¹⁵ dit an que moult aime¹⁶ oile. 720
 par seint soupliz de pierrefonz,
 Ne sai se l'eue fort¹⁷ au fonz,
 Que¹⁸ ie uois¹⁹ ai bien an couant
 Que blanchioier la uoi²⁰ souuant. 724
 Ia²¹ n'iert ia tiex que²² s'an resqueue
 Que sa lampe n'ait blanche queue.
 & pandu i a,²³ par seint pierre,
 An lieu²⁴ de plomee vne pierre. 728
 Qui souant la uiaut alumer,
 Ainz li²⁵ couuient l'eue tumer,²⁶
 I do not know if
 does not strike
 him dead.
 If he had two
 loads of wax,
 and four tuns
 of oil,
 neither God nor
 the Virgin would
 have a good
 candle or a full
 lamp.
 Perhaps the rats
 drink the oil at
 night,
 for I often see his
 lamp empty ;
 or perhaps a
 weasel devours it.
 I do not know if
 the fountain in
 the convent gives
 water ;
 his lamp is very
 dirty,
 and has got a
 stone instead of
 a lead weight,

¹ pains ² om. ³ fines inserted. ⁴ menesterex n'acravantes
⁵ quant inserted. ⁶ despendans ⁷ Que cil ⁸ x
⁹ fresche ¹⁰ nete ¹¹ xxx ¹² N'en seroit ¹³ vuident
¹⁴ Car ¹⁵ Ausi ¹⁶ qu'aimme moult ¹⁷ sort ¹⁸ Car
¹⁹ vous ²⁰ li voit ²¹ Il ²² qu'il ²³ pendue ja
²⁴ lui ²⁵ i ²⁶ lumer

	Que li plunions i puist plungier. l'autrier li dis, "maistre hugier, ¹	732
so that it is like a magpie,	& qui ta ² lempe bien espie, Elle resamble trop bien pie.	
only its tail is white instead of black.	Mais tant i faut, ce est la uoire, Que queue a blanche & pie ³ noire."	736
Do not be offended if I have jested a little;	S'un petit ai ici bordé, Ne uos em poit, ⁴ por amor dé. Aucune foiz a la parelose	
I sometimes say a word at the end of these miracles,	de ces miracles, de ⁵ tel chose Sor aucun mot ou ie m'enbat, Ou ge meesmes moult m'esbat, Ou ⁶ ie refaz ⁷ a la foiz rire	740
[* col. 2]	*Ceuz ⁸ qui i'ai fait plorer & rire. ⁸	744
which makes those laugh who had wept at the story.	de ces miracles i a tex Qui tant sont douz & deliteus ⁹ Qu'a ¹⁰ plusors genz les cuers apitent & a plorer les genz ¹¹ escitent.	748
May we be stirred up to the love of the Virgin,	Cele que uois tant recitant, par sa douçor nos escitant, ¹² Q'ainsi soiomes escitez ¹³ Con cil furent ¹⁴ de la cité	752
as were those of the town where the boy was brought to life!	Ou le clerçon resucita. A s'amor toz les escita, & ¹⁵ uos ausint toz nos ¹⁵ escist. Or aus autres finez est cist.	756

¹ Hungier ²⁻² Que si sa ³ est inserted. ⁴ griet pas
⁵ di ⁶ Et dont ⁷ faiz
⁸⁻⁸ dont plourer ai fait au lire ⁹ tant piteus ¹⁰ Que
¹¹ aucuns ¹² escit tant ¹³ escité ¹⁴ furent cil
¹⁵⁻¹⁵ nous touz ausi y

15.

The Paris Beggar-boy murderd
by a Jew

FOR SINGING

"ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER!"

An Analogue of Chaucer's Prioress's Tale.

FROM THE 'MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN' IN THE VERNON MS.
IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, ABOUT 1375 A.D.

EDITED BY

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OF SAGAN, SILESIA,

EDITOR OF *ALTENGLISCHE LEGENDEN*, *GREGORIUS*, ETC. ETC.

OF Chaucer's Prioress's tale, the following analogue and older version exists among the "Miracles of Oure Lady," which I have just publisht in Herrig's "*Archiv für neuere Sprachen*" from the celebrated Vernon MS. It is much to be regretted that of these beautiful stories only nine are left, the ninth still unfinished ; for the whole set, according to the index at the beginning of the Vernon MS., originally amounted to no less than 42. The titles of these are printed on p. 279-280 from the index. The present tale is the second, with the title "Hou þe Iewes in despit of vre lady þrewe a chyld in a gonge." And truly, even when compared to Chaucer's tale, this older version has its poetical beauties—in its singular sweetness, its warm, true and tender religious feeling, its simple and natural language, its light and easy flow. Its general tone is of a more popular kind, whereas Chaucer's poem is more elaborate, exhibiting more art and culture. In some respects I even give the preference to this older version. In the story told there are some slight differences.

At the end I add a short poem on a similar subject, from MS. Harl. 2251, which mostly contains poems of Lydgate ; it is there found together with Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, which the writer seems to have ascribed to Lydgate. It tells that a monk, Dan Joos, who had been a fervent honourer of Mary, constantly saying the five psalms in honour of the Virgin, is found dead with a rose, inscribed *Maria*, springing from his mouth, and two pairs of roses from his eyes and ears. Evidently this poem, written in the same metre as the Prioress's Tale, is an imitation of Chaucer's poem by Lydgate. The artificial style, the long-drawn sentences, and the many relative conjunctions, form quite a contrast to the simple language of the Vernon poem.

[INDEX TO THE]
MIRACLES OF VRE LADY.

(leaf) C.xxiiij.

[Vernon MS., leaf i, back.]

1. Hou þe cite off croteye was delyuered of þeir enemys by vre lady coote.

C.xxiiij.

2. Hou þe Iewes in despit of vre lady þrewe a chyld in a gonge.
3. Hou an holy hermyt prayde a synful womman pray god for hym.
4. Hou a Iew putte his sone in a brennyngge ouene for he was com-muned wit oþur cristene children on þe pask day.

C.xxv.

5. Hou a man for ache cut of his foot and was heled a-ʒeyn by vre lady.
6. Hou a Iew lente a cristenemon moneye and took' vre lady to borow.
7. Of a prest þat lay by a nonne.

C.xxvj

8. Hou vre lady ʒaf mylk off heore pappes to a man þat hadde þe squynacye.
9. Of an incontinent monk þat was drowned and rered aʒeyn by vre lady to lyf.
10. Of a clerk þat wolde euery day segge þe fyue ioyes of vre lady.
11. Hou vre lady dude þe offys of a sextresse fyftene ʒeer for a nonne.

.Cxxvij.

12. Hou a god wyf by-nam fro an ymage of vre lady þe ymage of heore child.
13. Of a deuout knyght off kyrkeby.
14. Hou a wommon slow heore doutour hosebonde and was dampned to þe fuyr and delyuered by vre lady.
15. Hou þe deuel took lyknesse of a wommon and seyde lte was godes modur.
16. Hou out of a monkes mouth aftur his deeth grew a lillie and in euery leef was wryten wyt large lettres of gold. Aue maria.

Cxxviii

17. Hou a nonne furzat to grete vre lady and ful in apostasye.
18. Hou seynt Bernard say twey children ydrouned for þeir inobedience.
19. Of þys · antynene Salue regina.

C.xxix

20. Hou vre lady sauter by-gan.
21. Hou vre lady was a medewyf in þe church of seynt michel in monte tumba.
22. Hou þe feste of þe Natiuite of vre lady by-gan.
23. Of a deuout clerk þat died in drenkelenschiþe & was wyrted sepulture.

C.xxx.

24. Of a þef þat was þre dayes hanget and saued by vre lady.
25. Of a prest þat coude non oþur masse but Salue *sancta* parens.
26. Hou þe deuel in liknesse of a boile and of oþur bestes encumbrede a monke for he was ones drunke.
27. Of a wommon off Rome þat conceyuede bi heore owne sone & slou heor child.

.C.xxx[i].

28. Off a child þat weddede an ymage of vre lady.
29. Hou at þe cite of Tholuse þe priuetes were knowe of Iewes.
30. Hou vre lady ȝaf to seynt Bonyte þe bisschoph holy vestemens.
31. Hou þe deuel in fals liknesse of seynt Iame made a man cutte of his priue membres¹.

Cxxxij.

32. Of a monke of Cisteus þat vre lady took in heore armes and custe hym.
33. Hou Constantyn þe Emperour ordeynede for euere-mor in seynt petre church at Rome in wurschip of seynt petre a lampe wyt Baume perpetuelly brennyngge.
34. Of seynt fulbert þe bisschop þat made þe Storye and þe legende and oþur tretys off þe natiuite of vre lady.
35. Of a mayden þat was cald Musa.

C.xxxiij.

36. Of a malicious priour of seynt sauours of þe cite of papye.
37. Of seynt Ierom bisschop of papye.
38. Of a whyth corporaus was intynt wit red wyn in seynt Micheles church þat his cald cluse.
39. Hou vre lady taute a clerk hou he schulde segge heore complyn.
40. Of þe schrewednesse of Iustynyan þe emperour.
41. And why þe feste of þe purificacioun was ordeyned.
42. Hou an ymage of þe child off vre lady taute anoþur child and preyde hym to come dyne wyt hym.

¹ MS. membres.

The Paris Beggar-boy murderd by a Jew.

[*Vernon MS., leaf 123, back.*]

(*Illuminated picture, with scrolls bearing these words :—*

Requiem eternam &c.
Alma redemptoris mater
Salve sancta parens.)

WOse loueþ wel · vre ladi,
Heo wol quiten his wille wel whi¹,

Our Lady will
somehow reward
all who love her.

Oþur in his lyf · or at his ende :

þe ladi is · so freo and hende.

4

Hit fel sum tyme · in Parys,

In Paris

As witesseþ in holy writ · storys,

// In þe Cite bi-fel þis cas :

A pore child was · of porchas²,

8 a poor beggar-boy
kept his father
and mother by
begging

þat wiþ þe Beggeri · þat he con wynne

He fond sumdel what · of his kinne,

His ffader, · his Moder, · and eke him self ;

He begged in Cite · bi eueri half.

12

// þe child non oþur Craftus couþe

and singing.

But winne his lyflode · wiþ his Mouþe :

þe Childes vois · was swete and cler,

Men lusted his song · wiþ riht good cher ;

16 Folk liked his
song,

wiþ his song · þat was ful swete

He gat Mete · from strete · to strete.

Men herked his song · ful likyngly :

Hit was an Antimne · of vre lady,

20 an Anthem of
our Lady,

He song þat Antimne · eueri wher,

I.-Called · Alma Redemptoris Mater,

'Alma Redemp-
toris Mater.'

¹ This is our 'somehow', in some way, the interrogative used as an indefinite pronoun.

² begging. Cp. Chaucer's Prol. 256, 'His *purchas* was wel better than his rente : ' the proceeds of his begging. Fr. *Pourchas* : m. Eager pursuit, earnest chace after; diligent solicitation, or vehement following of a matter.—Cotgrave.

	þat is forþrihtly · to mene :	
	Godus Moder, · Mylde · and · Clene,	24
	Heuene ȝate · and sterre of se,	
	Saue þi peple · from synne and we ¹ .	
	þat song was holden · deynteous,	
He sang it so delightfully that the Jews hated him.	þe child song hit · from hous to hous.	28
	ffor he song hit · so lykynglye,	
	þe Iewes hedde alle · to hym Envye.	
And one Saturday	Til hit fel on · Aseters day	
	þe Childes wey · þorw þe Iewerie lay :	32
	þe Iewes hedden · þat song in hayn ² ,	
	þefore þei schope ³ · þe child be slayn.	
	So lykingly · þe Child song þer	
	So lustily · song he neuer er.	36
a Jew enticed the beggar-boy into his house,	O n of þe Iewes · Malicious	
	Tilled ⁴ þe child · in-to his hous.	
	His Malice þere · he gan to kuyþe :	
and cut his throat.	He Cutte þe childes þrote · alswiþe.	40
But the boy still went on singing his Authem.	// þe child ne spared nout · for þat wrong,	
	But neuer þe latere · song forþ his song ;	
	whon he hedde endet, · he eft bi-gon,	
	His syngyng couþe · stoppe no mon.	44
	// þer-of þe Ieuh · was sore anuyet,	
	Leste his Malice · mihte ben a-spyet.	
So the Jew threw him into a privy.	þe Ieuh bi-þouhte him · of a gynne :	
	In-to a gonge put · fer wip-Inne	48
	þe child a-down · þer-Inne he þrong.	
But still the boy sang on.	þe child song euere · þe same song,	
	So lustily · þe child con crie	
	þat song he neuer er · so hyȝe,	52
	Men mihte him here · fer and neer :	
	þe Childes vois was · so heiȝ and cleer.	
His Mother expected him, as usual, at noon.	Þ E Childes moder · was wont to a-byde	
	Every day · til þe Non tyde,	56

¹ A.Sax. *wea*, woe.³ schemed, plannd.² Fr. *haine*, hate.⁴ enticed.

þen was he wont · to bringe heom mete,
Such as he mihte · wiþ his song gete.

Bote þat day was · þe tyme a-past.

þerfore his Moder · was sore a-gast.

wiþ syk · and serwe · in eueri strete

Heo souhte wher heo · mihte wiþ him mete.

// Bote whon heo com · in-to þe Iewery,

Heo herde his vois · so cler of cry.

Aftur þat vois · his Modur dreuh ;

wher he was Inne, · þerbi heo kneuh.

// þen of hire child · heo asked a siht.

þe Iew wiþ nayted¹ him · a-non riht,

And seide þer nas · non such child þ[e]rinne.

þe childes Moder · ȝit nolde not blinne,

But euer þe Moder · criede in on

þe Ieuh seide euere · þer nas such non.

// þen seide þe wommon : · þou seist wrong,

He is her-Inne, I · knowe his song.

þe Ieuh bi-gon · to stare and swere

And seide þer com · non such child þere.

But neuer þe latere · men mihte here

þe child song euere · so loude and clere,

And euer þe lengor · herre · and herre,

Men mihte him here · boþe fer and nerre.

// þe Modur coude · non oþur won :

To Meir · and Baylyfs · heo is gon,

Heo pleyneþ · þe Ieuh haþ don hire wrong

To stelen hire sone so · for his song ;

Heo preyeþ · to don hire lawe · and riht,

Hire sone don come · bi-fore heore siht,

Heo preyeþ þe Meir · par Charite

Of him to haue · freo lyuere².

As he didn't
come,

60

she sought him
everywhere.

In the Jewry
she heard his
voice,

64

and askt to
see him ;
but the Jew
said her boy
wasn't in his
house,

68

and swore to it.

76

But still the boy
kept on singing.

80

So his Mother
went to the
Mayor and
Bailiffs,

84

and prayd them
to give her her
boy.

88

¹ Old Icel. *neita*, deny : 'naytyne or denyne, *Nego*':
Prompt. Parv. 351; and *naitid*, Apol. 77.

² delivery, and in l. 102. Compare the old law-phrase,
'livery of seisin', delivery of possession.

- // þenne heo telleþ · þe Meir a-Mong
 Hou heo lyueþ · bi hire sone song.
- The Mayor
 summond the
 Citizens,
 // þe Meir þen haþ · of hire pite,
 And sumneþ þe folk · of þat Cite. 92
 He telleþ hem · of þat wommons sawe,
 And seiþ he mot don · hire þe lawe,
 And hoteþ hem · wiþ hym to wende,
 To Bringe þis wommons cause to ende. 96
- and when they
 got to the Jewry,
 they all heard the
 boy's voice.
 // Whon þei cum þider, · for al heore noyse
 Anon þei herde · þe childes voyse,
 Riht as an Angels vois · hit were,
 þei herde him neuer · synge so clere. 100
 þer þe Meir · makeþ entre,
 And of þe child · he askeþ lyuere.
- The Jew couldn't
 deny his guilt.
 // þe Ieuh may nouzt · þe Meir refuse,
 Ne of þe child · hym wel excuse, 104
 But nede he moste · knouleche his wrong,
 A-teynt¹ · bi þe childes song.
- The boy was
 found in the
 privy,
 // þe Meir let serchen hym so longe,
 Til he was founden · in þe gonge, 108
 fful depe I.-drouned in fulþe of fen.
- and þildd up,
 þe Meir het drawe · þe child vp þen,
 wiþ ffen and ffulþe · riht foule bi-whoruē²,
 And eke þe childes þrote · I.-coruen. 112
- with his throat
 cut.
 Anon riht, · er þei passede forþere,
 þe Ieuh was Iugget · for þat Morþere.
 And er þe peple · passede in sonder,
- The Jew was
 killedd.
 þe Bisschop was comen · to seo þat wonder. 116
- The Bishop came,
 // In presence of Bisschop · and alle I. fere
 þe child song euere · Iliche clere.
- and in the boy's
 throat found a
 fair lily on-writ
 // þe Bisschop serchede · wiþ his hond :
 wiþ-inne þe childes þrote he fond 120
 A · lilie flour, · so briht and cler
 So feir a lylie · nas neuere seȝen er,

¹ convicted : 'Atteyntyn. *Convinco*'.—Prompt. Parv. See Rob. Br. 122. ² enwrapped, covered : *wheruē*, to turn.

- wiþ guldene lettres · eueri wher :
 Alma Redemptoris · Mater. 124
 // Anon þat lilie · out was taken,
 þe childes song · bi-gon to slaken,
 þat swete song · was herd no more.
 But as a ded cors · þe child lay þore. 128
 // þe Bisschop · wiþ gret solemnpnete
 Bad bere þe cors · þorw al þe Cite.
 And hym self · wiþ processiou
 Com wiþ þe Cors · þorw al þe toun, 132
 with prestes and clerkes · þat couþen syngen,
 And alle þe Belles · he het hem ryngen,
 wiþ torches Brennynge · and cloþus riche,
 wiþ worschipe þei ladden · þat holi liche. 136
 In-to þe Munstre · whon þei kem¹,
 Bi-gonne þe Masse · of Requiem,
 As for þe dede · Men is wont.
 But þus sone · þei weren i-stunt, 140
 þe Cors a-Ros · in heore presens,
 Bi-gon þen · Salue sancta parens.
 // Men mihte wel witen · þe soþe þer-bi :
 þe child hedde i-seruet · vr swete ladi,
 þat worschippede him so · on erþe her 144
 And brouhte his soule · to blisse al cler.
 // þerfore i rede · þat eueri mon
 Serue þat ladi wel · as he con, 148
 And loue hire · in his beste wyse :
 Heo wol wel quite him · his seruise.
 Now, Marie, · for þi Muchele miht
 Help vs to heuene · þat is so briht. 152

with letters
of gold,
*Alma Redemp-
toris Mater.*
The lily was
taken out;
the boy's song
ceast;

his corpse was
carrid in pro-
cession thro'
the town

to the Minster;
and when the
Requiem was
begun,

the corpse got up,
and sang *Salve
sancta Parens.*

This was because
he'd honourd
Our Lady.

Every one should
serve and love
her.

Mary! help us
to heaven!

¹ Came. Compare *Songs and Carols* (from Sloane MS. 2593), ed. T. Wright, for the Percy Society, 1856, p. 40, poem XXXIV, st. 5 :

Quan they kemyn into that plas
Ther Ihesu with his moder was.

The dialect is East-Midland, with the initial *x* (*xal* = shall), seen in some of the Lynn Guild returns (E. E. T. Soc., 1867). So too *Quan* is East-Midland.

The Monk who honoured the Virgin.

MS. Harl. 2251, leaf 70, back.

O Virgin,

flower of
Nazareth,

bestow a drop of
thy grace on me
to help me write
this ditty,

that I may not
spoil thy Miracle.

Thou rewardest
those that love
thee.

Help thy Clerk,
in this his need.

O welle of swetnes, · replete in euery veyne,
That almankynd · preserued hast fro deth,
And al oure Ioye fro langour' didest restrayne
At thy natiuite, · o flour' of Nazareth, 4
Whan the holigost · with his swete breth
Gan to espiren · as for his chosen place,
For love of man, · by influence of his grace, 7

¶ And were Inviolat, · a bright heuenly sterre,
Monge celestynes Reigneng, · withouten memorye,
That be thyne emprise · in this mortal werre
Of oure captiuite · gatest the ful victory : 11
Whan I beseche · for thyn excelent glory,
Som drope of thi grace · adowne to me constille,
In Reuerence of the · this dyte to fulfille. 14

¶ That only my Rudenes · thy myracle nat deface,
Whiche whilom sendest · in a devout abbeye
Of an holy Monk · thurght thy myght and grace,
That of al pite · berest both lok and keye : 18
For, benyng' lady, · the soth of the to say,
Ful wele thou aqytest · that don the love and serve,
An hundred sithes better · than they deserve. 21

¶ Ensample of whiche · here is in portreyture,
Withouten fable, · Right as it was in dede.
O refuge and welth · to euery creature,
Thy clerk to further · help now at this nede, 25
For to my purpos · I wil anon procede,
The trowth to Record · I wil no lengger tary,
Right as it was, · apoynt I wil nat varye. 28

- ¶ Vincentius · in his speculatif historiaH
Of this saide Monk · makith ful menciyoun,
Vnder the fourme to yow · as I reherse shaH,
That be a gardyn · as he romed vp and down, 32
He herde a Bisshop of fame · and grete renown
Sayeng¹ fyve psalmys · in honoure of that flour¹
That bare Ihesu Crist, · oure alther redemptour. 35
- ¶ In whiche psalmes · stondyng eche in hir degre,
Who so lust take hede, · in synguler lettris fyve
This blessid name maria · there may he see,
That first of aH oure thraldom · can deprive, 39
To the haven of deth · whan we gan to Ryve,
And fro the wawes · of this mortal see
Made vs tescape · from aH aduersite. 42
- ¶ Distinctly in latyn · here may ye rede echone
Folowyng¹ these baladis · as for your¹ plesaunce.
To whom the Bisshop · had seyde his meditacion,
The monke anon deliteth · in his remembraunce 46
And thought he wold · as his most affiaunce
Cotidially with hem only oure lady please,
That from aH grevaunce · his sorwis myght appease. 49
- ¶ And therwithaH · he writeth hem in his mynde
So stidefastly · with devoute and high corage,
That neuer¹ aday aword · he forgate behynde,
But seyde hem entierly · in to his last age, 53
His olde gyltis · both to asoft and swage;
After his matyns, · as was his appetite,
To seyn hem euer · was his most delite, 56
- ¶ Therto his diligence · with al his hert and myght,
And forth contynued · in his devoute wise.
Til at the last · it be-fille vpon a nyght:
The hole covent · at midnyght gan a-Rise, 60
As is her vsage, · to don to god servise.
So whan they were · assembled ther in generaH,
The suppriour¹ · beholdyng aboute oueraH, 63
The Sub-prior
- ¶ As is his office, · that non of them were absent,
But of Dane Iose · he cowde no wise espie.
He rose hym vp · and privelich he is went
In to hys chambre, · and there he fond hym lye 67
Dede as a stone, · and lowde he gan to crye:
“ Help, quod he, for the love · of oure lady bright,
Dan Ios, oure brother, · is sodainly [dede] to nyght ! ”

[leaf 71]
Vincentius says
that as a Monk
walkt up and
down a garden,
he heard a Bishop
say 5 Psalms in
honour of Mary.

The Monk resolved
to repeat em
daily.

And so he did,
to the day of his
death.

[leaf 71, back]

One night,

the Sub-prior

misst the Monk
Jose,
went to his room,
and found him
dead.

¹ MS. *nereuer*

- * The monks saw ¶ The covent anon ganne Renne · half in dred,
Til they behielde, · whan passid was theyr affray,
1 fresh Rose spring out of Jose's mouth, Out of his mowth · a Rose both sprynge and sprede, 74
2 out of his eyes, And other tweyne · out of his eyen gray,
and 2 out of his ears. Of his Eris as many, · ful freshly flouryng,
That neuer yit in gardyn · half so fayre gan spryng. 77
- And on the Rose ¶ This Ruddy Rose · they have so long behold,
out of his mouth That sprong fro his mowth, · til they hau[e]¹ espyed
was graven *Maria* Ful fayre I-graven · in lettris of bourned gold 81
in letters of gold. Maria ful curiously, as it is specified
In bookis old · and anon they have hym hyed
Vnto the temple · with lawde solempnite,
Beryng the Cors, · that al men myght it [se]. 84
- [leaf 72]
The corpse was ¶ Welche they kept · in Royalte and perfeccioun
kept 7 days in the Sevene dayes in the temple, · there beyng present,
temple. Til thre Bisshoppes, · of fame and grete Renown,
Weren comen thyder · right with devout entent, 88
And many another clerk · with hem by on assent,
To sene this myracle · of this lady bright—
Sayeng in this wise · with al theyr hert and myght : 91
- 3 Bishops ex- ¶ “yowre blynde fantasies · now in hertis weyve
horted the folk to Of childissh vanyte, · and lete hem ouer slyde,
love *Mary*, And lovith this lady · that can no wise disceyve !
She is so stidefast · of hert in euery syde 95
- who'll provide for ¶ That for youre nedis · so wonderly can provyde,
their needs, And for yowre poyesye · these lettres .v. ye take
Of this name maria · only for hir sake, 98
- and is not like ¶ “That for youre travaille · so wele wiH yow avaunce,—
deceitful women, Nought as these wymmen · on whiche ye don delite
That fedith yow al day · with feyned plesaunce,
Hid vnder Treason, · with many wordes white, 102
- but rewards men ¶ But bette than ye deserve · she wil yow qwyte,
better than they And for ye shal nat · labour' al in veyne,
deserve. ye shul have hevene. · ther is nomore to seyne. 105
- ¶ “whos passyng goodenes · may nat be comprehendyd
In mannes prudence, · fully to determyne,
She is perfect. She is so parfite · she kan nat be amended,
That ay to mercy · and pite doth enclayne.” 109
- Mary, reward all ¶ Now benyng lady, · that didest oure sorwes fyne,
that honour thee! In honoure of the · that these psalmes Rede
As was dane Iooos · so qyute hem for hir mede ! AMEN.

¹ page torn here.

16.

The Damsel's Rash Promise:

INDIAN ORIGINAL

AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VARIANTS

OF

Chaucer's Franklin's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE DAMSEL'S RASH PROMISE:

INDIAN ORIGINAL AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN
VARIANTS OF *THE FRANKLIN'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE oldest known form of Chaucer's well-told tale of the chaste Dorigen is probably found in a group of Indian fictions entitled, *Vetála Panchavinsati*, 'Twenty-five Tales of a Vetála,' or Vampyre, which are incorporated with the great Sanskrit collection, *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, 'Ocean of the Rivers of Story' (of which some particulars hereafter), but they still exist as a separate and distinct work, though considerably abridged, in most of the vernacular languages of India: in Tamil, *Vedála Kadai*; in Hindí, *Bytál Pachísí*, etc. The Tamil version has been done into English by B. G. Babington, and the Hindí version by Capt. W. Hollings. This is the Vetála story, from Professor C. H. Tawney's translation of the *Kathá Sarit Ságara*, published at Calcutta, Vol. ii. p. 278:

Indian Original.

THERE was an excellent king of the name of Vírabáhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings: he had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant, named Arthadatta; that merchant prince had for elder child a son called Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasená.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who, with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in, in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the

arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself : " Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Mára, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While, engaged in such reflections, he watched her long, the day passed away for him, as if he were a *chakraváka*.¹ Then Madanasená entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the mean while Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream ; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet, he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him, with great earnestness : " I am a maiden, betrothed to another ; I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly : let not any one see you ; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her : " Happen what may, I cannot live without you." When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him : " Let my marriage first be celebrated here ; let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage ; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart." When he heard this, he said : " I love not a woman that has been embraced by another man ;—does the bee delight in a lotus on which another

¹ *Anas casarca*, commonly called the Bráhmány duck. According to the Hindú poets, the male has to pass the night apart from its female.—C.

bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance; so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived,¹ and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself: "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her: "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you: go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life; but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say, with shame, despondency, and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother, saw me once alone in our garden, and, smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit of giving a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit, before I go to my husband;' so I must now keep my word, permit me, my husband; I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of

¹ Asiatics have a profound faith in lucky and unlucky days, and the professors of the pseudo-science of astrology are highly respected by all classes. Before setting out on a journey, or performing the marriage-ceremony, or indeed commencing any important matter, the almanac and the astrologer are consulted to ascertain the precise lucky moment. In one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, a man having missed making a good match for his son, because he had been told by a spiteful astrologer, whom he consulted, that the day proposed for the nuptials was inauspicious, a wise old fellow remarked: "What is the use of luck in the stars? Surely, getting the girl is the luck!" and recited this stanza:

"While the star-gazing fool is waiting for luck, the luck goes by;—
The star of luck is luck, and not any star in the sky."—C.

truth, which I have observed from my childhood." When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows: "Alas, she is in love with another man; she must certainly go; why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?" After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up, and left her husband's house.

In the mean while the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger.¹ Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasenā, as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her: "Who are you, and where are you going?" When he said this, she, being afraid, said: "What does that matter to you? Let me go; I have business here." Then the thief said: "How can I, who am a thief, let you go?" Hearing that, she replied: "Take my ornaments." The thief answered her: "What do I care for these gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond, your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet."

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows: "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to the merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked how it

¹ In Sanskrit the moon is feminine, and the sun masculine.—C.

happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment: "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise: what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before any one sees you." When he had thus let her go, she said: "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her: "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said: "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments."

So he, too, let her go, and went with her to guard her, and she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband; and he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetála had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three—the two merchants and the thief? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces." When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and said to him: "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely, and he had married her; how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evil-doer, working in the dark, was really generous to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

The grand story-book, *Kathá Sarit Ságarā*—which is not only a perfect storehouse of Indian folk-lore, but contains the prototypes of

many of the tales in the *Thousand and One Nights*, and the probable originals of a very considerable number of European popular fictions—was composed, in Sanskrit verse, by Somadeva, towards the end of the eleventh century, after a similar work, entitled *Vrihat Kathá*, the 'Great Story,' written by Gunadhya, in the sixth century, according to Dr. Albrecht Weber. It is not to be supposed that Gunadhya was the actual inventor of the tales in his collection ; many of them bear internal evidence of Buddhist extraction, and some have been conclusively traced to such sources. Apart from this, the circumstance that his work, as represented by that of Somadeva—for no copy of the original *Vrihat Kathá* is known to exist ; but Somadeva is careful to inform his readers that his book "is precisely on the model from which it was taken ; there is not the slightest deviation, only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of the work"—the circumstance that the collection contains one entire section, or chapter, of the celebrated Indian apologues, commonly known in Europe as the 'Fables of Bidpai,' or Pilpay (first translated out of the Sanskrit into the Pahlavi, under the title of *Kalilag and Damrag*, during the reign of Núshírván, king of Persia, sixth century), is sufficient to show that Gunadhya, like the compilers of the *Arabian Nights*, selected from earlier works such stories and fables as suited his purpose, and wove them into a frame-story. And although no copy of the *Vetála Tales* in Sanskrit has, I believe, yet been discovered in separate form, there can be no doubt that it was originally a distinct work, by some ascribed to Sivadasa, by others to Jambaladatta ; and in the opinion of the learned and acute Benfey, the materials of the stories are of Buddhist origin, and they may therefore date as far back as the second century before Christ. In the Mongolian form of the *Vetála tales*, the *Relations of Siddhí Kúr*, which constitute the first part of *Sagas from the Far East*, by Miss M. H. Busk, derived mainly, if not wholly, from Jülg's German translation, little more than the general plan has been preserved ; it is, moreover, a comparatively recent work.

Benfey's opinion, that the Tales of a Vetála are of Buddhist extraction, seems partly confirmed by the existence of a Burmese version of the foregoing one, in a small collection which was rendered into English thirty-five years ago, by Captain T. P. Sparks, under the title of *The Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*, Maulmain, 1851. This work, like most of the Burmese books, was translated from the Páli, and the tales comprised in it are therefore of Buddhist adaptation, if not invention; yet they may have assumed their present forms in the Burmese language at a period subsequent to the composition of Somadeva's *Kathá Sarit Ságara*. In many instances where the same stories are found in the writings of the Bráhmans, the Buddhists, and the Jains, it does not follow that one sect copied from another; but it is most probable that they were derived from common sources, and more or less modified to adapt them to the doctrines peculiar to each sect. However this may be, in the absence of any Buddhist version of our story the date of which is positively ascertained to be earlier than the sixth century—when the *Vrihat Kathá* was originally composed—the Vetála tale, as above, must be considered as the oldest, notwithstanding the unquestionable antiquity of the Buddhist fictions generally. In the following Burmese version, from Captain Sparks' translation of the *Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*,¹ the tale, it will be observed, is interwoven with another, to which it may be said to be subordinate, being related for the purpose of discovering among four persons the one who had stolen a part of their joint property; a form which differs from the Vetála story, but has been reproduced in several Asiatic derivatives, and in at least one European variant:²

¹ "It is not very clear," says the Translator, "why this title should have been given to the book, for the name of the Princess does not occur before the close of the fourteenth story. One explanation given me is, that it is so called from the Princess having collected the various decisions, and published them together with a few of her own. Another, that the book originally contained the decisions of the Princess only, but that in process of time others were added by different hands, whilst some of her own were lost. I am inclined to favour the latter opinion."

² The notes to the story, excepting a few which are placed within square brackets, are by the Translator.

Burmese Version.

DURING the era of Thoomana,¹ four Bráhmans—named Mahá Bráhmāna, Meedze Bráhmāna, Khoddiha Bráhmāna, and Tsoola Bráhmāna²—resided in the country of Thinga-thanago. Each of them possessed one hundred gold pieces. As they were going to bathe they agreed to put their money together, and accordingly three of them did so; but the youngest, entertaining a fraudulent design, concealed his in a separate spot, and expecting that from so doing the three others would divide their portion with him, made as if he had placed his money with theirs, and went with them to bathe. When they had all four come up out of the water, they found the property of three of the Bráhmans, but that of the youngest was missing. “How is this?” said he. “My money is gone, but yours is still here: will you give me part of yours?” They demurred against this, saying: “No one has been here; if your money has disappeared from the place where we all deposited ours, why should we make it good?” So they went to the judge of a neighbouring village for a decision. He gave judgment as follows: “It is not right that the money of one should be missing out of the stock deposited by all four; therefore let that which remains be divided equally between you.” The three Bráhmans, being still exceedingly averse from a division, went before the governor of the district, who referred them to the chief nobleman. He sent them before the king of the country, who confirmed the decree of the village judge. The three Bráhmans, being still not contented, said that they were dissatisfied. Then the king made the chief nobleman undertake the case, saying: “Hey, my lord noble, completely dispose of this case within seven days, or I will deprive you of your rank, and confiscate your property.” The nobleman, in great alarm, called the four Bráhmans, and diligently inquired into the affair; but being unable to make anything of it, he became exceedingly sorrowful and distressed. His daughter Tsanda Kommáí, observing the dejected condition of her father, asked him, saying: “My good lord and father, why are you so sad?” He said: “Ah, my dear daughter, I am

¹ The thirteenth Buddha.² Great, Middle, Small, Tiny.]

compelled to undertake the case of the four Bráhmans, and if I fail to dispose of it within seven days, I shall be degraded from my high estate; for this cause am I sorrowful." Tsanda Kommárí replied: "Fear not, my father; I will manage to detect the thief;—do you only build a large pavilion." The noble did as she desired, and having placed each of the Bráhmans in one of the four corners, Tsanda Kommárí stood in the centre. When the evening was past, she asked the Bráhmans to let her hear them discourse upon any subject with which they were acquainted, selected from the wisdom contained in the eighteen branches of knowledge, the hundred and one different books of the Lauka Nídí, the Lauka Widú-wiekza, the Lauka Bátha, the Lauka Yatrá, the Lenga Thohtika, the Wiennau Treatise on Medicine, and the Píntsapoh Yauga Nidan. The Bráhmans replied: "Lady, we are unable to perform what you ask, forasmuch as one amongst us bears a deceitful heart, and none of us can say which of the four it is; we can no longer, therefore, to our shame and confusion, exercise the Bráhmanical functions. But you, being brought up at the feet of your noble father, are well versed in knowledge, and having all the questions that arrive at the court from the four quarters of the globe, deign now to speak to us for our instruction." Said she: "O teachers, I know nothing; but, if you wish it, I will relate a tale:

"In the olden time, a prince, a young nobleman, a poor man's son, and a rich man's daughter were being educated together in the country of Tekkatho.¹ As the rich man's daughter was noting down the lesson of her teacher, she dropped her style,² and, seeing the prince below, she said: 'Just give me my style.' He replied: 'I will give it you; but you must make me a promise, that soon after you return to your parents you will let me pluck your virgin flower.' She made him the required promise, whereupon the young prince handed her the style, and she said: 'I will certainly come to you.'

¹ The Páli name of Tekkatho is Tekkathela, or Tekkasela; and we know that *Kha* corresponds to the Sanscrit *Ksha*, so the Sanscrit name is Teksheela, which is the famous Taxila of Ptolemy, in the time of Alexander the Great, "the largest and wealthiest city between the Indus and the Hydaspes."—*Notes on the Ancient History of Burmah*, by Rev. F. Mason.

² Used for writing on the palm leaf.

"On the completion of her studies, the rich man's daughter returned to her parents and the prince to his own country, and, his father dying, he ascended the throne. When the rich man's daughter had attained the age of sixteen, her parents married her to the man of her choice. Then she said to her husband : 'My lord, I am now your wife, but suffer me to go for a short time to get absolved from a certain promise which I have made.' Her husband inquiring why she asked for permission to leave him, she replied : 'When I was at school in Tekkatho, I made a promise to a young prince, that after I returned to my parents I would speedily visit him.' Her husband, reflecting that, although she had been given to him in marriage by her parents, still the power of a promise is extremely great both upon priests and laymen, granted her leave to go. Then she wiped her husband's feet with her hair, and, after decking herself in handsome clothes and ornaments, departed on her journey.

"As she was travelling along, she fell in with a thief, who, on seeing her, grasped her hand, saying : 'Where are you going? What business has a woman to be travelling alone? My young lady's life, as well as her fine clothes and jewels, is my property now. But where do you want to go?' The rich man's daughter replied : 'True, they are your property. As to where I am going, when I was at school in Tekkatho I made a promise to a young prince, that I would visit him soon after my return home; and as, if I break my promise, I shall fall into the four states of punishment and never arrive at the abode of the just, I asked leave of my husband to whom my parents had given me in marriage, and have come so far on my way.' The thief, on hearing this answer, bound her by a promise, such as she had given to the prince, to present herself before him on her return, and when she had done as he required, he let her go.

"After escaping from the thief, as she was travelling onwards, she came to a banyan-tree, the guardian Nat of which¹ asked her

¹ [In Burmese mythology, *Nats* correspond to the *ogres* of our nursery tales, the *trolls* of the Scandinavians, the *jinn* and *ifrīts* (genii and afreets) of the Arabs, the *divs* of the Persians, the *rākshasas*, *vetālas*, and *pisachas* of the Hindús.] The following extract from the sixth chapter of the first volume of the *Damathat*, the Burmese version of the Laws of Manú, elucidates this

whither she was going. She replied: 'My lord Nat, I have come into thy presence for no other cause than this.' Then she related to him her story as before. The Nat bound her by a solemn promise, such as she had made to the prince, to appear before him on her way back, and then let her depart.

"When she arrived at the palace, the guardian Nat, as a mark of respect for her fidelity to her engagement, threw wide the gates for her to enter, and she appeared in the presence of the king, who asked her wherefore she had come. 'O king,' she replied, 'I am the rich man's daughter, who made you a promise when we were being educated in Tekkatho. On my returning home, my parents bestowed me in marriage, and, with the permission of my husband and lord, I am come to you.' 'Wonderful!' cried the king; 'you are true to your word, indeed!' Then, after highly commending her, he took magnificent presents and gave them to her, saying: 'I make an offering of these in homage to your truth,' and allowed her to go.

"The rich man's daughter, laden with wealth, arrived in time at the banyan-tree, when she cried out, with a voice like a *karawick*:¹ 'O lord Nat, guardian of the banyan-tree, sleepest thou or wakest thou? I have discharged my promise to the prince, and am now on my own way back. My life is in thy hands; behold, I have not departed from my word, and here I am.' The Nat, on hearing her voice, said: 'Damsel, it is a hard thing for one who has just escaped with life from the hands of an enemy to place himself again in the power of his foe—to die.' She replied: 'If, through over-fondness for life, I were to break my promise, and pass on without coming to you, I should fall into the four states of punishment, and never attain the mansions of the just.' Then the Nat made her an offering of a jar of gold, in homage to her fidelity, and telling her to enjoy it to the end of her life, suffered her to depart.

"After leaving the banyan-tree, she came to the abode of the part of the story: "It has been the invariable custom, in every successive world, when the young leaves of a tree first appear above ground, for a Nat to apply to the king of his order for permission to inhabit it. After the tree has been allotted to the Nat, it is a law, that if any person heedlessly comes to take shelter under it, or breaks, or injures it, and neglects to make an offering to the hamadryad, the latter has a right to devour the offender."

¹ A fabulous bird, supposed to have a remarkably melodious voice.

thief, whom she found fast asleep ; but, although it would have been easy for her to take advantage of this and make her escape, she awoke him, saying, 'My lord thief, my life is yours, and the wealth I have brought with me is yours also. I am here according to my promise, and have not disobeyed your will.' The thief exclaimed : 'This is wonderful, indeed ! You have kept the hardest promise in the world. If I were to do any injury to such a person as you, some grievous misfortune would be sure to happen to me. Speed you on your way.' So he let her go, and she returned in safety to her husband, to whom she related all that had happened to her. Her husband, when he had heard her narrative, gave her praise for all that she had done."

When the story was finished, Tsanda Kommári asked the four Bráhmans which of the persons mentioned in it they each thought most worthy of praise. The eldest Bráhman said : "I approve of the prince, because his conduct was wonderfully in accordance with the ten laws,¹ which it is the duty of kings to observe, inasmuch as he refrained from plucking his promised flower." The next Bráhman gave his opinion in favour of the guardian Nat of the banyan-tree, saying : "I laud him, because he presented to the rich man's daughter a jar of gold ; and where any man would have found it difficult to keep his passions under control, he, a Nat, was able to restrain them." The third Bráhman said : "I praise the husband, because, being like water in which an exceedingly pure ruby has been washed, he curbed his desires, and when his wife asked his permission to depart he allowed her to go."² That man's mind must have been an

¹ These are : (1) To make religious offerings ; (2) to keep the commandments ; (3) to be charitable ; (4) to be upright ; (5) to be mild and gentle ; (6) not to give way to anger ; (7) to be strict in the performance of all the prescribed religious ceremonies ; (8) not to oppress ; (9) to exercise self-control ; (10) not to be familiar with inferiors. [The second of the above is, to observe the Five Precepts of Buddha, which are : (1) Not to do murder ; (2) not to steal ; (3) not to commit adultery ; (4) not to drink intoxicating liquors ; (5) not to do anything which is evil.]

² The meaning of this I conceive to be, that as water would contract no impurity from a bright gem being immersed in it, so the husband's heart, into which the beauty of the bride had sunk, imbibed therefrom no stain of sensual passion.

extraordinary one indeed !” The youngest Bráhmaṇ said : “ I think most of the thief, because it is the nature of robbers to risk even their lives to gain a livelihood. For such a man not to covet clothes and jewels, gold and silver, and to allow them to pass through his hands without retaining them, shows his excellence ; therefore I bestow my meed of praise on the thief.”

A young lady, who was Tsanda Kommári's attendant, when she had heard these opinions, said [privately] : “ O daughter of our lord, three of the Bráhmans, and I also with them, applaud the prince, the Nat, and the husband, but the youngest Bráhmaṇ gives the honour to the thief.” The nobleman's daughter, on hearing this, replied to her attendant : “ The disposition of the youngest of the four Bráhmans prompting him to consider the thief as the most to be commended, because he gave up, without coveting, the wealth which had actually come into his hands, shows that the missing money is in his possession. Therefore, my sister, do you disguise yourself so as to resemble me, and go to the youngest Bráhmaṇ and say to him : ‘ The reason of my coming to you is this : The words which the three other Bráhmans have spoken are nought but folly, while your wisdom is great. You are a young man and have no wife ; therefore I have come to marry you. How, then, can we contrive to live together ? I am in dread of my father ; your property is lost, and I come to you empty-handed ; so, if we remove together to another place, we shall be without the means of subsistence.’ ”

Her attendant, on being dismissed with these instructions, on meeting the young Bráhmaṇ, addressed him as she had been taught. The Bráhmaṇ was greatly rejoiced at her words, and said : “ Dismiss your anxiety. I have not lost my property ; it is still in my hands. I only pretended it was gone in order to obtain a share from the others. There is enough for our support, even if we should go to another part of the country.” She reported the words of the Bráhmaṇ to her mistress, who went to her father and told him that she had ascertained that the lost money was in the young Bráhmaṇ's hand, and if he would give her a sum equal to that which was missing she would recover it. The nobleman gave her what she asked for, and she placed it in the hands of her attendant, desiring her to

go to the young Bráhmán and show him the money, and speak to him according to the instructions which she then gave her.

The attendant went to the young Bráhmán, and, showing him the money, said as she had been taught : "Let me see how much you have got. Mine is but a small sum, therefore add yours to it, and then, if we elope together, we shall at least have enough to eat and drink." The Bráhmán gave her his money, which, on receiving, she conveyed to her mistress, who, rejoicing greatly, said to her : "Now go, my sister, to the three other Bráhmáns, and ask them to give you their money, telling them that you will put it by, and all four of them shall obtain full satisfaction. She went to the Bráhmáns and asked them for their money, as she had been told, to which they consented, and gave it to her.

The nobleman's daughter then reported to her father that she had in her hands the money of all the Bráhmáns. He went to the king and said : "O king, I have recovered the money which was the cause of disgrace to the four Bráhmáns ;" and on the king inquiring by what means he had succeeded, he stated that it was his daughter who had contrived to find it out. The king sent for the nobleman's daughter and the four Bráhmáns, and asked them for an explanation. Then the nobleman's daughter said : "This is a deceitful and a fearful business ! These four Bráhmáns are gifted with wisdom, and as the nature of us unregenerate mortals is the slave of covetousness, anger, and folly, I will recite this apothegm : First, the ear hears, and this tempts the eye to look ; the lust of the eye, being indulged, excites the lust of the heart, and thus the soul becomes wedded to this world ; then it loses its wisdom, and without consideration falls into the commission of evil deeds, as a consequence of which, it suffers for ages in subsequent transmigrations." Having thus spoken, she laid down the four shares of money before the king, who ordered the owners to take what belonged to them. Each of the Bráhmáns took his share ; but when three of the shares were gone and the youngest took the one which remained, "What !" cried the king, "the young Bráhmán said that he had lost his money, and yet here it is back again !" The nobleman's daughter answered : "At first he himself hid his money, but now he has himself brought it to

light; therefore the four Bráhmans have each their own again."—The Nat's daughter, who was the guardian of the royal umbrella,¹ cried aloud: "Well done!" and the king, struck with admiration at the wisdom displayed by the nobleman's daughter, and considering that she was well qualified to examine and settle the various matters of importance brought by the royal ambassadors from all parts of the world, made her his queen. Therefore judges should take this story as an example, and exercise wisdom in examining and deciding the causes before them.²

It is not uncommon to find incidents of what are separate tales in some countries, and even two or more entire tales, fused into one in other places; and we have an instance of this in the highly-diverting story of Ahmed the Cobbler, in Sir John Malcolm's *Sketches of Persia*, chap. xx., as related to "the Elchee" by the Shah's own story-teller, the latter part of which is a variant of our story; the preceding part comprising incidents similar to those in the well-known German tale of 'Doctor Allwissend,' in Grimm's collection. Ahmed the cobbler, in consequence of a series of lucky chances, by which he gets a reputation for supernatural sagacity, is married to the king's beautiful and clever daughter, with whom he lives happily, till an untoward thing happens, which is the subject of the following

¹ [The umbrella is in most Asiatic countries the symbol of sovereignty.]

² Lady Verney, in an interesting paper, entitled "Bits from Burmah," in *Good Words*, for March 1886 (pp. 180-2), gives a somewhat different and much shorter version, as related by "a young Burmese, come to England for his education," who appears to have altered the story to render it in accordance with his conception of our double-distilled English morality, representing the princess as obtaining her *parents'* leave to set off and take back her promise before her marriage with the man to whom they had engaged her; and when the young Bráhman tells the damsel, who professes love for him, that he had his own share of money hidden in the forest—"thus was the whole matter made clear; the thief was punished, and *the lady was made a judge*." Lady Verney adds: "The story is interesting, as showing an honourable feeling for a given word, and for the light it throws on the position and respect shown to women." But the same story is well known, as we shall see presently, in countries where "respect for women" is at a sad discount.

Persian Version.

THE king of Sístán had sent an emerald of extraordinary size and brilliancy as a present to the king of Irák. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys, and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Ispahán the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation; each accused the others; as the lock was not broken it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted as to what was to be done; to conceal what had happened was impossible—the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved therefore to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two. . . . [At length the king summons Ahmed into his presence, in whose skill in astrology his Majesty had great faith—albeit it was “as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity”—and commands him to discover within twenty days who stole the emerald: should he succeed, he should receive the highest state honours; by failure his life should be forfeited. Ahmed is in despair; for how could he expect to escape by another lucky chance? He confides the matter to the princess, his wife, who undertakes the task for him; and this is how she performed it:]

The princess invited the messengers from the king of Sístán to her palace. They were surprised at the invitation, and still more at their reception. “You are strangers,” she said to them, “and come from a powerful king: it is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no farther concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account.” The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Sístán, and the countries they had seen on their travels. Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety, and were delighted with their royal

patroness. Seeing them completely off their guard, the princess turned the conversation one evening on wonderful occurrences, and, after each had related his story, said : " I will now recount to you some events of my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard :

" I am my father's only child, and have therefore been a favourite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever the world can afford ; and was taught that unbounded liberality is the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making everybody happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so ; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond my power to relieve. When I was eighteen I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind ; and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that on the morning of my nuptials I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter. He evaded a direct answer ; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring at the same time my determination to remove it. ' You cannot relieve me,' said the old man, with a deep sigh ; ' it is out of your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.' My pride was roused, and I exclaimed : ' I swear !'—' Do not swear,' said the gardener, seizing my hand. ' I do swear,' I repeated, irritated by the opposition ;—' I will stop at nothing to make you happy ; and I farther swear, that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.' The old man, seeing my resolution, spake with tremulous emotion as follows : ' Princess, you know not what you have done ! Behold a man who has dared for these two years to look upon you with an eye of admiration : his love has at length reached this pitch, that without you he must be wretched for ever ; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden to-night, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.' Shocked by this unforeseen

declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed. 'I told you,' he replied, 'beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy: I endeavoured to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or control.' This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honour by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of Heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides, I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favourite notion, that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I should be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

"I passed the day in deepest melancholy. A little before midnight I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and, arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief, who, seizing me, said: 'Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments: if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you.' In my state of mind, such threats frightened me little. I wished to die, but I wished, before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation he allowed me to proceed.

"I had not gone many steps when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father's menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to

be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside, and I went into the garden.

"I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. 'Wretch that I am,' cried the gardener; 'how much misery have I caused! But, bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief, or a beast of prey; which I should be, did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me happy, is by forgiving my wicked presumption.'

"I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, notwithstanding the gardener's remonstrances, to keep my word to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden the lion met me. 'Noble lion,' I said, 'I am come, as I promised you.' I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow, and I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned away, saying: 'I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion: I will not injure what they have respected.'

"Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father's palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily till his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform."

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments she turned to one of them, and asked:

"Now which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance—the gardener, the thief, or the lion?"—"The gardener, assuredly," was his answer, "to abandon so lovely a prize, so nearly his own." "And what is your opinion?" said the princess to his neighbour. "I think the lion was the most generous," he replied: "he must have been very hungry; and in such a state it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel." "You both seem to me quite wrong," said the third, impatiently. "The thief had by far the most merit. Gracious heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact!"

The princess, now assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke: "You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies;" to the second: "You are an epicure;" and then turning to the third, who was already pale with fright: "*You*, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life." The guilty man's countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence, and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him.

THE story also occurs in the celebrated Persian collection, entitled *Tútí Náma* (Parrot-Book), composed by Nakhshabí about the year 1306, after a similar old Persian story-book, now lost, which was derived from a Sanskrit work, of which the *Suka Saptatí* (Seventy Tales of a Parrot) is the modern representative. In this work a parrot relates stories, night after night, to prevent a merchant's wife from carrying on an amorous intrigue during her husband's absence. According to an India Office MS. text of Nakhshabí's *Tútí Náma*, the twelfth story is to this effect:

Another Persian Version.

ONE day a poor street-sweeper finds among a dust-heap a very valuable gem, in lustre equal to that of the sun. He resolves to present it to Raja Bhoja, in the expectation of being suitably

rewarded. On his way he associates with four men who happen to be travelling in the same direction. At noontide they all repose beneath a tree, and while the poor man is sound asleep his companions steal the gem out of his purse. When he awakes and discovers his loss, he says nothing about it to them, and they resume their journey. Arriving at the capital, the poor man obtains an audience of the *rájá*, to whom he recounts the whole affair. The *rájá* sends for the four travellers, and questions them concerning the gem, but they stoutly deny all knowledge of it, at which the *rájá* is much perplexed. But his clever daughter undertakes to ascertain whether they really stole the gem, and with this object invites them to her private apartment, and gives them many rich presents; and after chatting pleasantly with them on various subjects, she relates the following story:

“In *Mázandarán* there formerly dwelt a rich merchant who had a very beautiful daughter. One day during the vernal season she went to a garden, accompanied by her female slaves, and sauntering by a plot of roses, observed with admiration one flower of pre-eminent beauty and odour, which, like the rose of her own face, was thornless. Then she said to the gardener: ‘Bring down that rose and give it to me.’ Quoth the gardener: ‘Fair lady, this charming rose does not come into your hand without a recompense.’ The lady demanding to know its price, the gardener replied: ‘Its price is this, that you promise to meet me in this garden on the night of your nuptials.’ Having set her heart upon possessing the beautiful rose, the lady gave her solemn promise, and, receiving the flower, retired from the garden with her attendants. Some time after this, the merchant married his daughter to a young man of his own choice, and when the wedding guests were gone, and she was left alone with her husband, she told him of her promise to the gardener, at which he was not a little astonished, but gave her leave to keep her promise. So she went forth in her wedding garments, adorned with priceless jewels, and as she proceeded she was met by a wolf, which would have devoured her, but she told her story, how she had obtained her husband’s leave to keep her promise to the gardener, and Allah softened the wolf’s heart, and he allowed her to pass on un-

injured. She next met a robber, to whom she also told her story, and the robber, albeit she was covered with gems of price, and completely in his power, bade her proceed on her way. When she entered the garden, there was the gardener pacing to and fro, but on her telling him how her husband had freely consented to her request to be permitted to keep her appointment, and how the wolf and the robber had let her pass on untouched, the gardener at once freed her from her promise, and respectfully conducted her back to the dwelling of her husband, with whom she lived in peace and happiness ever after."

The rájá's daughter, having finished her story, then says to the four travellers: "What puzzles me is to say which of those four individuals exhibited most generosity." One replies, that the husband must have been a fool to give his wife liberty to meet another man on her wedding-night; another, that it was folly on the part of the wolf to let slip such a prey; the third, that the robber was a mere blockhead to refrain from taking her jewels; and the fourth, that the gardener was an idiot to relinquish so tempting a prize. The princess, having heard the men express such sentiments, concluded that they must have stolen the gem, and when she communicated this opinion to her father the rájá, he caused all four to be bastinadoed until they confessed their guilt and delivered up the jewel. Then the rájá gave rich gifts to the poor man, and hanged the four rascals.¹

¹ In the Turkish version of the *Túti Náma* the story is told with a few variations from its Persian original. The precious stone is found by a peasant while ploughing his field. He is advised by friends to offer it to the Padishah of Rúm (Rum: Asia Minor, or the Western Empire); for should the sultan come to know of his "find," he might take it from him, and charge him with having stolen it. He joins three travellers on the road. In the story of the damsel's rash promise, the scene is laid in Damascus; her name is Dil-Furúz, i. e. "inflaming the heart with love"; her attendants attempt to pluck the rose, but it is beyond their reach. The gardener gallantly plucks it, and presents it to the young lady, who then asks him what he should wish in return. When she meets him in the garden on the night of her nuptials, and tells him of the generosity of her husband, the wolf, and the robber, he says that his sole object was to try her: "I am thy slave," he adds, "and the gardener of this place, and the gardener protects the flowers," implying, of course, that she was "herself the fairest flower!"

There is a somewhat different version in the *Bahár-i-Dánush*, or Spring of Knowledge, a work written in the Persian language, by 'Ináyatu'lláh of Delhi, A.H. 1061 (A.D. 1650), the materials of which are avowedly derived from old Indian sources, to which indeed they are easily traceable. Dr. Jonathan Scott, who published a translation of this entertaining romance in 1799, seems to have had rather hazy notions of what kind of stories were fit to be presented to the English readers of his time, since he has given several very "free" tales in full, while he only gives in the Appendix a meagre abstract of our story, without a word of explanation. This is Scott's outline of what may be called an

Indo-Persian Version.

KÁMGÁR, the son of a powerful sultan, having excited the jealousy of his father's vazír, the latter procured his banishment, by accusing him of rebellious designs. The prince, accompanied by his friend, the vazír's son, a young merchant, and a jeweller, departs for a foreign country. On the road, the jeweller is prompted by avarice to steal four valuable rubies, which the vazír's son had brought with him as a resource against distress. On finding that he was robbed, he complains to a court of justice; but the judges are unable to fix on the thief. The vazír's son is then recommended to have recourse to a learned lady, who was celebrated for unravelling the most knotty cases.

She first calls the prince to her, and tells him a story of a person who, on discovering his friend was in love with his wife, and not being aware that she was also in love with his friend, prevails on her to go to his house and gratify his passion. On the way she is stopped by thieves, who seize her jewels, but upon her informing them of her uncommon errand, and promising to return, if they would but delay their plunder till she has visited her lover, they let her go. When she reaches the house, she discovers to her husband's friend who she is, and the lover, resolved not to be outdone in generosity, conquers his passion. She returns to the thieves, who are so impressed by her performance of her promise that, instead of robbing her, they make her a present and conduct her home in safety.

The prince, at the conclusion of this story, bursts into applause of the extraordinary friendship of the husband, the virtue of the wife, the forbearance of the lover, and the generosity of the thieves. Then the lady relates the same story separately to the vazír's son, the merchant, and the jeweller. The latter exclaims involuntarily, that the thieves were very foolish in letting such a rich prey escape from their hands. Upon this the lady accuses him of the robbery, but promises not to expose him if he will give up the rubies, which he does, and she returns them to the vazír's son without disclosing who had stolen them. The rubies are then offered for sale in the city, when their costliness exciting suspicions against the honesty of the prince and his friends, who were disguised as pilgrims, they are taken up and carried before the sultan of the country. The vazír's son now discloses the rank of his master, upon which the king marries him to his daughter, and appoints him successor to his kingdom.¹

¹ It is unfortunate that Scott has not given this story more fully. So far as can be seen from his abstract, as above—and I greatly doubt its accuracy—there does not appear to have been any promise made to the lover by the lady. The husband, on learning that his friend is enamoured of his wife, "prevails" upon her to visit him—a circumstance which seems reflected (as my friend Dr. David Ross, Principal of the E. C. Training College, Glasgow, has pointed out to me) in a Senegambian popular tale :

There once lived two shepherds who had been close friends from boyhood. One of them married, and the other built his hut adjoining that of the wedded couple. One day the bachelor, looking through a chink in the party wall, discovered the young wife making her ablutions (as David the Hebrew king beheld the beauteous wife of Uriah), and instantly fell in love with her. Such was the force of his passion that he became seriously ill, and took to his bed. Marabouts, old wives, doctors—all failed to discover his disease. At length he confesses to his friend that he is deeply in love with his wife. The husband is at first horror-struck, but soon conquers his marital feelings, and arranges a plan whereby his friend should gratify his desire; and yet his wife be no wiser, when all was done. He will rise from bed to look after the fire kept burning all night in the courtyard ; meanwhile his friend will go into the house, and the wife won't know but he is her husband. The husband accordingly goes out during the night, and the wife presently receives the friend with kindly embrace, ignorant of the subterfuge ; but he immediately repents of his design, repulses her, and runs out—friendship thus triumphing over lust. When the husband re-enters the house, he is secretly rejoiced to hear his wife reproach him for his recent coldness and disdain. His friend after this soon recovers his health and takes a wife to himself.¹

The husband's generosity in placing his wife at the service of his friend

¹ *Recueil de Contes populaires de la Sénégambie*. Recueillies par L. J. B. Béranger-Féraud. Paris, 1885.

As might be expected, the story is known to the Jews, and in more than one version. No doubt, many of the fine apologues, parables, and tales contained in the Talmud are genuine inventions of the rabbins, but it is also certain that they drew freely from popular fictions of Indian origin, for striking illustrations of their apothegms and maxims of morality. The learned M. Israel Levi has given two Jewish versions of our story in *Mélusine*¹ (1885), tome ii., c. 542-6; one of them is from a commentary on the Decalogue (Eighth Commandment), an anonymous work of the 10th century, and the substance of it is as follows:

Hebrew Version.

IN the time of Solomon three men travelling in company were surprised by Friday evening, so they deposited their money together in a secret place.² In the middle of the night one of them rose up, stole the money, and hid it elsewhere. When the Sabbath was ended they all went to unearth their money, but found it had disappeared. They then began to accuse each other of the theft, but at length agreed to lay their dispute before Solomon for his judgment. The king told them that he would give them a decision on the morrow. This affair troubled the king not a little, for he thought to himself: "If I do not clear up this case, they will say, 'Where, then, is the wisdom of Solomon?'" So he meditated in what manner he might surprise the thief by his own words. When the three men

recalls the old Greek story of Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes, who at the age of 17 (in B.C. 300) was married to Seleucus, king of Syria, and her step-son Antiochus becoming deeply enamoured of her, Seleucus, in order to save the life of his son, gave up Stratonice in marriage to the young prince. A precisely similar tale is related by Arabian historians of a nephew of the sultan of Jorjun, whose love for one of his uncle's women was discovered by the celebrated Avicenna (Abú Sína) feeling his pulse while describing the rarities in the palace, and perceiving an uncommon emotion in his patient when he mentioned the apartment of the lady;—the sultan made his nephew happy.

¹ *Mélusine: revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions, et usages.* Dirigée par H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland.—A bi-monthly journal, published at Paris.

² It is said the Jews are prohibited by their laws from carrying money on the Sabbath, which commences at nightfall on Friday, and ends at the appearance of the stars on Saturday.

appeared again before him next day, he said to them : " You are skilful and intelligent merchants ; give me, therefore, your advice on a matter which the king of Edessa has submitted to me, desiring my opinion thereon :

" There lived in Edessa a young man and a young woman who loved each other, and the youth said to the damsel : ' If you please, we shall agree by oath that should I engage myself to thee, after such a time thou wilt marry me, and that if during that period another should wish to espouse thee, thou wilt not marry him without my permission ; ' and the damsel swore accordingly. At the end of that period she was betrothed to another man. And when the husband would use his rights, she refused, and told him that she must first obtain the permission of her former *fiancé*. Then they both went together to that young man, carrying gold and silver ; and the damsel said to him : ' I have kept my oath ;—if you wish, here is money : free me from my engagement to you.' The youth replied : ' I release you from your oath, and you are free to marry your *fiancé*. As for myself, I will take nothing ; go in peace.' On their way home, an old robber threw himself upon them, and bore off the damsel, with her jewels and the money she carried, and he would have violated her, but she said : ' I pray you, allow me first to relate my story,' which having concluded, she added : ' Now if that young man, whose years might have been some excuse for him, subdued his passion, how much more incumbent is it on you, an old man, to do likewise—master your feelings, in obedience to the laws of God, and sin not ! ' The old robber was moved by her words, and allowed her to depart with her *fiancé* ; moreover, he restored to them all their property.

" Now," said Solomon, " this is what I ask of you : which of those three was most worthy of praise—the young woman who kept her word ; the young man, who gave her permission to marry, without accepting anything in return ; or the old robber, who, having the power to take all they had, and to violate the damsel, yet conquered his passion, and took nothing from them ? Tell me your opinion, and I will afterwards decide on the subject of your dispute." One of the men replied : " I praise the youth who gave permission

to the girl, for he had long loved her." The second said, in his turn: "I praise the damsel; for women do not usually keep their word even to their husbands when they sleep together, and the mind of woman is fickle. But she kept her word." The third said: "I praise the old man, who took their property, and could have violated her without any one being able to prevent him. Nevertheless he refrained from all sin, and restored the money he had taken from them. So I consider him as a pattern of a just man." Solomon then said: "Thou hast judged well, wherefore cleanse thou thy soul, and deliver the treasure to thy companions, for it is thou who didst steal it; and if thou dost not, I will cause thee to be cast into prison, where thou shalt remain all thy life." The man immediately went and took the treasure from its hiding-place, and restored it to his companions, who thanked the king for his judgment. And this is why it is said that Solomon was the wisest of men.

The other Jewish version given by M. Lévi—placed first in his article in *Mélusine*—differs very considerably in the principal details from all those already cited, while preserving the fundamental outline of the original story:

Germano-Jewish Version.

A CERTAIN pious man left his three sons a locked coffer of gold, desiring them not to open it except in case of necessity. One of them in turn took charge of the coffer, and another of the key. The three young men swore in presence of the community that they would conform to their father's instructions. After his death they divided their heritage, without touching the contents of the coffer. The youngest son, having soon dissipated his share, came to his brothers and demanded that the casket should be opened in order that he should receive his portion of the treasure; but the eldest preferred lending him 5000 florins to violating their father's orders. At the end of another year the youngest brother was again without money, and the second lent him 5000 florins. During the third year he had spent everything, but it was now his turn to take

charge of the casket, while the key was kept by the second brother ; so he made a key, opened the casket, took out all the gold, and put a large stone in its place. The following year it was the eldest who kept the coffer, and the youngest, having once more dissipated all his means, went and said to his two brothers : " You see I am always unlucky in business, therefore you must now consent to open the casket, for my condition is truly necessitous." The casket was then opened in presence of the people, and only a great stone was found within it. Quoth the youngest with effrontery : " Friends, you are now witnesses of the manner in which I have been treated by my brothers. They have stolen the money, and that is why they would never open the casket. It is no wonder they have become rich." Those who were present said : " We cannot decide this matter ; but be persuaded by us : go and lay your case before the rabbi." Accordingly the three brothers went to the rabbi, who, after hearing the arguments of each at length, said to them :¹ " My friends, you must stay here a while, for I cannot give you an off-hand decision. In the mean time, as I see you are very learned, I wish to consult you upon a case regarding which they have asked my advice from Egypt :

" In that country there were two rich men, who had each a child. These were betrothed from the cradle. At last the parents died, leaving each of the children 3000 pieces of money. Very soon the young man, being a gambler, had spent all his fortune, so that not a coin was left him. On the other hand, the damsel possessed every virtue and was most beautiful. The date fixed for the marriage arrived, and the damsel sent to ask her betrothed to prepare. The youth answered that he declined the marriage ; that she should be better with some other man, who pleased her, for a husband ; and that it was enough for him to remain poor, without making her share his misery. Finally, the damsel sent for a poor student and said to him : ' I wish to marry thee ; but first I desire to see my former *fiancé*, and ask him if he is willing to obey the advice of his

¹ I purposely omit an incident which precedes the rabbi's hearing of the brothers' dispute, and which belongs to a distinct cycle of fictions—that of 'The Lost Camel,' familiar to every school-boy.

father and marry me. Should he decline, you will be my true betrothed, and we shall marry.' The poor student was overjoyed, and readily pledged himself as required.

"The damsel, attired in velvet and silk, sought out her former betrothed. 'Dear *fiancé*,' she said, 'I entreat you, do not persist in your design; have no fear—I have money enough for us both.' He replied: 'I cannot break off my bad habits, and I do not wish to squander thy fortune, so that thou also shouldst become unhappy.' Eight days after she returned, dressed in gold and silver; and the same conversation again took place. Still eight days later she went once more, covered with pearls and diamonds, and accosted him with the same entreaty. The youth replied: 'May God grant thee His blessing and prosperity! Choose whom thou wilt. I will not be guilty of the sin of dragging thee to ruin.' This time the damsel returned and married the student. The hour of going to bed arrived, and they were walking in the street. Now in those days there were in Egypt many robbers, who were wont to carry off married people without anybody knowing what had become of them. The chief of the robbers offered violence to the bride, but she said to him: 'Will you, for so small a matter, forfeit your portion in the future world?' The robber was moved with pity, and sent her away in peace and safety.

"Now," continued the rabbi, "I am asked which of the three acted best—the first betrothed, the bride, or the robber? I cannot reply to the question, and as you are very intelligent, give me your opinion, so that I may solve this problem." The first replied: "The betrothed acted best in not wishing to spend his wife's money." The second said: "It is the bride, who was unwilling to disobey the paternal will." The youngest said in his turn: "It is the brigand, who subdued his passion, sent them away without injury, and did not keep their money, for he might have rightly done so." Then the rabbi exclaimed: "Praised be God, who allows nothing to be concealed! Young man, you are covetous of the money which you have not seen—how much more of that which you have seen!" And the young man confessed that he had fabricated a false key.

RADLOFF, in his great collection, *Proben der Volksliteratur der türkischen Stämme des Süd-Siberiens*, vol. iii. s. 389, gives a version, from the Kirghis dialect, which may have been transmitted through the Persian or the Jagataï; or, more probably, through a Mongolian (Buddhist) medium:

Siberian Version.

ONCE on a time there was a rich man who had three sons, and when he died they inherited 300 roubles. Their cattle having perished, they buried the money and took service in a foreign country. At the end of three years they returned home, and when they went to dig up their money it was not to be found; and they said one to another: "Who could have taken it? No person but ourselves knew of our burying the 300 roubles." After mutual accusations they at length agreed to seek the prince and submit their dispute for his decision. And when they had stated their case to the prince, he said to them:¹ "Listen; I will tell you something, after which I will decide your affair:

"There were two men, one of whom had a son, the other a daughter. The two children were sent to the same school and studied together. And one day the boy said to the girl: 'If we were betrothed to each other it would be a good thing.' By-and-by their parents betrothed them. In course of time the father of the young man died, and the damsel said to him: 'If my father does not give me to you, I will reserve my virginity.' When she went home she was betrothed to another young man; and the bridal couch being prepared, her sister-in-law conducted her in to her husband, whom she thus addressed: 'Master, I have somewhat to ask of you; will you grant it to me?' He replied: 'Ask, and it shall be given.' Then said she: 'With your leave, I speak. When I was at school there was with me a young lad, and we studied together. We entered into a mutual engagement, that if I did not keep my promise,

¹ Previous to this, the incident of 'The Lost Camel' occurs, as in the Germano-Jewish version, and it is followed by another interpolated story, also a member of a distinct cycle of popular tales, with which we need not here concern ourselves.

he would complain of me to God ; and if he did not keep his promise I would complain.' The husband answered : ' Go, and keep the marriage-night.'

" Then the damsel put on man's clothes, and, mounting a horse, proceeded to the dwelling of her first betrothed. ' Are you in ?' said she. ' Who is there ?' he answered from within. ' I made you a promise,' said she, ' and have come to keep it. My father would marry me to another ; and when I said to my husband, " I have a lover ; let me seek him," he gave me leave. I make thee a present of my virginity ; for that purpose have I come hither.' The young man replied : ' What advantage would that be to me ? Your husband has shown a great spirit in sending you to me, and I shall also be magnanimous. He would suppose that I had all along been intimate with you. Return to your husband. Farewell.' On her way home the damsel was met by forty robbers, to whom she related her story. The robbers having consulted together, one of them said : ' Let us forty enjoy her turn about.' But the youngest said : ' Let her alone ; why should we embarrass ourselves with her ? The intentions of this young woman are pure, with those of her husband and her first betrothed. Shall we act as beasts ? Let her go.' Then the robbers exclaimed with one accord : ' She may return to her husband's house.' And when she had reached home her husband took her to his own country."

The prince then asked the eldest of the brothers : " Which, think you, was the best of the three ?" He replied : " It was the husband." " You are right," said the prince. " And you," addressing the second—" which did well and which did ill ?" Said he : " The best was the young man who studied with her." Lastly the prince asked the same question of the youngest, who answered : " Sire, the husband was wrong, and the first *fiancé* was wrong ; the forty robbers were right, and had I been one of them I should have enjoyed her forty times." Thereupon the prince said : " It is thou who hast stolen the money, so give it up ; for thy opinion is the worst." " Sire," then said the two others, " we are much obliged to you." After this they returned home, and the youngest brother produced the money he had stolen.

In the same form our story is found in the Turkish collection, *Qirq Vezir*, the 'Forty Vazirs,' a work said to have been composed in the 15th century by Shaykh Zâda, after an Arabian story-book of unknown authorship and date, which seems no longer extant. The frame, or leading-story, of this collection, with which eighty tales are interwoven, is similar to that of the Book of Sindibâd, and its European imitations, commonly known as the *History of the Seven Wise Masters*—of which the oldest version is a Latin prose work entitled *Dolopathos ; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus*, by a monk named Johannes, of the abbey of Alta Silva, in the diocese of Nancy, about A.D. 1180, which was rendered into French verse, a century or so later, by a Trouvère named Herbers : A young prince having repelled the amorous advances of his step-mother—or, in the Eastern versions, of one of his father's women—she, like Potiphar's wife with Joseph, accuses him to the king his father of an attempt upon her virtue. The king at once orders his son for execution, but alternately reprieves and condemns him, in consequence of his counsellors, or vazirs, day after day, and the lady, night after night, relating to him tales of the wickedness of women and of men, until at length the innocence of the Prince is made manifest, and the lustful lady is fitly punished.¹ Our story is thus related in the Book of the Forty Vazirs, according to Mr. Gibb's complete translation recently published, the first that has been made in English :

Turkish Version.

IN the palace of the world there was a king, and he had three sons. One day this king laid his head on the pillow of death, and called those sons to his side, and spake privately with them. He said : " In such a corner of the palace I have hidden a vase full of pearls and jewels and diverse gems ; when I am dead, do ye wash and bury me, then go and take that vase from its place and divide

¹ An account of the several Eastern and Western versions is given in the Introduction to my edition of the *Book of Sindibâd*. The author of the *Forty Vezirs* has taken little besides the idea of the leading story from its prototype ; it is not only a most entertaining story-book, but is also of great value in illustrating the genealogy of popular fictions.

its contents." The king lay for three days, and on the fourth day he drained the wine of death and set forth for the Abiding Home. When the princes had buried their father according to his injunctions, they came together, and went and beheld that in the place of those jewels the winds blew. Now the princes began to dispute, and they said: "Our father told this to us three in private; this trick has been played by one of us." And the three of them went to the *cadi*¹ and told their complaint. The *cadi* listened, and then said to them: "Come, I will tell you a story, and after that I will settle the dispute:

"Once, in a certain city, a youth and a girl loved each other, and that girl was betrothed to another youth. When the lover was alone with that girl, he said: 'O my life, now thou comest to me, and I am happy with thee; to-morrow, when thou art the bride of thy betrothed, how will be my plight?' The girl said: 'My master, do not grieve; that night when I am bride, until I have come to thee and seen thee, I will not give the bridegroom his desire.' And they made a pact to that end. Brief, when the bridal night arrived, the girl and the youth went apart; and when all the people were dispersed, and the place was clear of others, the girl told the bridegroom of the pact between her and the stricken lover, and besought leave to fulfil it. When the bridegroom heard these words from the bride, he said: 'Go, fulfil thy plight, and come again in safety.'

"So the bride went forth, but while on the road she met a robber. The robber looked at her attentively, and saw that she was a beautiful girl like the moon of fourteen nights: never in his life had he seen such a girl, and she was covered with diverse jewels such as cannot be described. Thereupon the bridle of choice slipped from the robber's hands; and as the hungry wolf springs upon the sheep, so did the robber spring upon that girl. Straightway the girl began to sigh, and the robber felt pity and questioned her. So the bride related to the robber her story from its beginning to its end;

¹ The judge and magistrate in Muslim cities, who performs the rites of marriage, settles disputes, and decides civil and criminal cases, according to the Kurán.

whereupon the robber exclaimed: 'That is no common generosity! nor shall I do any hurt or evil thing to her.' Then said he to the girl: 'Come, I will take thee to thy lover.' And he took her and led her to her lover's door, and said: 'Now go in and be with thy lover.'

"Then the girl knocked at the door, and that youth, who lay sighing, heard the knocking, and went with haste, and said: 'Who is that?' The girl answered: 'Open the door; lo, I have kept my plight, nor have I broken it: I am come to thee.' The youth opened the door and came to the girl, and said: 'O my life, my mistress, welcome, and fair welcome! how hast thou done it?' She replied: 'The folk assembled and gave me to the bridegroom; then all dispersed, and each went his way. And I explained my case to the bridegroom, and he gave me leave. While on the road I met a robber, and that robber wished to stretch forth his hand to me, but I wept, and told him of my plight with thee, and he had pity, and brought me to the door and left me, and has gone away.' When the youth heard these things from the girl, he said: 'Since the bridegroom is thus generous, and has given thee leave to fulfil thy plight with me, and sent thee to me, there were no generosity in me did I stretch forth my hand to thee and deal treacherously;—from this day be thou my sister: go, return to thy husband.' And he sent her off.

"When the girl went out, she saw that robber standing by the door; and he walked in front of her, and conducted her to the bridegroom's door. And the girl went in, and the robber departed to his own affairs. While the bridegroom was marvelling, the bride entered, and the bridegroom leaped up and took the bride's hands in his, and they sat upon the bed. And the bridegroom turned and asked the bride her news; and she told all her adventures from their beginning to their end. And the bridegroom was pleased, and they both attained their desire. God grant to all of us our desire. Amen."

Then quoth the cadî: "O my sons, which of those showed manliness and generosity in this matter?" The eldest youth said: "The bridegroom, who, while she was his lawful bride, and when he had spent thus much upon her, and was about to gain his desire, gave the girl leave. What excellent generosity did he display!"

The middle youth said : "The generosity was that lover's, who, while there was so much love between them, had patience when they were alone in the night, and she so fair of form and in such splendid dress, and sent her back. What excellent generosity : can there be greater than this ?" Then asked he of the youngest boy : "O you, what say you ?" Quoth he : "O ye, what say ye ? when one hunting in the night met thus fair a beauty, a torment of the world, a fresh rose ; above all, laden with many jewels ; and yet coveted her not, but took her to her place—what excellent patience ! what excellent generosity !" When the *cadi* heard these words of the youngest boy, he said : "O prince, the jewels are with thee ; for the lover praised the lover ; and the trustful the trustful ; and the robber the robber." The prince was unable to deny it, and so took the jewels from his breast and laid them before the *cadi*.¹

It is very curious, to say the least, to find this Turkish version current in much the same terms among the peasantry of the West Highlands of Scotland. How did it get there ? I have not met with any similar story in Norwegian or Icelandic collections, yet I suspect that it is not unknown in the Far North, and if so, it was probably introduced into the West Highlands by the Norsemen :

¹ *The History of the Forty Vezirs ; or, the Forty Morns and Eves*. Translated from the Turkish, by E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. London : G. Redway, 1886. (The Lady's Eighth Story, p. 105.)—In the German translation of the *Arabian Nights*, made by Dr. Habicht and others, from a manuscript procured at Tunis, and published, in 15 small vols., at Breslau in 1825 (*Tausend und eine Nacht, arabische Erzählungen, zum erstenmal aus einer tunesischen Handschrift, &c.*), a number of tales from the *Forty Vezirs* are inserted—vol. ii., 173-186—one of which, entitled the History of the Sultan Akshid, is similar to the above ; but the leading story is greatly expanded : The Sultan causes his funeral obsequies to be performed while he is yet alive, in order that he should profit by the lesson which such a ceremony was calculated to impress on his mind—the vanity of earthly grandeur ; soon after which he dies, and so on. This story, however, as also the others taken from the *Forty Vezirs*, does not properly form a member of the *Arabian Nights* ; and that they were re-translated into Arabic from the Turkish is evident from the fact of their exact agreement with those rendered into French from a Turkish MS. by P. de la Croix. Moreover, they do not appear in the printed Arabic text, commonly known as the Breslau Text, which had not been edited when the German translation of it was published.

Gaelic Version.

THERE was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said : "My sons, I am going to leave you : let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold ; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me ;" and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him ; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

They stood for a while without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said : "There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all." The second said : "There was money surely, wherever it is now." And the eldest said : "Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I cannot understand the matter."—"Come," said the eldest, "let us go to such an old man ; he was our father's friend ; he knew him well ; he was at school with him ; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go to consult him."

So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. "Stay with me," said the old man, "and I will think over this matter. I cannot understand it ; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had *gostje*.¹ I know that your father never told a lie." And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days. Then he sent for the three young lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said :

"There was once a young lad, and he was poor ; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she took love for him ; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made

¹ *Goistidheachd*, or *goisteachd* : office, or duty, of godfather.—*Gaelic Dict.*

her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said: 'What ails thee?' The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to another man. 'Dress thyself,' said the man, 'and follow me.' So she dressed herself in the wedding-clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and rode to the house of the other man; and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out: 'Is there man within?' And when the other answered, he left the bride there within the door, and he said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding-dress. 'What brought thee here?' said he. 'Such a man,' said the bride: 'I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself, and left me.' 'Sit thou there,' said the man; 'art thou not married?' So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said: 'Now return to thy husband.' So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding-dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood, where three robbers stopped and seized her. 'Aha!' said one, 'we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself.' 'Oh,' said she, 'let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey.' And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest, said: 'Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself.' 'Take thou the money,' said she. 'I will not take a penny,' said the robber; but the other two said: 'Give us the money,' and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robber left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased.

"Now," said the old man, "which of all these do you think did best?" So the eldest son said: "I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged was the honest, generous man: he did well." The second said: "Yes; but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband." Then said the youngest: "I don't know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money." Then the old man rose up, and he said: "Thou hast thy father's gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money." And so the youngest son had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided.¹

We now come to European versions more closely resembling the Franklin's Tale of Dorigen, which the poet represents that worthy as professing to have derived from a "Breton lai," and which, notwithstanding, some "annotators" of Chaucer still assert to have been borrowed from Boccaccio. The illustrious Florentine first introduced it in his prose tale of *Filocolo*, which recounts the adventures of Florio and Biancofiore, a favourite subject with the courtly minstrels of Europe in mediæval times. He reproduced it in his *Decameron*, Gior. x., Nov. 5, as follows, according to the translation revised by W. K. Kelly (Bohn's edition):

Boccaccio's Italian Version.

IN the country of Frioli, which, though very cold, is yet beautified with many pleasant mountains, fine rivers, and crystal springs, is a place called Udine, where lived a worthy lady, named Dianora, the wife of a very agreeable man, and one of great wealth, called Gilberto. Now she had taken the fancy of a great and noble lord, called Ansaldo, one of extraordinary generosity and prowess, and known all over the country, who used frequently to solicit her with messages and offers of love, but in vain. At length, being quite wearied with his importunities, and seeing that he still persisted, notwithstanding her

¹ Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. ii. pp. 16-18: 'The Inheritance.'

repeated denials, she resolved to rid herself of him by a novel and, as she thought, impossible demand. So she said to his emissary one day : " Good woman, you have often told me that Ansaldo loves me beyond all the world, and have offered me great presents on his part, which he may keep to himself, for I shall never be prevailed upon to a compliance in that manner. Could I be assured, indeed, that his love is really such as you say, then I should certainly be brought to return it. Therefore, if he will convince me of that by a proof which I shall require, I shall instantly be at his service." " What is it, then ?" quoth the good woman, " that you desire him to do ?" " It is this," she replied ; " I would have a garden in the month of January, which is now coming on, as full of green herbs, flowers, and trees laden with fruit, as though it were the month of May. Unless he does this for me, charge him to trouble me no more, for I will instantly complain to my husband and all my friends."

Ansaldo, being made acquainted with this demand, which seemed an impossibility, and knowing that it was contrived on purpose to deprive him of all hopes of success, resolved yet to try all possible means in such a case, sending to every part of the world to find out a person able to assist him. At length he met with a magician, who would undertake it for a large sum of money ; and having agreed upon a price, he waited impatiently for the time of its being done. On the night of the first of January, therefore, the cold being extreme, and everything covered with snow, this wise man so employed his art in a meadow near to the city that in the morning there appeared there one of the finest gardens that ever was seen, filled with all kinds of herbs, flowers, trees, and fruits. Ansaldo beheld this marvellous creation with infinite pleasure, and, picking some of the fairest fruit and flowers, he sent them privately to the lady, inviting her to come and see the garden which she had required, that she might be convinced of his love, and fulfil the promise she had made, as became a woman of her word. The lady, seeing the flowers and fruit present, and having already heard from many people of this wonderful garden, began to repent of what she had done. But with all this repentance, being still desirous of

seeing strange sights, she went thither with many more ladies, and, having highly commended it, returned home very sorrowful, thinking of her engagement. Her trouble was too great to be concealed or dissembled, so that her husband at last perceived it, and demanded the reason. For some time she was ashamed to speak, but being constrained at last, she related the whole thing. Gilberto was greatly incensed about it, till, considering the upright intention of his lady in the affair, he began to be somewhat pacified, and said : "Dianora, it is not the act of a wise and virtuous lady to receive any messages, or make any conditions with regard to her chastity. Words have a more ready admittance to the heart than many people imagine, and with lovers nothing is impossible. You were highly to blame, first to listen, and afterwards to consent ; but, as I know the purity of your intention, and to free you from your engagement, I will grant what nobody else would do in such a case. For fear of this necromancer, who, by Ansaldo's instigation, may do us some mischief if you disappoint him, I consent that you go to Ansaldo, and, if you can by any means get quit of that tie with safety to your honour, that you endeavour to do so ; otherwise, that you comply in deed, though your will be chaste and pure."

The poor lady wept bitterly, and showed great reluctance, but he insisted upon her doing as he said. So, early in the morning, without any great care to make herself fine, she went with her woman and two men-servants to Ansaldo's house. He was greatly surprised at hearing the lady was there, and said to the wise man, "You shall now see the effect of your skill." So he went to meet her, and showed her into a handsome room, where there was a great fire, and after they had sat down, "Madam," he said, "I beg, if the long regard I have had for you merit any reward, that you will please to tell me why you come here at this time, and thus attended." She blushed, and replied, with eyes full of tears : "Sir, it is neither from love nor from regard to my promise, but merely by my husband's order, who, showing more respect to the labours of your inordinate love than to his honour and mine, has forced me to come hither ; therefore, as it is his command, I submit to your pleasure." If Ansaldo was surprised at the sight of the lady, he was now much

more so at hearing her talk thus ; and, being moved with Gilberto's generosity, his love was changed into compassion. "Madam," he said, "Heaven forbid that I should ever take away the honour of a person who has showed such pity for my love. Therefore, you are as safe with me as if you were my sister, and you may depart when it seems good to you, upon condition that you tender your husband, in my name, those thanks which you think are due to his great generosity, requesting him, for the time to come, to esteem me always as his brother and faithful servant." The lady, overjoyed with this, replied, "All the world, sir, could never make me believe, when I consider your character, that anything could have happened on my coming hither, otherwise than it has now done ; for which I shall always be profoundly grateful to you." She then took her leave, returned to her husband, and told him what had happened, and this proved the occasion of a strict friendship between him and Ansaldo.

The necromancer now being about to receive his reward, and, having observed Gilberto's generosity to Ansaldo, and that of Ansaldo to the lady, said, "As Gilberto has been so liberal of his honour, and you of your love, you shall give me leave to be the same with regard to my pay : knowing it then to be worthily employed, I desire it shall be yours." Ansaldo was ashamed, and pressed him to take all or part, but in vain. On the third day the necromancer, having made the garden vanish, and being ready to depart, Ansaldo thankfully dismissed him, having extinguished his inordinate desires purely from a principle of honour.

"What say you now, ladies ?" [demands Emilia, the story-teller ;] "shall we prefer the dead lady and the love of Gentil, grown cold, as destitute of all hope, to the liberality of Ansaldo, who loved more than ever, and who was fired with the greater expectation, since the prey so long pursued was then in his power ? It seems to me mere folly to compare the generosity of Gentil with that of Ansaldo."¹

¹ Dr. Reinhold Köhler, in *Orient und Occident*, ii., 318, has pointed out that a similar tale, evidently taken from Boccaccio, is found in an anonymous work, *Johann Valentin Andreæ's Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosencreutz*, anno 1459 ; Strassburg, 1616. It occurs among other riddles, or stories to

There seems to me no good reason to believe that Chaucer adapted his tale of Dorigen from Boccaccio. Chaucer was not the man to ascribe the materials of any of his charming tales to other than the real source, or to lay claim to "originality" of their invention; on the contrary, he declares, in the opening of his *Assemble of Foules*, that

Out of olde fieldis, as men saieth,
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookis, in gode faieth,
Comith all this newe science, that men lere.

The tale of Griseldon he emphatically says (through the Clerk) he heard Petrarch relate at Padua, and his version agrees closely with Petrarch's Latin variant of Boccaccio's novel. Had he taken Boccaccio's tale of Dianara and Ansaldo for his model, he would most probably have acknowledged the fact. But he tells us (through the Franklin) that it is one of the old Breton lays; the scene is

"In Armorik, that clepid is Bretagne;"

which are appended questions to be solved. A lady of rank is wooed by a young nobleman. "Sie gab ihm endlich den Bescheid: werde er sie im kalten Winter in einen schönen grünen Rosengarten führen, so sollte er gewert sein, wo nicht, solle er sich nimmer finden lassen." He travels far and wide to find some one who would effect this for him, and at last chances upon a little old man, who engages to do so for the half of his goods, and so on, as in Boccaccio. "Nun weiss ich nit, liebe Herren," says the story-teller, "wer doch unter diesen Personen die gröste Trew möchte bewiesen haben."

In Chaucer, the Franklin, having ended his story, thus addresses his fellow-pilgrims:

"Lordynges, this questioun wolde I axe now,
Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?
Now telleth me, or that I ferther wende,
I can no more, my tale is at an ende."

So, too, in the conclusion of the version in Boccaccio's *Filocolo*: "Dubitasi oro qual di costoro fusse maggior liberalità," &c. And in the Sanskrit story the Vetāla asks the king: "Now tell me, which was the really generous person of those four?" Indeed, the same question occurs in all the versions cited in the present paper, and it reminds one of the "nice cases" said to have been decided in the Provençal Courts of Love—though, according to Mr. Hueffer, such courts never existed.

Manni, in his *Ist. del Decam.*, ii. 97, cites an anonymous MS. where it is said that Boccaccio's story is found in a collection much older than his time, and adds that Giovanni Tritemio relates how a Jewish physician, in the year 876, caused by enchantment a splendid garden to appear, with trees and flowers in full bloom, in mid-winter. A similar exploit is credited to Albertus Magnus, in the 13th century. The notion seems to have been brought to Europe from the East, where stories of saints, dervishes, or jogs performing such wonders have been common time out of mind.

all the names in the poem are Breton;¹ and instead of the task imposed by the lady on her lover being to produce a blooming garden in January, it is to remove the dangerous rocks from the coast of Brittany. Chaucer's treatment of the story is immeasurably superior to that of Boccaccio, which is throughout very artificial, exhibiting none of those fine touches which render the old English poet's tale so pleasing from beginning to end.² This is precisely the sort of story which Marie de France would have selected for versification; and in my mind there is no doubt that Chaucer's source was a Breton lay or a *fabliau*.

Another gratuitous assertion of one of Chaucer's critics is that Boccaccio's novel "is unquestionably the origin of a story which occupies the whole of the twelfth canto of *Orlando Innamorato*, and is related by a lady to Rinaldo, while he escorts her on a journey." That Boiardo was familiar with Boccaccio's story is likely enough;

¹ "Penmark," says Mr. Robert Bell in one of the notes to his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, "is to be found in the modern maps of Brittany, between Brest and Port l'Orient. Penmark is from *Pen*, caput, and *mark*, limes, regio; the first element of the word enters into many Welsh names, as *Penman Mawr*, the great headland. Cairrud means the red city: *Cair*, a city, is found in Carnarvon, Carlisle, and Carhaix in Brittany. Droguen, or Dorguen [Chaucer's Dorigen], was the name of the wife of Alain I. Aurelius is a Breton name, derived from the Roman colonists. Arviragus is apparently a Breton name latinized, as Caractacus from Caradoc, and is found in Juvenal, *Sat.* iv. 127."

² The poem of Chaucer abounds in striking passages; for example:

"Love will nouht ben constreyned by maistre.
Whan maistre commeth, the god of love anone
Beteth his winges, and fare wel, he is gone."

Observe Spenser's audacious plagiarism of these lines, as follows (*F. Q. B.* iii. c. i., st. 25):

"Ne may love ben compel'd by maistry;
For soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and farewel, away is gone."

And Pope's (by no means his only plagiarism):

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, has thus expanded Chaucer's sentiment:

"Love, that's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away."

but he may also have known another version current in his day, of which he made use. Be this as it may, his tale is very different, in all the important details, from that of Boccaccio, and much more interesting, as may be seen even from the following abstract of it :

Boiardo's Italian Version.

A KNIGHT named Iroldo had a lady-love called Tisbina, and was beloved of her as was Tristan of Iseult the queen : he loved her so that morn and even, from break of day to nightfall, he thought of her alone, and had no other care. Hard by dwelt a baron, accounted the greatest in Babylon ; rich, and generous, full of courtesy and valour ; a gallant lover and a frank-hearted knight. His name was Prasildo. And one day he was invited to a garden where Tisbina with others was playing a strange kind of game : one held his head bowed in her lap, and over his shoulders she waved a palm-bough, and he had to guess whom it was she chanced to strike. Prasildo stood and looked at the game. Tisbina invited him to take part in the beating, and finally he took that place, for he was quickly guessed. With his head in her lap, he felt so great a flame in his heart as he would never have thought ; he took great care not to guess right, for fear of having to rise from thence. Nor after the game and festival departed the flame from his head. All day and all night long it tormented him, drove sleep from his pillow, and the blood from his cheek. Love banished every other thought from his heart : only those who have felt this passion can understand the description. The hunting-horses and hounds he delighted in are all gone from his thoughts. Now he delights in festive company ; gives many banquets ; makes verses and sings ; and jousts and tourneys often with great steeds and costly trappings. If he was courteous before, he is a hundred-fold so now ; for the virtue that is found in a man in love is ever increasing ; and in life I have never found a good man turn out bad through love. So was it with Prasildo, who loved much. For his go-between he found a lady who was a close friend of Tisbina, and she beset her morning and evening, nor was she disconcerted at a repulse. But, in brief, the haughty one bent neither

to prayers nor pity ; for in sooth it always happens that pride is joined to beauty. How many times she urged Tisbina to accept her good fortune, which might not happen again :

“ Delight thee, while thy leaf as yet is green,
For pleasure had is never lost again.

Youth, which is but a point of time, should be spent in delight ; for as the sun dissolves the white snow, and as the vermeil rose loses all too soon her lovely hue, so flies our age, incurable as a lightning-flash.” But in vain was Tisbina assailed with these and other words. And the sovran baron fell away as fresh meadow-violets pale in wintry weather—like glittering ice, in the living sun. He feasted no longer as was his wont, hated all pleasure, and had no other diversion than often sallying forth and walking alone in a bosky wood, bewailing his ruthless love.

A morning fell when Iroldo went a hunting in that wood, and with him the fair Tisbina ; and as they went each heard a woful voice and breaking tears. Prasildo mourned so gently, and with so sweet a speech as would have subdued a rock to pity. He called upon heaven and earth to witness his love, and resolved to die for her. He bared his sword, and called continually upon his dear delight, wishing to die on Tisbina's name ; for by naming her often he thought to go with that fair name to Paradise. But she and her lover well understood the baron's lament. Iroldo was so kindled to pity that his whole visage showed it ; and he now concerted with the lady how to mend his woful case. Iroldo remaining concealed, Tisbina feigns to have come there by chance. She appears not to have heard his plaints ; but seeing him reclined among the green boughs, she stops awhile as if alarmed. Then she said to him : “ Prasildo, if you are my friend, as you have already shown that you love me, abandon me not in so great need, for else I may not escape. And if I were not at the last extremity, both of life and honour, I would not have made you such a request. For there is no greater shame than to refuse the deserving. Hitherto you have borne me love, and I was ever dispiteous ; but in time I will yet be gracious to you. I promise this on my faith, and assure you of my love, if what I ask be done. Hear, now, and let not the deed seem hard to thee :

Beyond the forest of Barbary is a fair garden, which has an iron wall. Herein entrance can be had by four gates: one Life keeps, Death another, another Poverty, another Riches. Whoso goes therein must depart by the opposite gate. In the midst is a tree of vast height, far as an arrow may mount aloft; that tree is of marvellous price, for whenever it blossoms it puts forth pearls, and it is called the Treasure-Tree, for it has apples of emerald and boughs of gold.¹ A branch of this tree I must have, otherwise I am in heavy case. Now you can make it clear if you love me as you have declared: if I obtain this pleasure by your means I will love you more than you love me, and give myself to you as reward of this service—count it for certain.”

When Prasildo understood the hope held out to him of such a love, fuller of ardour and desire than before, he fearlessly promised all. Undoubtingly would he have promised every star, the heaven and its splendour, all air, and earth, and sea. Without delay, in a habit strange to him, he set out on his journey.—Now know that Iroldo and his lady had sent him to that garden, which yet is called the garden of Medusa, so that the long time and travel might efface Tisbina from his mind. Besides that, when he got there, that

¹ This is a very ancient and wide-spread myth. In the *Kathá Sarit Sāgara* we read of trees with golden trunks, branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls; golden lotuses, &c. Aladdin, it will be remembered, found in the cave where was deposited the magic lamp, trees bearing “fruit” of emeralds and other gems of great price, with which he took care to stuff his pockets. In the mediæval romance of Alexander we are told how the world-conqueror jousted with Porus for his kingdom, and having overthrown him, he found in the palace of the vanquished monarch innumerable treasures, and amongst others a vine of which the branches were gold, the leaves emerald, and the fruit of other precious stones—a fiction, says Dunlop, which seems to have been suggested by the golden vine which Pompey carried away from Jerusalem. The garden of King Isope, as described by Geoffrey, in the *Tale of Beryn* (Supplementary Canterbury Tales, Ch. Soc., p. 84) had a similar tree:

“In mydward of this gardyn stant a feire tre,
Of alle maner levis that under sky [there] be,
I-forgit and I-fourmyd, eche in his degre,
Of sylver, and of golde fyne, that lusty been to see.”

As the treasures coveted by the Arimaspians were guarded by griffins, and the golden apples of the Hesperides by a dragon, so this garden of Isope was kept by eight “tregetours,” or magicians, who looked like “abominabill wormys,” enough to frighten the bravest man on earth.

Medusa was a damsel who kept the Treasure-Tree ;—whoever first saw her fair face forgot the cause of his journey ; but whoever saluted, or spoke to, or touched, or sat beside her, forgot all past time.—Away he rode, alone, or rather, accompanied by love. He crossed in a ship the arm of the Red Sea, passed through all Egypt, and got among the hills of Barca, where he met a hoary palmer, and talking with the old man he told him the occasion of his journey. The old man reassures him, and tells him how to enter by the gate of Poverty (for those of Life and Death are unused). He informs him of the nature of Medusa ; bids him have a mirror with him, wherein she may see her beauty and so be chased from the garden ; to go without armour and with all his limbs bare, because he must enter by Poverty's gate. He must go out by the gate of Riches, by whom sits Avarice. Here he must proffer a portion of the branch. Prasildo thanks the palmer, and departs. In thirty days he reaches the garden, and covering his eyes with the mirror, so as to avoid seeing Medusa, he enters. Coming by chance upon her as she leans against the trunk of the Treasure-Tree, she looks at herself in the mirror, and terrified at seeing her cheeks of white and red transformed into a fierce and horrible serpent, she flies through the air away. He breaks off a lofty branch, descends, and issues by the gate of Riches.

Hastening home, Prasildo sends word to Tisbina that he has fulfilled her behest, and begs to see her, that he may show her the branch. She is overwhelmed at the news of his return. Iroldo, coming to see her earlier than usual, overhears her lamentation, and they embrace in despair. He bids her keep to her promise, which he induced her to make, but to wait until his death, which will be this very morning. He will not outlive his shame. Tisbina reproaches him, and declares that she will not survive him. They agree to take a painless poison and die together ; a few hours being allowed for the fulfilment of her promise to Prasildo. An ancient physician supplies the poison, of which Iroldo drinks half, and Tisbina drains the cup. She then goes to redeem her word. Alone with Prasildo, he marvels at her wretched looks, and she tells him the whole truth. He is overcome with sorrow, and reproaches her

for not having trusted to his generosity. However, he will not survive her; and so there will be the strange thing, unbefallen before, of three lovers at once "in inferno." Tisbina replies that she is so vanquished by his courtesy that she would gladly die for him. During the short time she has got to live, she would go through fire for him. In great grief, and having resolved for death, Prasildo gives her one kiss and lets her depart, after which he casts himself, in tears, on his bed.

Tisbina recounts the interview to Iroldo, who lifts his hands to heaven in thanksgiving for such virtue, and while thus engaged Tisbina falls, for the poison works sooner in delicate veins. A chill seizes him to see her dying; he cries out against God and heaven, Fortune and Love, that they do not kill him out of his misery. Meanwhile Prasildo is moaning in his chamber, and an old physician comes and insists upon seeing him. His chamberlain (for none else would venture to disturb him) persuades Prasildo to admit him. Then the leech tells him that he had been asked for poison by a maid-servant of Tisbina's, and has learned all. But it was simply a mild sleeping-draught he had given. Prasildo, reviving like blossoms in sunshine after storm, hastens to Tisbina, finds Iroldo there, and tells him the grateful news. Iroldo relinquishes all claim to Tisbina, and will not be gainsaid; so he departs, leaving her to Prasildo. When Tisbina comes to herself, she at first swoons with grief to hear that Iroldo is gone; but in the end she is content to take Prasildo.

"We are all alike," adds the fair story-teller; "we yield at the first assault, like rime beneath the heat of the sun."

Two English Plays.

BEAUMONT and Fletcher adapted our story for the stage, under the title of 'The Triumph of Honour,' a member of *Four Plays in One*, written probably about the year 1610. Henry Weber, the editor of the works of these dramatists, says that the idea of the plot of this play was taken, "as Langbaine observes," from Boccaccio's novel of Dianora and Ansaldo; but both he and Langbaine seem to have overlooked a more likely source, namely, Chaucer's

tale of Dorigen.¹ In the 'Triumph of Honour,' Martius, a Roman general, is deeply enamoured of Dorigen, the chaste wife of Sophocles, Duke of Athens, and desires her love-favours, when she exclaims indignantly (pointing to "a rocky view before the city of Athens")—

"Here I vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fixed, shall be removed,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love."

Martius consults his brother Valerius, who undertakes, should Dorigen still continue obstinate in her resolution—

"By my skill,
Learned from an old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who trained me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means."

The virtuous Dorigen is not to be moved by the passionate appeals of Martius; she again assures him—

"My vow is fixed,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still;"

upon which Martius exclaims:

"Then pity me, ye gods, you only may
Move her by tearing these firm stones away!"

Instantly, by means of the "grammarie" of Valerius, the rocks disappear. Dorigen declares she will no longer serve the gods, if they are capable of such iniquity, and, going home, acquaints her husband of the whole affair. The duke consoles her—it is a bad business, but she must not be forsworn; let her keep her word, but don't let Martius know that he consents. Dorigen, disgusted at her husband's want of proper spirit in such circumstances, then pretends that she had all along loved Martius, and, on quitting her husband, gives vent to these mordacious words:

"I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy!"

¹ Dunlop also considers that Boccaccio's story gave rise to Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Triumph of Honour,' as well as to Chaucer's 'Franklin's Tale' and the 12th canto of Boiardo. He must have read them all very superficially.

She goes to meet Martius, and declares to him her purpose to kill herself rather than yield to his desire, and Martius, struck with such a proof of her virtue, releases her from her promise.—The play is not happily conceived, and abounds in bombast.

Part of the plot of a comedy, printed in 1620, entitled *The Two Merry Milkmaids, or the best words wear the Garland* ("as it was acted with great applause by the Company of the Revels"), namely, the promise given by Dorigena to Dorillus, of his enjoying her, when he should bring her in January a garland composed of all kinds of flowers, seems founded on Boccaccio's novel, yet the heroine's name is that of the lady in Chaucer's version.

There are doubtless other European variants, derivatives, or imitations of the ancient Indian story of Madanasenā's Rash Promise yet to be discovered; meanwhile I must content myself with the foregoing contribution to the literary history of the Franklin's Tale. We have seen that in all the Asiatic variants the original has been inserted in a leading story of stolen treasure, and that this form reappears in the Gaelic version; but it was probably also brought to Europe at an early period as a separate story, which I consider is represented best in Chaucer's Franklin's Tale, and it may have become current in Italy through imitations of a *fabliau* or a Breton *lai*.

GLASGOW, *September, 1886.*

17.

The Enchanted Tree:

ASIATIC VERSIONS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Merchant's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE ENCHANTED TREE :

ASIATIC ANALOGUES OF *THE MERCHANT'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

Introductory—The Brahman who learned the Fifth Veda.

CHAUCER'S diverting tale of "old January that weddid was to freshè May" belongs to the Woman's Wiles cycle of fictions, which were so popular throughout Europe during mediæval times, and seem to have had their origin in the East, where sentiments unfavourable to the dignity of womanhood have been always entertained. A very considerable proportion of Asiatic fictions turn upon the luxury, profligacy, and craft of women : ever fertile in expedients, they are commonly represented as perfect adepts in the arts of deceiving and outwitting their lords and masters when bent upon gratifying their passions. It is probable that this class of tales became popular in Europe in consequence of the Crusades, through which the westward stream of Asiatic tales and apologues was largely swelled. Stories of female depravity and craft, which are traceable to Persian and Indian sources, often occur in the earliest collections of *exempla*, designed for the use of preachers ; yet it is curious to observe that in many of the tales abusive of women current in mediæval Europe—whether in the form of *fabliaux* or *novelle*—a churchman is the paramour who escapes through the woman's artifices.

The Indo-Persian analogue of the Merchant's Tale, referred to by M. Edéstand du Meril (see *ante*, p. 183, note 2) as occurring in the *Bahâr-i Dânuş*, forms a subordinate member of the eighth of the "strange tales and surprising anecdotes in debasement of women, and of the inconstancy of that fickle sex," related to Sultan Jehângîr by his courtiers in order to cure him of a passion which he entertained

for a princess whose personal charms had been described to him by a wise parrot. The story commences in this florid style, according to Dr. Jonathan Scott's translation: "In the city of Banáres, which is the principal place of adoration to the Hindú idols, there lived a young Bráhmaṇ, the tablet of whose mind was void of the impressions of knowledge, and the sleeve of his existence unadorned by the embroidery of art. He had a wife eloquent of speech, who exalted the standard of professorship in the arcana of intrigue. In the school of deceit she could have instructed the devil in the science of stratagem. Accidentally, her eyes meeting those of a comely youth, the bird of her heart took its flight in pursuit of his love." But her noodle-husband is too often in their way, so she devises an artful plan for getting quit of him for a time. One night she turns away from his proffered endearments with well-affected discontent, and on his asking the cause of her altered demeanour towards him, she replies that her female neighbours had been chaffing her about his gross ignorance, and that she is in consequence ashamed to meet with them again. The simple fellow, hearing this, at once girded up his skirts, and set out in quest of knowledge, and long and far did he travel. In every city and town where he heard of a Bráhmaṇ eminent for his learning, he obtained leave to wait on him, and at length his mind became enriched by the comprehension of the four Vedas.¹ Returning home, his wife greets him with much apparent joy and affection, and begins at once to bathe his feet. Meanwhile her lover is expecting her to visit him as usual, and, becoming impatient, sends a trusty messenger urging her to hasten to his loving arms. The woman, now resolving to get rid of her husband once more, after expressing her thanks to the gods that he has returned in health and safety, says to him: "Doubtless thou hast

¹ Veda: root, *ved*, "know": divine knowledge. The Vedas are the holy books which are the foundation of the Hindú religion. They consist of hymns written in an old form of Sanskrit, and, according to the most generally received opinion, they were composed between 1500 and 1000 B.C. But there is no direct evidence as to their age, and opinions about it vary considerably. Some scholars have thought that the oldest of the hymns may be carried back a thousand years farther. They are four in number: Rig-veda, Yajur-veda, Sama-veda, and Atharva-veda; the last being of comparatively modern origin. —Dowson's *Hindú Classical Dictionary*.

attained an ample portion of all sciences, and acquired a rich share of accomplishments, but I request that thou wilt relate to me the particulars of thy learning, that a doubt which I have in my mind, in respect of one science, may be done away, and from this apprehension my heart gain perfect satisfaction. I trust that thou hast a perfect knowledge of this science, though others may be wanting." The Bráhmaṇ, with all exultation and vanity, said: "O my fellow-self and sharer of my griefs, sorrow not now, for I have learnt the four Vedas, and am chief of learned professors." The wife exclaimed: "Woe is me if thou hast not learned the Fifth Veda!"¹ Quoth the Bráhmaṇ: "Why, woman, it has been ascertained by the most learned masters and pandits that the Vedas are four; wherefore, then, sayest thou there are five?" The woman instantly, on hearing this speech, beating the hands of mortification against each other, cried out: "What an unlucky fate is mine! Surely in the volume of decree happiness was not affixed to my name, but in the divine records the impression of disappointment stamped on the pages of my lot!" Greatly distressed by these words, the husband asked what was the cause of her despair. She replied that the rájá had then a difficult case before him, the solution of which depended upon the Fifth Veda, and that day had summoned all the Bráhmaṇs to his court. As they were ignorant of the Fifth Veda they had been imprisoned by order of the rájá, and it was decreed that if during the night they could not solve the problem, they should on the morrow be dragged through the streets to execution. Assuredly word of his arrival would soon reach the rájá, and he should become another victim, unless he at once escaped, while his presence in the city was unknown to any but herself, and went forth to acquire the Fifth Veda. The poor fellow lost not a moment in setting out on a second pilgrimage, and reaching the outskirts of a city, he sat down to rest beside a draw-well, to which presently came up five ladies. Observing his toil-worn and woe-begone appearance, they began to question him as to whence he had come and whither he was going, upon which he disclosed all the circumstances; "and as they possessed perfect skill in the Fifth Veda, on hearing his story

¹ Or the Tirreá Bede, as in Scott.

they expanded their mouths with laughter, for they guessed that his wife was an able professor, and, in order to follow her own pleasures, had committed the simple man to the desert of pilgrimage. Taking pity on his forlorn condition and ignorance, they said: 'Ah, distracted youth and poor wanderer from the path of knowledge, although the Fifth Veda is as a stormy sea, nay, even a boundless deep which no philosopher can fathom by the aid of his profound wisdom, yet comfort thy soul, for we will solve thy difficulty, and expound to thee the mysteries of this science.' The Bráhmaṇ expressed his joy and gratitude at meeting with such learned ladies, and they thereupon agreed that each day one of them should engage to disclose to him a section of the Fifth Veda.

Next day one of the ladies conducts the simpleton to her house, and introduces him to her husband and mother-in-law as her sister's son. Then she gets ready a variety of food and liquors for his entertainment; and at night, having left her husband on some pretext, she comes to the young Bráhmaṇ, and makes him an offer of her love-favours, which he rejects with expressions of horror and indignation. She then assumes a frowning look, and calls out in a loud voice, as if she was about to be violated. Her female neighbours crowd into the apartment, and the lady, having at the same moment upset and spilt a dish of rice and milk, said to them: "O my sisters, this youth is my nephew, and he was drinking some rice and milk, when all at once a chill struck his heart, and he fainted—that is why I called for assistance." Her friends, having comforted her, took their leave, when she addressed the Bráhmaṇ: "O thou inexperienced man, see what a calamity hung over thee! Quick, now, and do my desire." Remediless, he complied, after which she dismissed him, saying: "Ah, thou dead-hearted creature, this is one section of the Fifth Veda, in which I have instructed thee. Be cautious that thou erreſt not again."¹

¹ In some texts of the Book of Sindibád—the Syriac, *Sindban*; the Greek, *Syntipas*; the Hispano-Arabic, *Libro de los Engannos et los Asayamientos de las Mugeres*: 'Book of the Deceits and Tricks of Women'; the Persian, *Sindibád Nāma*, etc.—this story is told of a philosopher who had compiled a book of Woman's Wiles. When the lady's friends have retired, she asks him: "Hast thou written down all this in thy book?" and on his replying that he had not, she exclaims: "In vain, O man, have you laboured, for you have

On the second day another of the learned dames took him to her house, and said to her husband that a certain greengrocer's wife had bragged of his varied accomplishments, but chiefly of his being able to milk a cow with his eyes blindfolded, and not spill a drop from the vessel, and that she herself had laid a wager with the woman that he (her own husband) could do the like feat, wherefore she had brought this young man to act as an impartial witness. The husband very willingly consented to have his eyes blindfolded, and while he was engaged milking the cow, the lady beckoned to the young Bráhmaṇ, who quickly advanced, and studied the second section of the Fifth Veda. When she had finished her instructions, she untied the band from her husband's eyes, and congratulated him on his success, and he, simple man, was equally rejoiced that he had accomplished so difficult a task as milking a cow with his eyes blindfolded.

On the third day another of the ladies, "who by her wiles could have drawn the devil's claws," took the Bráhmaṇ under her charge, and having placed him in a lodging, went to her own house, where she pretended to have a most severe pain in her stomach, and declared that she was dying. Her husband was much concerned, and proposed going off at once to fetch a physician, but she said: "Don't go away; but place a curtain between us, that I may send for a female friend who is skilled in the cure of this complaint." The curtain was soon fixed, and the husband seating himself respectfully outside it, employed himself in prayers for the recovery of his wife, who sent word to the Bráhmaṇ to cover himself with a long veil and enter as a woman. He comes without delay, and in due form prescribes for her complaint, which having relieved, he then retires to his lodging with the blessings of the husband.

We have now reached the fourth section of the Fifth Veda, which is an

accomplished nothing, and have never fathomed the machinations of women!" Then the sage burnt his book, returned home, and took a wife. The story is somewhat differently told in the Persian text—see my *Book of Sindibád*, from the Arabic and Persian, pp. 83—87, and pp. 255—263 where analogous stories are cited.

Indo-Persian Version of the Pear-Tree Story.

THE fourth lady, through dread of the arrow of whose cunning the warrior of the fifth heaven¹ trembled in the sky like a reed, having bestowed her attention on the pilgrim Bráhmaṇ, despatched him to an orchard, and, having gone home, said to her husband: "I have heard that in the orchard of a certain husbandman there is a date-tree, the fruit of which is of remarkably fine flavour; but what is yet stranger, whoever ascends it sees many wonderful objects. If to-day, going to visit this orchard, we gather dates from the tree, and also see the wonders of it, it will not be unproductive of amusement." In short, she so worked upon her husband with flattering speeches and caresses, that he went to the orchard, and, at the instigation of his wife, ascended the tree. At this instant she beckoned to the Bráhmaṇ, who was previously seated expectantly in a corner of the garden. The husband, from the top of the tree, beholding what was not fit to be seen, exclaimed in extreme rage: "Ah, thou shameless Russian-born wretch!² what abominable action is this?" The wife making not the least answer, the flames of anger seized the mind of the man, and he began to descend from the tree, when the Bráhmaṇ, with alacrity and speed, having hurried over the Fourth Section of the Tirrea Bede, went his way:

The road to repose is that of activity and quickness.

The wife, having arranged her plan during her husband's descent from the tree, said: "Surely, man, frenzy must have deprived thy brain of the fumes of sense, that, having foolishly set up such a cry, and not reflecting upon thy own disgrace—for, excepting thyself, what man is here present?—thou wouldst fix upon me the charge of infidelity." The husband, when he saw no person near, was astonished, and said to himself: "Certainly this vision must have been miraculous." The completely artful wife from the hesitation of her husband guessed the cause, and impudently began to abuse him. Then, instantly tying her vest round her waist, she ascended the

¹ That is, the planet Mars.

² The Asiatics have a very contemptible opinion of the Russians, especially of the females, whom they believe to be void of common modesty. Our early European voyagers have expressed the same idea.—*Note by the Translator.*

tree, and when she had reached the topmost branch she suddenly cried out: "O thou shameless man! what abomination is this? If thy evil star hath led thee from the path of virtue, surely thou mightest have in secret ventured upon it. Doubtless to pull down the curtain of modesty from thine eyes, and with such impudence to commit such a wicked deed, is the very extreme of debauchery!" The husband replied: "Woman, do not thus ridiculously cry out, but be silent; for such is the property of this tree, that whoever ascends it sees man or woman below in such situations." The cunning wife now came down, and said to her husband: "What a charming garden and amusing spot is this, where one can gather fruit, and at the same time behold the wonders of the world." The husband replied: "Destruction seize the wonders which falsely accuse a man of abomination!" In short, the devilish wife, notwithstanding the impudence of such an action, escaped safely to her house; and next day, according to custom, attending at the well, introduced the Bráhmaṇ to the ladies, and informed them of her worthy contrivance.¹

The fifth lady—from whose cunning, quoth our author, the devil would own there was no escaping—takes the young Bráhmaṇ to her dwelling, where she feigns madness. Acting on her previous instructions, he plays the part of a physician, and declares that the lady is possessed of an evil spirit. He causes the house to be swept and cleansed, and perfumes to be burnt. Finally he has her placed in a close litter, which he also enters, and while four men carry the litter four times round the court of the house, to the strains of musical instruments, he learns the last section of the Fifth Veda, and is dismissed with the compliments of all the friends of the family on having so skilfully caused the evil spirit to depart out of the lady.

"On the following day the artful lady conducted the Bráhmaṇ to the well, and related to her companions the wonderful adventure; on which they applauded, and allowed her superiority in the mysteries

¹ Although the original of this story has not hitherto been discovered, so far as I am aware, yet there can be no question of its being of Hindú extraction, and I think it very probable it may be found in the *Suka Saptati*, whence other tales have been taken into the *Bahár-i Dánush*.

of the Fifth Veda over themselves. The five ladies, who might be considered as the five senses of cunning, now dismissed the Bráhmaṇ, saying: 'Thou hast now attained a full knowledge of the Fifth Veda, its depth and its difficulties; also, how well instructed thy chaste wife is in the science, and for what she has made thee a wanderer in the road of pilgrimage.' "

The Bráhmaṇ now hastened home in a great rage, twisting his whiskers. On his arrival, his wife readily guessed from his manner towards her that his eyes had been opened to her conduct, but behaved herself with meekness. At night, unable to resist the importunities of her lover, when her husband was asleep she left a female friend to supply her place by his side,¹ and after putting out the lamp went to her paramour. The Bráhmaṇ, waking soon after, in a rage at the woman's not replying to his addresses (for she was afraid to speak lest he should discover the deceit), rose up, and taking a sharp knife cut off her nose, believing she was his wife, and then lay down to sleep again. The wife, returning from her lover, learns from her friend what had happened to her, and having sent her away, retired into a corner, and prayed to the gods that if she was free from vice her nose might be restored. The Bráhmaṇ, hearing this extraordinary petition, at once arose, and lighted a lamp that he might see whether her nose proved the truth of her words. Finding it unhurt he was overwhelmed with shame, humbly begged her pardon, and now regarding her as the most virtuous of women, lived contentedly with her the rest of his days.²

¹ A similar device, it will be remembered, occurs in *Gil Blas*, B. II. ch. vii., in the story of the young barber of whom the fair Mergellina, the languishing spouse of old Doctor Oloroso, is deeply enamoured. Her duenna, Melancia, has contrived to introduce the youth into the house at night, and the eager dame, after telling him of her stratagem, laughingly adds: "But the most pleasant part of this adventure is, that Melancia, understanding from me that my husband commonly sleeps soundly, has gone to bed to him, and this very minute supplies my place." "So much the worse, madam," says the timorous youth; "I cannot approve of this invention: your husband may awake and perceive the cheat." "*He cannot perceive it,*" answers she with precipitation; "do not be uneasy on that score."

² The incident of the woman's confidante losing her nose occurs in the Sanskrit form of the Fables of Pilpay (or Bidpai), entitled *Hitopadesa*, or Friendly Counsel, ch. ii. fab. 6. Guérin's *fabliau* of "Les Cheveux Coupés" (Le Grand, ed. 1781, tome ii. p. 280) is somewhat similar, and seems to be

As a notable example of the craft and depravity of women, the story of the Enchanted Tree is related to the sultan by one of his sage ministers in the Turkish romance of *The Forty Vazirs*, some account of which is given in my preceding paper, p. 322.

Turkish Version.

THERE was in the palace of the world a grocer, and he had a wife, a beauty of the age; and that woman had a leman. One day this woman's leman said: "If thy husband found us out he would not leave either of us sound." The woman said: "I am able to manage that I shall make merry with thee before my husband's eyes." The youth said: "Such a thing cannot be." The woman replied: "In such and such a place there is a great tree; to-morrow I will go a-pleasuring with my husband to the foot of that tree; do thou hide thyself in a secret place near that tree, and when I make a sign to thee, come." As her leman went off her husband came. The woman said: "Fellow, my soul wishes to go a-pleasuring with thee to-morrow to such and such a tree." The fellow replied: "So be it." When it was morning the woman and her husband went to that tree. The woman said: "They say that he who eats this sweet-meat sees single things as though they were double." And she ate some, and gave her husband some to eat. Half-an-hour afterward the woman climbed up the tree, and turned and looked down, and began: "May thou be blind! may thou get the like from God! Fellow, what deed is this thou doest? Is there any one who has ever done this deed? Thou makest merry with a strange woman under the eyes of thy wife;—quick, divorce me." And she cried out. Her husband said: "Out on thee, woman, hast thou turned mad? There is no one by me." Quoth the woman: "Be silent,

imitated in one of the Tales of the Men of Gotham.—Dr. Jonathan Scott says this story of the Tirrea Bede (Fifth Veda) "was probably originally written by a Hindú of inferior caste," and he had been told that "the asking of one of those privileged and sacred personages whether he had studied the Fifth Veda is often done by wags when they find him ignorant and insolently proud of his high descent." There is, however, no special reason for supposing the story was not composed by a Bráhmaṇ: many tales in the *Kathá Sarit Ságara* are about foolish and ignorant Bráhmaṇs, and that work was not written by "a Hindú of inferior caste."

unblushing, shameless fellow! Lo, the woman is with thee, and thou deniest." Her husband said: "Come down." She replied: "I will not come down so long as that woman is with thee." Her husband began to swear, protesting, and the woman came down and said to him: "Where is that harlot?—quick, show her me, else thou shalt know." Again the fellow swore, and the woman said: "Can it be the work of the sweetmeat?" The fellow said: "May be!" Quoth the woman: "Do thou go up and look down on me, and let us see." Her husband clutched the tree, and while he was climbing the woman signed to her leman. The fellow looked down, and saw the woman making merry with a youth. This time the fellow cried out: "Away with thee! Out on thee, shameless youth!" The woman said: "Thou liest." But the fellow could not endure it, and began to come down, and the youth ran off.¹

OUR story of the Enchanted Tree is also found in the Breslau printed text of the *Arabian Nights*, edited by Habicht and Fleischer from a Tunisian MS., and published in 12 vols., 1825-43. It forms one of a series of tales enclosed within a frame-story, which seems imitated from that of the Book of Sindibád (or the Seven Vazírs): Er-Rahwan, the prime minister of King Shah Bakht, had many enemies who were eager for his ruin, being envious of the great confidence which the king reposed in him. It chanced one night that the king dreamt that his vazír had given him a fruit which he ate and died therefrom. The king sent for a famed astrologer to interpret this dream, and he, having been bribed by the enemies of Er-Rahwan, told him that it signified his favourite minister would slay him within the ensuing twenty-eight days. Shah Bakht then summoned the vazír to his private chamber, and disclosed to him his dream and the astrologer's interpretation thereof; and Er-Rahwan, perceiving that this was a stratagem of his enemies, at once devised

¹ From Mr. Gibb's complete translation of the *Qirg Vezír Tárikhi*, or 'History of the Forty Vezírs.'—Regarding this interesting story-book, Sir Richard F. Burton writes to me as follows: "I think that the original was Persian, not Arabic, and that from Persian it was translated into Turkish;—the general tone of the work suggests this to me. When Easterns speak of Arabic texts, it is usually to show that they are of the Ulema."

a plan whereby he should save his life and defeat their machinations. Professing himself ready to submit to death, he begged as a last favour that he should be permitted to spend the evening with the king, and on the morrow his majesty should do with him as he thought fit. Shah Bakht, who still loved the good vazír, gave his consent, and that night Er-Rahwan told him a story which so pleased him that he respite the vazír for a day, in order that he should hear another story which Er-Rahwan offered to relate. In this way he entertained Shah Bakht each night until the fatal twenty-eight days were past, when the malice of his enemies was made manifest.¹ On the ninth night Er-Rahwan related the following story (according to Mr. Payne's translation):²

Arabian Version.

THERE was once of old time a foolish, ignorant man who had wealth galore, and his wife was a fair woman who loved a handsome youth. The latter used to watch for her husband's absence, and come to her, and on this wise he abode a long while. One day as the woman was private with her lover, he said to her: "O my lady and my beloved, if thou desire me and love me, give me possession of thyself and accomplish my need in thy husband's presence, else I will never again come to thee nor draw near thee what while I abide on life." Now she loved him with an exceeding love, and could not brook his separation an hour, nor could endure to vex him; so when she heard his words, she said to him: "[So be it] in God's name! O my beloved and solace of mine eyes, may he not live who would vex thee." Quoth he: "To-day?" And

¹ Similar to this is the frame of an Indian romance, *Alakeswara Kathá*, in which four ministers of state are falsely accused of entering the royal harem, and they relate stories to the king which disarm his wrath, after which their innocence is established; and that of the *Bakhtyár Nâma*, a Persian romance, in which ten vazírs seek the death of the king's favourite, Prince Bakhtyár, who saves himself for ten days by recounting to the king notable instances of the fatal effects of precipitate judgments, when he is discovered to be the king's own son, and the wicked vazírs are all put to death.

² The Breslau printed text of the *Arabian Nights* is so very corrupt that Mr. Payne, in such of the tales as he has translated, attempts to "make sense" by occasionally inserting some words within square brackets.

she said: "Yes, by thy life," and appointed him of this. When her husband came home, she said to him: "I desire to go a-pleasuring." And he said: "With all my heart." So he went till he came to a goodly place abounding in vines and water, whither he carried her, and pitched her a tent beside a great tree; and she betook herself to a place beside the tent, and made her there an underground hiding-place [in which she hid her lover]. Then said she to her husband: "I desire to mount this tree." And he said: "Do so." So she climbed up, and when she came to the top of the tree she cried out and buffeted her face, saying: "Lewd fellow that thou art! Are these thy usages? Thou swore [fidelity to me], and liedst." And she repeated her speech twice or thrice. Then she came down from the tree, and rent her clothes, and said: "O villain! if these be thy dealings with me before my eyes, how dost thou when thou art absent from me?" Quoth he: "What aileth thee?" And she said: "I saw thee swive the woman before my very eyes." "Not so, by Allah," cried he. "But hold thy peace till I go up and see." So he climbed the tree, and no sooner did he begin to do so, than up came the lover [from his hiding-place], and taking the woman by the legs [fell to swiving her]. When the husband came to the top of the tree, he looked and beheld a man swiving his wife. So he said: "O strumpet! what doings are these?" And he made haste to come down from the tree to the ground [but meanwhile the lover had returned to his hiding-place], and his wife said to him: "What sawest thou?" "I saw a man swive thee," answered he. And she said: "Thou liest; thou sawest nought, and sayest this but of conjecture." On this wise they did three times, and every time [he climbed the tree] the lover came up out of the underground place and bestrode her, whilst her husband looked on, and she still said: "O liar! seest thou aught?" "Yes," he would answer, and came down in haste, but saw no one; and she said to him: "By my life, look and say nought but the truth." Then said he to her: "Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Jinn and Marids."¹ [So they returned to their house] and passed the night [there]; and the man

¹ For a full account of the jinn (genii), marids, ifrits, and other kinds of beings, see Lane's *Arabian Nights*, vol. i. pp. 26—33.

arose in the morning assured that this was all but imagination and illusion. And so the lover accomplished his desire.¹

It is obvious, I think, that there is a close connection between this last version and that from the *Forty Vazírs*, as seems also the case of many other stories peculiar to the Tunisian (Breslau) text of the *Arabian Nights*, of which variants are found in collections of the early Italian novelists—a circumstance which may perhaps serve to throw some light on the introduction of Eastern fictions into the south of Europe.—In the Turkish story of the Enchanted Tree, it will be observed, the lover expresses to his paramour his fear lest her husband discover their secret on-goings, upon which she undertakes to sport with him in presence of her spouse, and no harm should come of it; while in the Arabic version it is the lover who makes this proposal to the woman, which is doubtless a corruption of the original, as represented in the *Forty Vazírs*.—A bulky, if not very edifying, volume might easily be compiled of analogous stories, both Western and Eastern; but it will be sufficient in the present paper to cite only a few of the more remarkable “examples” of Woman’s Wiles, one of which is the story of the meddling father-in-law, occurring in the Persian *Sindibád Náma*,² the *Túti Náma*,³ and the Sanskrit *Suka Saptati*⁴:

The Officious Father-in-Law.

ONE day as a shopkeeper’s wife was sitting on the terrace of her house a young man saw her, and was enamoured. The woman perceived that the youth had fallen in love with her, so she called him to her and said: “Come to me after midnight, and seat yourself under a tree that is in my courtyard.” After midnight the youth repaired to her house, and the woman got out of bed and went to

¹ *Tales from the Arabic of the Breslau and Calcutta (1814-18) Editions of the Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night, not occurring in the other Printed Texts of the Work.* Now first done into English by John Payne. London: Printed for the Villon Society, 1884. In Three Volumes. Vol. i. pp. 270-2.

² Second tale of the Fifth Vazír.

³ Eighth Night: story of the Fifth Vazír.

⁴ Fifteenth Night.

him, and slept with him under the tree. It happened that the shopkeeper's father, having occasion to go out of the house, discovered his son's wife asleep beside a strange man, and he took the rings from off the woman's ankles, saying to himself: "In the morning I will have her punished." But the woman, soon after awaking, discovered what had occurred, and she sent away the youth, and going to her husband awoke him, and said: "The house is very hot; come, let us sleep under the tree." In short, she slept with her husband in that very spot where she and the young man had sported together. And when her husband was fast asleep, she roused him again, saying: "Your father came here just now, and taking the rings from off my ankles carried them away. That old man, whom I consider as my father, how could he approach me at the time I was sleeping with my husband, and take away my ankle-rings?" In the morning the husband was wroth with his father when he came showing the ankle-rings and disclosed how he had seen his wife with a strange man. The son spake harshly to his father, saying: "In the night, when, on account of the heat, my wife and I were sleeping under the tree, you came, and taking the rings from my wife's legs, carried them away—at that very time she awoke me and informed me of the circumstance."¹

¹ However this story may have come to Europe, it occurs, in a slightly modified form, in the *Heptameron*—a work ascribed to Margaret, Queen of Navarre, but it is believed that Bonaventure des Periers, who succeeded the celebrated Clement Marot as her valet de chambre, had a principal hand in its composition: An officious neighbour, looking out of his window, discovers a lady and her gallant in the garden. When the lady finds that she is thus watched, she sends the lover away, and going into the house, persuades her husband to spend what remains of the night in the same spot. In the morning the neighbour meets the husband, and acquaints him of his wife's misconduct, but is answered: "It was I, gossip, it was I," not a little to the gossip's chagrin.

It is perhaps not generally known that a highly "moral" operetta based on this tale was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1825, entitled *'Twas I*, which is thus outlined in the *Lady's Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 755: Georgette Clairville, a pretty *paysanne*, belongs to the household of a farmer named Delorme. It is the custom of the village to give a marriage portion and a chaplet annually to the most innocent and virtuous maiden, so declared by the unanimous voice of the inhabitants. Georgette is announced as entitled to the prize, to the great indignation of one Madame Mag, an envious old maid, whose window overlooks the farmer's garden. In one of her ill humours she detects the light-hearted farmer snatching a kiss from his servant, and exclaiming aloud, shuts the casement. Conscious of having been seen,

Thus far, according to Káderi's abridgment of the *Tútt Náma*, but in the original work of Nakhshabí, as well as in the *Suka Saptati*, the father-in-law is by no means satisfied with his son's assurance of the woman's innocence. He cites her to the Tank of Trial at Agra, the water in which had the property of testing whether a person spoke truth or falsehood: if the former, the person when thrown into it floated, and if the latter, he sank to the bottom.¹ Now the woman well knew what her fate would be if she swore falsely, so she requested her lover to feign madness, and to grasp her at the moment she was to undergo the trial, which he did accordingly, and was quickly beaten back by the assembled multitude. Then the woman, advancing to the edge of the tank, cried: "I swear that I have never touched any man except my husband and that insane fellow who assaulted me a moment since. Let this water be my punishment if I have not spoken the truth." Thereupon she boldly leaped into the tank, and the water bore her on its surface. So she was unanimously declared innocent, and returned home with her husband, who had never questioned her fidelity.²

THE artful device of the woman in the Persian tale, of getting rid of her simple husband by despatching him to learn the Fifth Veda, finds an analogue in a story current in Ceylon, which is thus translated in *The Orientalist*, vol. ii. (1885), p. 148:

Delorme brings his wife into the same situation, and contrives to be as gallant to her as to Georgette. Of course, when the old lady makes her accusation the wife exclaims "'Twas I," and Madame Mag is drummed out of the village as a slanderer. A male servant of the same farmer, the lover of Georgette, is also made unconsciously serviceable in the same exclamatory way, and he is rewarded with her fair hand.—The chronicler adds, that in the performance of this dainty operetta Madame Vestris played the part of the village heroine, and some pretty airs were sung by her in an agreeable manner.

¹ It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that suspected witches were also "tested" in this manner in England and other European countries in the bad old times.

² This incident reappears in the mediæval "Life" of Virgilius, and in the ancient romance of Sir Tristrem (or Tristan). For analogous tests of chastity I take the liberty of referring the "curious" reader to my forthcoming work, *Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations* (Blackwood), vol. i., p. 172 ff.

Sinhalese Story of Woman's Wiles.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain country a husband-man. The paddy-crop of his field being ripe, he built a small watch-hut near it, and lived in it for four months, on the look-out for trespassers. At the end of that time he reaped and threshed his crop, and returned home. Towards evening, on the day of his return, his wife called to him, and said : "Did you hear of the order that was proclaimed this day in the village by beat of tom-tom?" He answered in the negative. So she went on to say : "An order was made that every field-owner should instantly repair to his watch-hut, and, though there be no crop to take care of, he should remain in it for full six months." He believed this story, and very reluctantly returned to his watch-hut, and remained there. It chanced that a sportsman called at his hut, and asked him : "Why are you staying here at such an unusual season?" The simple fellow replied : "Do you not know that an order was proclaimed throughout the village that every field-owner should remain in his watch-hut for full six months, even though there should be no crop to watch over?" Quoth the sportsman : "No such order has been made ; but it seems that your wife has taken advantage of your credulity, and imposed on you. The fact is, she is carrying on an intrigue, and this is only a trick of hers to keep you out of the way." The peasant then began to swear to the fidelity of his wife ; and after the sportsman had long argued with him in vain, he said : "If you would ascertain the truth of what I say, go *slowly* some day and see whom you will find in the house, and make yourself sure about the matter." He consented to this, and went as directed ; but, as he walked very *slowly*, day dawned before he reached his house. When the sportsman called again, and inquired what he had seen at his house, the noodle told him how he was surprised by the dawn. "How so?" "Because I walked slowly." The sportsman explained that he meant he should walk fast when he started, and go slowly when he neared the house : he should try again. This time the blockhead started to run at the top of his speed, and when about a mile from his house he walked very slowly, so that once more it was

daylight before he reached home. Again the sportsman called, and learned of this fresh failure. "You are certainly a queer fellow," he said. "I've sent you twice. Now try a third time. Listen, and do exactly what I tell you. Run from this place as fast as you can, and when you get to the fence near your garden, halt a while, walk with measured steps, then call to the inmates of the house, and see whom you find there." Reaching the fence, the poor fellow's garment got caught by one of the palings; he suspected that it was his wife's paramour who had come behind and seized him. So he bawled out: "Let me alone! let me alone! I assure you I did not come here as a spy." Hearing these words, the wife and her paramour got out of the house; the latter concealed himself, and the wife, having loosed her simple husband, at once began to scold him for coming at such an unusual hour; warned him of his danger if the king were to know; and then extolled her own virtuous conduct. Thereupon the wittol went back to his watch-hut, and spent the rest of the six months, in season and out of season.

A UNIQUE example of the wiles of women is found in the *fabliau* entitled *La Saineresse*, of which Le Grand has furnished a very modest and very unintelligible abstract. Barbazan gives it in its original form, as follows:

La Saineresse.

D'un bourgeois vous acont la vie,
 Qui se vanta de grant folie,
 Que fame nel' poroit bouler.
 Sa fame en a oï parler,
 Si en parla priveement,
 Et en jura un serement
 Qu'ele le fera mençongier,
 Jà tant ne s'i saura gueter.
 Un jor erent en lor meson
 La gentil Dame et le preudon,
 En un banc sistrent lez à lez;
 N'i furent gueres demorez,

I'll tell you of a
 citizen,
 who bragged that
 woman couldn't
 cuckold him.

His wife hears
 of it, and swears
 she'd do it, and
 tell him of it
 without offence.

10 One day, as they
 were both sitting
 on a bench,

a smooth rascal
enters, in wo-
man's dress (in a
loose smock, with
a wimple of
saffron hue),

with a show of
wares and
cupping gear,
and salutes the
citizen :

"God be with
you, good man,
you and your
companion."

"God keep you,
fair friend ;
come and sit
beside me."

"I'm not tired,
thanks."

"Lady, you've
sent for me :

now tell me your
pleasure."

She bids her (him)
go up-stairs,
and she'll settle
with him ; and
tells her husband
they'll return
soon.
She has pains in
the back, and
must be blooded.

Then she mounts
after the rascal,
and they shut the
door.
The rascal seizes
her merrily, lays
her on the bed,
and swives her
three times.

When they have
had enough of it,
they go down-
stairs, and into
the house.

Esvos un pautonier à l'uis
Moult cointe et noble et sambloit plus
Fame que home sa moitié,
Vestu d'un chainsse deslié,
D'une guimpe bien safrenée,
Et vint menant moult grant posnée ;
Ventouses porte à ventouser,
Et vait le bourgeois saluer
En mi l'aire de sa meson.
Diex soit o vous, sire preudon,
Et vous et vostre compaignie.
Diex vous gart, dist cil, bele amie :
Venez seoir lez moi icy.
Sire, dist-il, vostre merci,
Je ne sui mie trop lassée.
Dame, vous m'avez ci mandée,
Et m'avez ci fete venir,
Or me dites vostre plesir.
Cele ne fu pas esbahie,
Vous dites voir, ma douce amie,
Montez là sus en cel solier,
Il m'estuet de vostre mestier.
Ne vous poist, dist-ele au bourgeois,
Quar nous revendrons demanois ;
J'ai goute és rains moult merveillouse,
Et por ce que sui si goutouse
Mestuet-il fere un poi sainier.
Lors monte après le pautonier,
Les huis clostrent de maintenant.
Le pautonier le prent esrant,
En un lit l'avoit estendue,
Tant que il l'a trois fois foutue.
Quant il orent assez joué,
Foutue, besié et acolé,
Si se descendent del perrin,
Contreval les degrez enfin,

20

30

40

Vindrent esrant en la meson ;
 Cil ne fut pas fol ne briçon,
 Ainz le salua demanois.
 Sire, adieu, dist-il au borgois.
 Diex vous sant, dist-il, bele amie ;
 Dame, se Diex vous beneie,
 Paiez cele fame moult bien,
 Ne retenez de son droit rien
 De ce que vous sert en manaie.
 Sire, que vous chaut de ma paie ?
 Dist la borgoise à son Seignor.
 Je vous oi parler de folor,
 Quar nous deus bien en convendra,
 Cil s'en va, plus n'i demora,
 La poche aux ventouses a prise.
 Le borgoise se r'est assise
 Lez son Seignor bien aboufée.
 Dame, moult estes afouée,
 Et si avez trop demoré.
 Sire, merci por amor Dé,
 J'à ai-je esté trop travaillie,
 Si ne pooie estre saineie,
 Et m'a plus de cent cops ferue,
 Tant que je sui toute molue ;
 N'onques tant cop n'i sot ferir
 C'onques sanc en péust issir ;
 Par trois rebinées me prist,
 Et à chascune fois m'assist
 Sor mes rains deux de ses pecons,
 Et me feroit uns cops si lons,
 Toute me sui fet martirier,
 Et si ne poi onques sainier.
 Granz cops me feroit et sovent,
 Morte fussent mon escient,
 S'un trop bon oingnement ne fust.
 Qui de tel oingnement éust,

50

The rascal salutes
 the citizen,
 "Good-bye," and
 "Lady, God bless
 you."

Quoth the cuck-
 old, "Wife, see
 that you pay this
 woman well."

"Don't fear, but I
 shall."

60

The rascal goes
 off, with his
 cupping gear.

The citizen's wife
 sits down, all out
 of breath.

"Wife, you're
 fatigued; you
 stayed too long."

"Sir, I thank
 you; I have been
 too hard worked,
 as I couldn't be
 blooded, and got
 more than 100
 strokes, so I'm
 beaten all over.
 For all that not a
 drop of blood
 would come.

70

For 3 punctures
 I got, and each
 time two of her
 (his) stings (?),
 and got such long
 strokes I'm sore
 all over,

80

and yet I couldn't
 be bled.
 Great strokes I
 had, and deadly
 they'd have been
 but for a good
 ointment.

Whoso has such

ointment can
have no pain.
And when she
(he) had hammer-
ed me, she salved
my wounds—
great and ugly
ones, so that I'm
quite cured.

I like such oint-
ment ;

it issued from a
gutter, and so
descended into an
orifice."

Quoth the citizen,
"My fair friend,
for once you've
had good oint-
ment."

He didn't see the
joke, and she
wasn't ashamed
to tell of the
lechery ;

for all the trick
she'd played him,
she must also tell
it him.

He's a fool, then,
who swears by his
head and neck
that woman can't
cuckold him,
and that he
knows how to
prevent it.
But there's not
in this country
a man who's so
clever woman
won't outwit him,
when she who
was bad in the
back cuckolded
her lord at once.

Jà ne fust més de mal grevée,
Et quant m'ot tant demartelée,
Si m'a après ointes mes plaies
Qui moult par erent granz et laies,
Tant que je sui toute guerie :

Tel oingnement ne haz-je mie,
Et il ne fet pas à haïr,

Et si ne vous en quier mentir.

L'oingnement issoit d'un tuiel,

Et si descendoit d'un forel

D'une pel moult noire et hideuse,

Mais moult par estoit savoreuse.

Dist li borgois, ma bele amie,

A poi ne fustes mal baillie,

Bon oingnement avez éu.

Cil ne s'est pas apercéu

De la borde qu'ele conta,

Et cele nule honte n'a

De la lecherie essaucier.

Por tant le veut bien essayer,

Jà n'en fust païé à garant,

Se ne li contast maintenant.

Por ce tieng-je celui à fol

Qui jure son chief et son col

Que fame nel' poroit bouler,

Et que bien s'en sauroit garder.

Mais il n'est pas en cest païs

Cil qui tant soit de sens espris

Que mie se péust guetier

Que fame nel' puist engingnier,

Quant cele qui ot mal es rains

Boula son Seignor preimerains.

90

100

110

116

*Explicit de la Saineresse.*¹

¹ *Fabliaux et Contes des poètes françois des XI., XII., XIII., XIV., et XV^e siècles.* Tirés des meilleurs auteurs. Publiés par Barbazan. Nouvelle Edition, augmentée, etc., par M. Meon. Paris, 1808. Tome iii. p. 451-4.

KELLER, in the elaborate *einleitung* to his edition of the French metrical version of the *Romans des Sept Sages*, written in the 13th century, refers to a number of variants of "The Enchanted Tree," some of which have but a remote resemblance to the story, such as an incident in the romance of Tristan (or Tristrem), which occurs in Fytte Second, stanzas 86 to 93 of Scott's edition of the version in the Auchinleck MS. (Advocates' Library, Edinburgh):

Queen Ysoude and Sir Tristrem.

The interviews between Tristrem and Ysoude are discovered by a dwarf, called Meriadok,* concealed in a tree. The dwarf advises King Mark to proclaim a great hunting match, and, instead of going to the forest, to conceal himself in the dwarf's hiding-place. Meriadok is sent to Tristrem with a pretended message from Ysoude, appointing a meeting. Tristrem, suspecting the deceit, returns a cold answer. The dwarf tells the king to put no confidence in his message, for Tristrem will certainly meet Ysoude that night. Mark having climbed into the tree, the two lovers meet beneath it, but, being aware of the king's presence from his shadow, they assume the tone of quarrel and recrimination. Tristrem charges Ysoude with having alienated from him the affections of his uncle, the king, so that he was nearly compelled to fly into Wales. Ysoude avows her hatred of Tristrem, alleging as the cause her husband's unjust suspicions of their criminal intercourse. The dialogue is continued in the same strain; Tristrem beseeching Ysoude to procure him a dismissal from the court, and she engaging, on condition of his departure, to supplicate Mark to endow him with suitable means of support. The good-natured monarch is overwhelmed with joy and tenderness at the supposed discovery of the innocence of his wife and nephew. Far from assenting to Tristrem's departure, he creates him high constable, and the grateful knight carries on his intrigue with Ysoude without farther suspicion for the space of three years.

THE twelfth tale in *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, entitled "Le Veau," is also included by Keller among analogues of our story, as to which the reader may judge from the following abstract and extract:

The Peasant in the Tree.

“**L**A douziesme nouvelle parle d’ung Hollandois, qui, nuyt et jour, à toute heure, ne cessoit d’assaillir sa femme au jeu d’amours ; et comment d’aventure il la rua par terre, en passant par ung bois, soubz ung grant arbre sur lequel estoit ung laboureur qui avoit perdu son veau. Et, en faisant inventoire des beaux membres de sa femme, dist qu’il veoit tant de belles choses et quasi tout le monde ; à qui le laboureur demanda s’il veoit pas son veau qu’il cherchoit, duquel il disoit qu’il luy sembloit en veoir la queue.” . . . “Et comme il estoit en ceste parfonde estude, il disoit : ‘Maintenant, je voy cecy ! je voy cela ! Encores cecy ! encores cela !’ Et qui l’oyoit il veoit tout le monde et beaucoup plus. Et, après une grande et longue pose, estant en ceste gracieuse contemplacion, dist de rechief : ‘Sainte Marie, que je voy de choses !’ ‘Helas !’ dist lors le laboureur sur l’arbre, ‘bonnes gens, ne veez-vous point mon veau ? Sire, il me semble que j’en voy la queue.’ L’aulture, ja soit qu’il fust bien esbahy, subitement fist la response et dist : ‘Cette queue n’est par de ce veau.’”

The model of both Boccaccio’s and Chaucer’s tales seems to have been the version found in the *Comedia Lydiae*, or one similar to it. The story may, perhaps, exist in some of the great mediæval monkish collections of sermons, or of *exempla* designed for the use of preachers, such as the *Sermones* of Jacques de Vitry ; the *Liber de Donis* of Etienne de Bourbon ; the *Promptuarium Exemplorum* of John Herolt ; the *Summa Prædicantium* of John Bromyard. In the absence of any Eastern version representing the cuckolded husband as being blind and having his sight miraculously restored to discover himself dishonoured, we must conclude that this form of the story is of European invention. It is needless to add that Chaucer’s tale of January and May is incomparably the best-told of all the versions, whether Asiatic or European.

GLASGOW, October, 1886.

18.

The Innocent Persecuted Wife:

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE INNOCENT PERSECUTED WIFE:

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS OF THE *MAN OF LAW'S TALE*.¹

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

IN my last paper, stories are cited of the profligacy and craft of women; this is devoted to "the other side"—to stories of the depravity of men, and the patience and long-suffering of virtuous women, as typified by Constance, the noble heroine of Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*. The story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar (whom Muslims call Zulaykhá), which forms the subject of several beautiful Persian and Turkish poems, has its prototype in an Egyptian romance of two brothers, Satú and Anapú, written 3000 years ago, of which a copy on papyrus is preserved in the British Museum; and the ancient Greek classical legends as well as Indian and other Asiatic fictions furnish many parallels: *e. g.* Phædra and Hippolytus, Antea and Bellerophon, Sarangdhara and his step-mother Chitrángí, Gunasarman and the wife of King Mahásena. "Alas!" exclaims Somadeva, "women whose love is slighted are worse than poison!" But numerous as are the analogues of the story of Potiphar's Wife, there exist also some tales in which men are represented as playing the like shameful part against women, the most remarkable and wide-spread of which is that of the Innocent Persecuted Wife—the pious Constance of most European versions. The story is related with variations of details in at least three different texts of the *Book of the Thousand and One Nights*; and this is how it goes in the Calcutta and Búlák printed Arabic editions, according to Sir R. F. Burton's rendering:

¹ See also, *ante*, pp. iii—xii, 1—84, and 221—250.

First Arabian Version.

AMONG the children of Israel, one of the kázís had a wife of surpassing beauty, constant in fasting and abounding in patience and long-suffering ; and he, being minded to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, appointed his own brother kází in his stead, during his absence, and commended his wife to his charge. Now this brother had heard of her beauty and loveliness, and had taken a fancy to her. So no sooner was his brother gone, than he went to her and sought her love-favours ; but she denied him, and held fast to her chastity. The more she repelled him, the more he pressed his suit upon her ; till, despairing of her, and fearing lest she should acquaint his brother with his misconduct whenas he should return, he suborned false witnesses to testify against her of adultery ; and cited her and carried her before the king of the time, who adjudged her to be stoned. So they dug a pit, and seating her therein stoned her, till she was covered with stones, and the man said : “Be this hole her grave !” But when it was dark, a passer-by, making for a neighbouring hamlet, heard her groaning in sore pain ; and, pulling her out of the pit, carried her home to his wife, whom he bade dress her wounds. The peasant-woman tended her till she recovered, and presently gave her her child to be nursed ; and she used to lodge with the child in another house by night.

Now a certain thief saw her and lusted after her. So he sent to her, seeking her love-favours, but she denied herself to him ; wherefore he resolved to slay her, and, making his way into her lodging by night (and she sleeping), thought to strike at her with a knife ; but it smote the little one, and killed it. Now when he knew his misdeed, fear overtook him, and he went forth the house, and Allah preserved from him her chastity. But as she awoke in the morning, she found the child by her side with throat cut ; and presently the mother came, and, seeing her boy dead, said to the nurse : “’Twas thou didst murder him.” Therewith she beat her a grievous beating, and purposed to put her to death ; but her husband interposed, and delivered the woman, saying : “By Allah, thou shalt not do on this wise.” So the woman, who had somewhat of money with her, fled

forth for her life, knowing not whither she should wend. Presently she came to a village, where she saw a crowd of people about a man crucified to a tree-stump, but still in the chains of life. "What hath he done?" she asked, and they answered: "He hath committed a crime which nothing can expiate but death or the payment of such a fine by way of alms." So she said to them: "Take the money and let him go;" and, when they did so, he repented at her hands and vowed to serve her, for the love of Almighty Allah, till death should release him. Then he built her a cell, and lodged her therein; after which he betook himself to woodcutting, and brought her daily her bread. As for her, she was constant in worship, so that there came no sick man or demoniac to her, but she prayed for him and he was straightway healed. When the woman's cell was visited by folk (and she constant in worship), it befell by decree of the Almighty that He sent down upon her husband's brother (the same who had caused her to be stoned) a cancer in the face, and smote the villager's wife (the same who had beaten her) with leprosy, and afflicted the thief (the same who had murdered the child) with palsy. Now when the kází returned from his pilgrimage, he asked his brother of his wife, and he told him that she was dead, whereat he mourned sore, and accounted her with her Maker.

After a while very many folk heard of the pious recluse, and flocked to her cell from all parts of the length and breadth of the earth; whereupon said the kází to his brother: "O my brother, wilt thou not seek out yonder pious woman? Haply Allah shall decree thee healing at her hands." And he replied: "O my brother, carry me to her." Moreover, the husband of the leprous woman heard of the pious devotee, and carried his wife to her, as did also the people of the paralytic thief; and they all met at the door of the hermitage. Now she had a place wherefrom she could look out upon those who came to her, without their seeing her; and they waited till her servant came, when they begged admittance and obtained permission. Presently she saw them all and recognized them; so she veiled and cloaked face and body, and went out and stood in the door, looking at her husband and his brother and the thief and the peasant-woman; but they did not recognize her.

Then said she to them : " Ho, folk, ye shall not be relieved of what is with you till ye confess your sins ; for when the creature confesseth his sins, the Creator relenteth towards him and granteth him that wherefore he resorteth to him." Quoth the kází to his brother : " O my brother, repent to Allah and persist not in thy frowardness, for it will be more helpful to thy relief." And the tongue of the kází spake this speech :

This day oppressor and oppressèd meet,
And Allah showeth secrets we secrete :
This is a place where sinners low are brought ;
And Allah raiseth saint to highest seat.
Our Lord and Master shows the truth right clear,
Though sinner froward be, or own defeat :
Alas, for those who rouse the Lord to wrath,
As though of Allah's wrath they nothing meet !
O whoso seeketh honours, know they are
From Allah, and His fear with love entreat.

(Saith the relator,) Then quoth the brother : " Now I will tell the truth : I did thus and thus with thy wife ;" and he confessed the whole matter, adding, " and this is my offence." Quoth the leprous woman : " As for me, I had a woman with me, and imputed to her that of which I knew her to be guiltless, and beat her grievously ; and this is my offence." And quoth the paralytic : " And I went in to a woman to kill her, after I had tempted her to commit adultery and she had refused ; and I slew a child that lay by her side ; and this is my offence." Then said the pious woman : " O my God, even as thou hast made them feel the misery of revolt, so show them now the excellence of submission, for thou over all things art omnipotent !" And Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might !) made them whole. Then the kází fell to looking on her and considering her straitly, till she asked him why he looked so hard, and he said : " I had a wife, and were she not dead, I had said thou art she." Hereupon she made herself known to him, and both began praising Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might !) for that which He had vouchsafed them of the reunion of their loves ; but the brother and the thief and the villager's wife joined in imploring her forgiveness. So she forgave them one and all, and they worshipped

Allah in that place, and rendered her due service, till Death parted them.¹

In the Breslau printed edition we find the story told at much greater length, and with additional incidents which this version has exclusively, though they have their equivalents in other Asiatic and in most European variants. It forms one of the tales related by the Vazir Er-Rahwan to King Shah Bakht (18th Night of the Month)²:

Second Arabian Version.

THERE was once a man of Nishábúr, who, having a wife of the uttermost beauty and piety, yet was minded to set out on the pilgrimage.³ So before leaving home he commended her to the care of his brother, and besought him to aid her in her affairs and further her wishes till he should return, for the brothers were on the most intimate terms. Then he took ship and departed, and his absence was prolonged. Meanwhile, the brother went to visit his brother's wife at all times and seasons, and questioned her of her circumstances, and went about her wants; and when his calls were prolonged, and he heard her speech and saw her face, the love of her gat hold upon his heart, and he became passionately fond of her, and his soul prompted him to evil. So he besought her to lie with him, but she refused, and showed him how foul was his deed, and he found him no way to win what he wished; wherefore he wooed her with soft speech and gentle ways. Now she was righteous in all her doings, and never swerved from one saying;⁴ so when he saw that she consented not to him he had no doubts but that she would tell his brother when he returned from his journey, and quoth he to her:

¹ *A plain and literal translation of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, now entitled The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night, with Introduction, Explanatory Notes on the Manners and Customs of Moslem Men, and a Terminal Essay upon the History of The Nights.* By (Sir) Richard F. Burton (K.C.M.G.). Benares: MDCCCLXXXV: Printed by the Kamashastra Society, for Private Subscribers only. Vol. v. pp. 256—259.

² For an account of this series of stories, see *ante*, pp. 352, 353.

³ To Mecca and Medina.

⁴ She meant "yes" when she said "yes," and "no" when she said "no."

"An thou consent not to whatso I require of thee, I will cause a scandal to befall thee, and thou wilt perish." Quoth she: "Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) judge betwixt me and thee, and know that, shouldst thou hew me limb from limb, I would not consent to that thou biddest me to do." His ignorance¹ of womankind persuaded him that she would tell her spouse; so he betook himself of his exceeding despite to a company of people in the mosque, and informed them that he had seen a man commit adultery with his brother's wife. They believed his word, and documented his charge, and assembled to stone her. Then they dug her a pit outside the city, and seating her therein, stoned her till they deemed her dead, when they left her.

Presently a shaykh of a village passed by the pit, and finding her alive, carried her to his house and cured her of her wounds. Now he had a youthful son, who as soon as he saw her loved her, and besought her of her person; but she refused, and consented not to him, whereupon he redoubled in love and longing, and his case prompted him to suborn a youth of the people of his village and agree with him that he should come by night and take somewhat from his father's house, and that when he was seized and discovered, he should say that she was his accomplice in this, and avouch that she was his mistress, and had been stoned on his account in the city. Accordingly he did this, and coming by night to the villager's house stole therefrom goods and clothes; whereupon the owner awoke, and seizing the thief, pinioned him straitly, and beat him to make him confess; and he confessed against the woman that she was a partner in the crime, and that he was her lover from the city. The news was bruited abroad, and the people assembled to put her to death; but the shaykh with whom she was forbade them, and said: "I brought this woman hither, coveting the recompense of Allah, and I know not the truth of that which is said of her, and will not empower any one to hurt or harm her." Then he gave her a thousand dirhams² by way of alms, and put her forth of the village. As for the thief, he was imprisoned for some days; after which the folk

¹ "Ignorance" (*jahl*) may here mean wickedness, folly, vicious folly.—B.

² About twenty-five pounds.

interceded for him with the old man, saying: "This is a youth, and indeed he erred;" and he released him from his bonds.

Meanwhile the woman went out at hap-hazard, and, donning a devotee's dress, fared on without ceasing till she came to a city, and found the king's deputies dunning the townsfolk for the tribute out of season. Presently she saw a man whom they were pressing for the tribute; so she asked of his case, and being acquainted with it, paid down the thousand dirhams for him and delivered him from the bastinado; whereupon he thanked her and those who were present. When he was set free he walked with her, and besought her to go with him to his dwelling. Accordingly, she accompanied him thither and supped with him, and passed the night. When the dark hours gloomed on him, his soul prompted him to evil, for that which he saw of her beauty and loveliness, and he lusted after her and required her of her person; but she rejected him, and threatened him with Allah the Most High, and reminded him of that which she had done with him of kindness, and how she had delivered him from the stick and its disgrace. However, he would not be denied, and when he saw her persistent refusal of herself to him, he feared lest she should tell the folk of him. So when he arose in the morning, he wrote on a paper what he would of forgery and falsehood, and going up to the sultan's palace, said: "I have an avisement for the king." So he bade admit him, and he delivered him the writ he had forged, saying: "I found this letter with the woman, the devotee, the ascetic, and indeed she is a spy, a secret informer against the sovrán to his foe; and I deem the king's due more incumbent on me than any other claim, and warning him the first duty, for that he uniteth in himself all the subjects, and but for the king's existence the lieges would perish; wherefore I have brought thee good counsel." The king gave credit to his words, and sent with him those who should lay hands upon the devotee and do her to death; but they found her not.

As for the woman, when the man went out from her, she resolved to depart; so she fared forth, saying to herself, "There is no way-faring for me in woman's habit." Then she donned men's dress,

such as is worn of the pious, and set out and wandered over the earth ; nor did she cease wandering till she entered a certain city. Now the king of that city had an only daughter, in whom he gloried and whom he loved, and she saw the devotee, and deeming her a pilgrim youth, said to her father : “ I would fain have this youth take up his lodging with me, so I may learn of him here and piety and religion.” Her father rejoiced in this, and commanded the pilgrim to take up his abode with his daughter in his palace. So they were in one place, and the princess was strenuous to the uttermost in continence and chastity and nobility of mind, and magnanimity and devotion ; but the ignorant tattled anent her, and the folk of the realm said : “ The king’s daughter loveth the pilgrim and he loveth her.” Now the king was a very old man, and destiny decreed the ending of his life-term ; so he died, and when he was buried, the lieges assembled, and many were the sayings of the people and of the king’s kinsfolk and officers, and they counselled together to slay the princess and the young pilgrim, saying : “ This fellow dishonoureth us with yonder whore, and none accepteth shame save the base.” So they fell upon them and slew the king’s daughter in her mosque without asking her of aught ; whereupon the pious woman, whom they deemed a youth, said to them : “ Woe to you, O miscreants ! Ye have slain the pious lady.” Quoth they : “ O thou fulsome fellow, dost thou bespeak us thus ? Thou lovedst her and she loved thee, and we will assuredly slay thee.” And quoth she : “ Allah forbid ! Indeed the affair is clear the reverse of this.” They asked : “ What proof hast thou of that ?” and she answered : “ Bring me women.” They did so, and when the matrons looked on her they found her a woman. When the townsfolk saw this, they repented of that they had done, and the affair was grievous to them ; so they sought pardon of Allah, and said to her : “ By the virtue of Him whom thou servest, do thou crave pardon for us.” Said she : “ As for me, I may no longer tarry with you, and I am about to depart from you.” Then they humbled themselves before her and shed tears, and said to her : “ We conjure thee, by the might of Allah the Most High, that thou take upon thyself the rule of the realm and of the lieges.” But she refused and drew her back ; whereupon they

came up to her and wept, and ceased not supplicating her till she consented and undertook the kingship.

Her first commandment was that they should bury the princess and build over her a dome, and she abode in that palace, worshipping the Almighty and dealing judgment between the people with justice, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) vouchsafed her, for the excellence of her piety, the patience of her renunciation, and the acceptance of her prayers, so that she sought not aught of Him to whom belong Majesty and Might but He granted her petition; and her fame was bruited abroad in all lands. Accordingly, the folk resorted to her from all parts, and she used to pray Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) for the oppressed, and the Lord granted him relief, and against his oppressor, and He brake him asunder; and she prayed for the sick, and they were made sound; and in this goodly way she tarried a great space of time.

So fared it with the wife; but as for the husband, when he returned from the pilgrimage, his brother and his neighbours acquainted him with the affair of his spouse, whereat he was sore concerned, and suspected their story, for that which he knew of her chastity and prayerfulness; and he shed tears for the loss of her. Meanwhile, she prayed to Almighty Allah that He would stablish her innocence in the eyes of her spouse and the folk, and He sent down upon her husband's brother a sickness so sore that none knew a cure for him. Wherefore he said to his brother: "In such a city is a devotee, a worshipful woman and a recluse, whose prayers are accepted; so do thou carry me to her that she may pray for my healing, and Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) may give me ease of this disease." Accordingly, he took him up and journeyed with him till they came to the village where dwelt the shaykh, the old man who had rescued the devout woman from the pit and carried her to his dwelling and healed her in his home. Here they halted and lodged with the old man, who questioned the husband of his case and that of his brother, and the cause of their journey, and he said: "I purpose to go with my brother, this sick man, to the holy woman, her whose petitions are answered, so she may pray for him, and Allah may heal him by the blessing of her orisons." Quoth

the villager : " By Allah, my son is in parlous plight for sickness, and we have heard that this devotee prayeth for the sick and they are made sound. Indeed, the folk counsel me to carry him to her, and behold, I will go in company with you." And they said : "'Tis well." So they all nighted in that intent, and on the morrow they set out for the dwelling of the devotee, this one carrying his son, and that one bearing his brother. Now the man who had stolen the clothes and forged against the pious woman a lie, to wit, that he was her lover, sickened of a sore sickness, and his people took him up and set out with him to visit the devotee and crave her prayers, and Destiny brought them all together by the way. So they fared forward in a body, till they came to the city wherein the man dwelt for whom she had paid the thousand dirhams to deliver him from torture, and found him about to travel to her, by reason of a malady which had betided him.

Accordingly, they all journeyed on together, unknowing that the holy woman was she whom they had so foully wronged, and ceased not going till they came to her city, and fore-gathered at the gates of her palace, that wherein was the tomb of the princess. Now the folk used to go in to her and salute her with the salaam, and crave her orisons ; and it was her custom to pray for none till he had confessed to her his sins, when she would ask pardon for him and pray for him that he might be healed, and he was straightway made whole of sickness, by permission of Almighty Allah. When the four sick men were brought in to her, she knew them forthright, though they knew her not, and said to them : " Let each of you confess and specify his sins, so I may crave pardon for him and pray for him." And the brother said : " As for me, I required my brother's wife of her person and she refused ; whereupon despite and ignorance prompted me, and I lied against her, and accused her to the townsfolk of adultery ; so they stoned her and slew her wrongously and unrighteously ; and this my complaint is the issue of unright and falsehood, and of the slaying of the innocent soul, whose slaughter Allah hath made unlawful to man." Then said the youth, the old villager's son : " And I, O holy woman, my father brought us a woman who had been stoned, and my people nursed her till she

recovered. Now she was rare of beauty and loveliness ; so I required her of her person, but she refused, and clave in chastity to Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty), wherefore ignorance prompted me, so that I agreed with one of the youths that he should steal clothes and coin from my father's house. Then I laid hands on him and carried him to my sire and made him confess. He declared that the woman was his mistress from the city, and had been stoned on his account, and that she was his accomplice in the theft, and had opened the doors to him ; and this was a lie against her, for that she had not yielded to me in that which I sought of her. So there befell me what ye see of requital." And the young man, the thief, said : " I am he with whom thou agreedst concerning the theft, and to whom thou openedst the door, and I am he who accused her falsely and calumniously, and Allah (extolled be He !) well knoweth that I never did evil with her ; no, nor knew her in any way before that time." Then said he whom she had delivered from torture by paying down a thousand dirhams, and who had required her of her person in his house, for that her beauty pleased him, and when she refused had forged a letter against her, and treacherously denounced her to the sultan, and requited her bounty with ingratitude : " I am he who wronged her and lied against her, and this is the issue of the oppressor's affair."

When she heard their words, in the presence of the folk, she cried : " Praise be to Allah, the King who over all things is omnipotent, and blessing upon His prophets and apostles !" Then quoth she to the assembly : " Bear testimony, O ye here present, to these men's speech, and know ye that I am that woman whom they confess to having wronged." And she turned to her husband's brother and said to him : " I am thy brother's wife, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He !) delivered me from that whereunto thou castedst me of calumny and suspicion, and from the folly and frowardness whereof thou hast spoken, and now hath He shown forth my innocence of His bounty and generosity. Go, for thou art quit of the wrong thou didst me." Then she prayed for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Thereupon she said to the son of the village shaykh : " Know that I am the woman whom thy father delivered

from straint and stress, and whom there betided from thee of calumny and ignorance that which thou hast named." And she sued pardon for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Then said she to the thief: "I am the woman against whom thou liedst, avouching that I was thy leman, who had been stoned on thine account, and that I was thine accomplice in robbing the house of the village shaykh, and had opened the doors to thee." And she prayed for him, and he was made whole of his malady. Then said she to the townsman, him of the tribute: "I am the woman who gave thee the thousand dirhams, and thou didst with me what thou didst." And she asked pardon for him, and prayed for him, and he was made whole; whereupon the folk marvelled at her enemies, who had all been afflicted alike, so Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) might show forth her innocence upon the heads of witnesses.

Then she turned to the old man who had delivered her from the pit, and prayed for him, and gave him presents manifold, and among them a myriad, a Budrah;¹ and the sick made whole departed from her. When she was alone with her husband, she made him draw near unto her, and rejoiced in his arrival, and gave him the choice of abiding with her. Presently, she assembled the citizens and notified them his virtue and worth, and counselled them to invest him with management of their rule, and besought them to make him king over them. They consented to her on this, and he became king, and made his home amongst them, whilst she gave herself up to her orisons, and co-habited with her husband, as she was with him aforetime.²

The story as found in the Wortley Montague MS. text of *The Nights*, preserved in the Bodleian Library (vol. vii. N. 900—911), a translation of which forms one of the Additional Tales in Jonathan Scott's edition of our common version of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, published at London in 1811 (vol. vi., p. 376 ff.), differs materially from the foregoing, especially in the conclusion:

¹ A myriad: ten thousand dinars; about £5000.

² *Supplemental Nights to the 'Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night,' with Notes Anthropological and Explanatory.* By (Sir) Richard F. Burton (K.C.M.G.). Benares: MDCCCLXXXVI. Printed by the Kama-shastra Society for Private Subscribers only. Vol. I., pp. 270-8.

Third Arabian Version.

IN the capital of Bagdád there was formerly a kází, who filled the seat of justice with the purest integrity, and who by his example in private life gave force to the strictness of his public decrees. After some years spent in this honourable post, he became anxious to make the pilgrimage to Mecca; and having obtained permission of the khalíf, departed on his pious journey, leaving his wife, a beautiful woman, under the protection of his brother, who promised to respect her as his daughter. The kází had not long left home, however, when the brother, instigated by passion, made immodest proposals to his sister-in-law, which she rejected with scorn; but, being unwilling to expose so near a relative to her husband, she endeavoured to divert him from his purpose by argument on the heinousness of his intended crime, but in vain. The abominable wretch, instead of repenting, again and again offered his incestuous love, and at last threatened, if she would not comply with his wicked desires, to accuse her of adultery, and bring upon her the punishment of the law. This threat having no effect, the atrocious villain suborned witnesses to swear that they had seen her in the act of infidelity, and she was sentenced to receive one hundred strokes with a knotted whip, and be banished from the city. Having endured this disgraceful punishment, the unhappy lady was led through Bagdád by the public executioner, amid the taunts and jeers of the populace; after which she was thrust out of the gates to shift for herself.

She found shelter in the hut of a camel-breeder, whose wife owed her great obligations, and who received her with true hospitality and kindness; consoling her in her misfortunes, dressing her wounds, and insisting on her staying till she was fully recovered of the painful effects of her unjust and disgraceful punishment; and in this she was seconded by her honest husband. With this humble couple, who had an infant son, she remained some time, and was recovering her spirits and beauty, when a young driver of camels arrived on a visit to her host; and, being struck with her beauty, made indecent proposals, which she mildly but firmly rejected,

informing him that she was a married woman. Blinded by passion, the wretch pressed his addresses repeatedly, but in vain, till at length, irritated by her refusal, he changed his love into furious anger, and resolved to revenge his disappointed lust by her death. With this view, he armed himself with a dagger, and about midnight, when the family were asleep, stole into the chamber where she reposed, and close by her the infant son of her generous host. The villain, being in the dark, made a random stroke, not knowing of the infant, and instead of stabbing the object of his revenge, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the child, who uttered loud screams ; upon which the assassin, fearful of detection, ran away, and escaped from the house. The kázi's wife, awaking in a fright, alarmed her host and hostess, who, taking a light, came to her assistance ; but how can we describe their agonizing affliction when they beheld their beloved child expiring, and their unfortunate guest, who had swooned, bathed in the infant's blood. From such a scene we turn away, as the pen is incapable of description. The unhappy lady at length revived, but their darling boy was gone for ever.

Relying on Providence, the kázi's wife resolved to travel to Mecca, in hopes of meeting her husband, and clearing her defamed character to him, whose opinion alone she valued. When advanced some days on her journey, she entered a city, and perceived a great crowd of people following the executioner, who led a young man by a rope tied about his neck. Enquiring the crime of the culprit, she was informed that he owed a hundred dínars, which, being unable to pay, he was sentenced to be hung, such being the punishment of insolvent debtors in that city. The kázi's wife, moved with compassion, immediately tendered the sum, being nearly all she had, when the young man was released, and falling upon his knees before her, vowed to dedicate his life to her service. She related to him her intention of making the pilgrimage to Mecca, upon which the youth requested leave to accompany and protect her, to which she consented. They set out on their journey, but had not proceeded many days when the youth forgot his obligations, and giving way to the impulse of a vicious passion, insulted his benefactress by addresses of the worst nature. The unfortunate lady reasoned with him on the

ingratitude of his conduct, and the youth seemed to be convinced and repentant, but revenge rankled in his heart. Some days after this they reached the sea-shore, where the young man perceiving a ship, made a signal to speak with the master, who sent a boat to the land, upon which the youth, going on board the vessel, told the master that he had for sale a handsome female slave, for whom he asked a thousand *dínars*. The master, who had been used to purchase slaves upon that coast, went on shore, and looking at the *kázi's* wife, paid the money to the wicked young man, who went his way, and the lady was carried on board the ship, supposing that her companion had taken the opportunity of easing her fatigue by procuring her a passage to some sea-port near Mecca: but her persecution was not to end here. In the evening she was insulted by the coarse offers of the master of the vessel, who, being surprised at her refusal, informed her that he had purchased her as a slave for a thousand *dínars*. The lady told him that she was a free woman; but this had no effect upon the master, who, finding tenderness ineffectual, proceeded to force and blows, in order to reduce her to submit to his desires. Her strength was almost exhausted, when suddenly the ship struck upon a rock, and in a few moments went to pieces. The *kázi's* wife, laying hold of a plank, was washed ashore, after being for several hours buffeted by the waves.

Having recovered her senses, she walked inland, and found a pleasant country, abounding in fruits and clear streams, which satisfied her hunger and thirst. On the second day she arrived at a magnificent city, and on entering it was conducted to the sultan, who inquiring her story, she informed him that she was a woman devoted to a religious life, and was proceeding on the pilgrimage to Mecca when her vessel was wrecked on the coast, and whether any of the crew had escaped she knew not, as she had seen none of them since her being cast ashore on a plank; but as now the hopes of her reaching the sacred house were cut off, if the sultan would grant her a small hut and a trifling pittance for her support, she would spend the remainder of her days in prayers for the prosperity of himself and his subjects. The sultan, who was truly devout and pitied the misfortune of the lady, gladly acceded to her request, and allotted

her a pleasant garden-house near his palace for her residence, at which he often visited her, and conversed with her on religious subjects, to his great edification and comfort, for she was really pious. Not long after her arrival, several refractory vassals, who had for years withheld their usual tribute, and against whom the good sultan, unwilling to shed blood, though his treasury much felt the defalcation, had not sent a force to compel payment, unexpectedly sent in their arrears, submissively begged pardon for their late disobedience, and promised in future to be loyal in their duty. The sultan, who attributed this fortunate event to the prayers of his pious guest, mentioned his opinion to his courtiers in full divan, and they to their dependants. In consequence of this, all ranks of people on every emergency flocked to beg the prayers of the devotee, and such was their efficacy that her petitioners every day became more numerous; nor were they ungrateful, for in a short time the offerings made to her amounted to an incalculable sum. Her reputation was not confined to the kingdom of her protector, but spread abroad through all the countries in the possession of the true believers, who came from all quarters to solicit her prayers. Her residence was enlarged to a vast extent, in which she supported great numbers of destitute persons, as well as entertained the crowds of poor people who came in pilgrimage to so holy a personage as she was now esteemed. But we must now return to her husband.

The good kází, having finished the ceremonies at Mecca, where he resided a year, visiting all the holy places around, returned to Bagdád; but dreadful was his agony and grief when informed that his wife had played the harlot, and that his brother, unable to bear the disgrace of his family, had left the city, and had not been heard of since. This sad intelligence had such effect upon his mind that he resolved to give up worldly concerns, and, adopting the life of a dervish, wander from place to place, from country to country, and visit the devotees celebrated for their sanctity. For two years he travelled through various kingdoms, and, at length hearing of his wife's fame, though he little supposed the much-talked-of female saint stood in that relation to himself, he resolved to pay his respects to so holy a personage. With this view he journeyed towards the

capital of the sultan, her protector, hoping to receive benefit from her pious conversation and prayers. On his way he overtook his treacherous brother, who, repenting of his wicked life, had become a dervish, and was going to confess his sins and ask the prayers for absolution of the far-famed religious woman. Time and alteration of dress—both being habited as dervishes—caused the brothers not to know each other. As travellers, they entered into conversation, and, finding they were bound on the same business, they agreed to journey together. They had not proceeded many days when they came up with a driver of camels, who informed them that he had been guilty of a great crime, the reflection upon which so tormented his conscience as to make his life miserable; and that he was going to confess his sins to the pious devotee, and consult her on whatever penance could atone for his villany, of which he had heartily repented, and hoped to obtain the mercy of Heaven by a sincere reformation of life. Soon after this the three pilgrims overtook a young man, who saluted them, and inquired their business; of which being informed, he begged to join their company, saying that he also was going to pay his respects to the pious lady, in hopes that through her prayers he might obtain pardon of God for his most flagitious ingratitude, the remorse for which had rendered him a burden to himself ever since the commission of the crime. Continuing their journey, they were joined in a few days by the master of a vessel, who told them he had been some time back shipwrecked, and since then he had suffered the severest distress, and was now going to solicit the aid of the far-famed devotee, whose charities and miraculous prayers had been noised abroad through all countries.

The five pilgrims accordingly journeyed together, till at length they reached the capital of the good sultan who protected the kázi's wife. Having entered the city, they at once proceeded to the abode of the female devotee, the courts of which were crowded with petitioners from all quarters, so that they could with difficulty obtain admission. Some of her domestics, seeing they were strangers newly arrived, and seemingly fatigued, kindly invited them into an apartment, to repose themselves while they informed their mistress of their arrival; which having done, they brought word that she would

see them when the crowd was dispersed, and hear their petitions at her leisure. Refreshments were then brought in, of which they were desired to partake ; and the pilgrims, having made their ablutions, sat down to eat, all the while admiring and praising the hospitality of their pious hostess, who, unperceived by them, was examining their persons and features through the lattice of a balcony at one end of the hall. Her heart beat with joyful rapture when she beheld her long-lost husband, whose absence she had never ceased to deplore, but scarcely expected ever to meet him again ; and great was her surprise to find him in company with his treacherous brother, her infamous intending assassin, her ungrateful betrayer the young man, and the master of the vessel to whom he had sold her as a slave. It was with difficulty she restrained her feelings ; but not choosing to discover herself till she should hear their adventures, she withdrew into her chamber, and, being relieved by tears, prostrated herself on the ground, and offered up thanksgivings to the Protector of the just, who had rewarded her patience under affliction by succeeding blessings, and at length restored to her the partner of her heart.

Having finished her devotions, she sent to the sultan requesting him to send her a confidential officer, who might witness the relations of five visitors whom she was about to examine. On his arrival she placed him where he could listen unseen, and, covering herself with a veil, sat down on her masnad to receive the pilgrims, who, being admitted, bowed their foreheads to the ground, when, requesting them to rise, she addressed them as follows : “ You are welcome, brethren, to my humble abode, to my counsel and my prayers, which, by God’s mercy, have sometimes relieved the repentant sinner ; but as it is impossible I can give advice without hearing a case, or pray without knowing the wants of him who solicits me, you must relate your histories with the strictest truth, for equivocation, evasion, or concealment will prevent my being of any service : and this you may depend upon, that the prayers of a liar tend only to his own destruction.” She then ordered the kází to remain, and the four others to withdraw, as she should, to spare their shame before each other, hear their cases separately. .

The good kází, having no sins to confess, related his pilgrimage to Mecca, the supposed infidelity of his wife, and his subsequent resolve to spend his days in visiting sacred places and pious personages, among whom she stood so famous; that to hear her edifying conversation and entreat the benefit of her prayers, was the object of his having travelled to her abode. When he had finished his narrative, the lady dismissed him to another chamber, and then heard one by one the confessions of his companions, who, not daring to conceal anything, related their cruel conduct to herself, as above-mentioned, little suspecting that they were acknowledging their guilt to the victim of their evil passions. After this, the kází's wife commanded the officer to conduct all five to the sultan, and inform him of what he had heard them confess. The sultan, enraged at the wicked behaviour of the kází's brother, the camel-driver, the young man, and the shipmaster, condemned them to death; and the executioner was about to give effect to the sentence, when the lady, arriving at the palace, requested their pardon, and, to his unspeakable joy, discovered herself to her husband. The sultan complied with her request, and dismissed the criminals; but prevailed upon the kází to remain at his court, where for the rest of his life this upright judge filled the high office of chief magistrate, with honour to himself and satisfaction to all who had causes tried before him; while he and his wife continued striking examples of virtue and conjugal fidelity. The sultan himself was unbounded in his favour towards them, and would often pass whole evenings in their company in friendly conversation, which generally turned upon the vicissitudes of life, and the goodness of Providence in relieving the sufferings of the faithful, by divine interposition, at the very instant when ready to sink under them and overwhelmed with calamity.

Closely resembling this third Arabian version is the Story of Repsima in the French translation of the Persian Tales of the *Thousand and One Days*, made by Petis de la Croix, and published after his death.¹ It is stated in the preface that these tales were

¹ An English translation, from the French, by Ambrose Phillips, was published early last century, and reprinted in vol. ii. of Weber's *Tales of the East*, 1812.

adapted by a dervish named Mukhlis (Mocles, according to the French transliteration of the name), who was famed in his day for piety and learning, from a collection of Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation, entitled *Al-Faraja Badal Schidda*, or Joy after Affliction, is preserved in the Paris Library; and that Mukhlis, having converted some of these comedies into tales, inserted them in a frame-story, and entitled his work *Hazár ú Yek Rúz*, or the Thousand and One Days. In the year 1675 Mukhlis permitted Petis to make a transcript of his book, and it is said that in his translation he was assisted by Le Sage, the celebrated novelist—which sufficiently accounts for the Frenchified style of the narratives—and that “nearly all the tales were afterwards turned into comic operas, which were performed at the Théâtre Italien.” That these tales are not, as many have supposed, mere French imitations of Oriental fictions is evident from the fact that a Persian manuscript in Sir William Ouseley’s possession contained a portion of the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz* (see his *Travels*, ii., p. 21, *note*). But the statement that they were taken from Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation exists, is utterly absurd, since these tales are not generally of a “comic” or humorous character; and my learned friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb informs me that he does not know of any comedies in Turkish, and that there are no Turkish works which have been translated direct from any of the Indian languages, though it is quite likely that there is a Turkish version of the Persian Tales of the *Thousand and One Days*. The frame, or leading story, of this collection is as follows: Farruknaz, daughter of the king of Kashmír, was renowned far and wide for her extraordinary beauty, and many great and wealthy princes were suitors for her hand in marriage, but she steadily refused every one, having an insuperable aversion from men, in consequence of a dream, in which she saw a stag taken in a snare, and disentangled by his mate; and the doe soon after falling into the same snare, instead of being delivered from it, was abandoned by the stag. The princess concluded from this dream that all men were selfish, and repaid the tenderness of women with ingratitude. Her father the king was vexed to find Farruknaz day after day refuse the most eligible suitors, and her nurse, Sutlumeme, having

informed him of the cause, undertook to conquer this unnatural prejudice of the princess, by relating to her stories which should not only divert her, but show her that there have been constant lovers among men, and induce her to believe that such still exist. To this proposal the king most willingly consented, and the nurse at once began to recite to the princess tales of true and faithful lovers, with the most gratifying result.¹ The idea of this frame-story seems to have been taken from a tale in Nakhshabí's *Túti Náma*,² in which an emperor of China dreams of a beautiful damsel, whom he had never seen, and despatches his prime minister in search of her—even should he have to travel to the world's end—who, after much toil and trouble, at length discovers the beauty in the person of a princess, who has a great aversion from men, ever since she beheld in her garden a peacock basely desert his mate and their young ones, when the tree in which their nest was built had been struck by lightning: she considered this as typical of the selfishness of men, and was resolved never to marry. The crafty vazír, having ascertained this from a hermit whom he met on his way, prepares a series of pictures, and obtaining an interview with the princess, shows her, first, the portrait of his imperial master, and then a picture of a deer, regarding which he tells her a story to the effect that the emperor, sitting one day in his summer-house, saw this deer, his doe, and their fawn on a bank of the river, when suddenly the waters overflowed the banks, and the doe ran off in terror for her life, while the deer bravely remained with the fawn and was drowned. This feigned story, so like her own dream, struck the princess with wonder, and she at once gave her consent to be married to the emperor of China.

¹ It is to be observed, that while the Sultan of the Indies, in the *Arabian Nights*, entertains a deadly hatred of women, yet Shahrazád relates her stories with no other design than that of prolonging her own life from day to day—she makes no attempt to combat her lord's prejudice by telling him stories of woman's fidelity; on the contrary, many of her tales one should suppose rather calculated to confirm the sultan in the bad opinion he had formed of "the sex." In this respect the Persian collection is more consistent than its celebrated prototype, since Sutlumeme's recitals all more or less set forth the pains and toils and dangers which men undergo for the sake of the damsels by whose charms they have been ensnared.

² For some account of the *Túti Náma* see *ante*, p. 310.

*Persian Version.*¹

IN days of yore a merchant of Basra, named Tamím, had a virtuous wife whose name was Repsima, whom he loved fondly, and by whom he was beloved. Having to go on a trading voyage to the coast of India, he left his brother in charge of his house during his absence. This brother soon falls in love with the chaste and pious Repsima, but his incestuous suit is rejected. In revenge, he causes her to be convicted of adultery, by means of four suborned witnesses, and she is condemned to be buried alive, which is done accordingly. A robber coming past, she entreats to be released, and he takes her to his own house, where a negro slave becomes enamoured of her great beauty, declares his passion to her one day when the Arab and his wife happened to be gone abroad, and is indignantly repulsed. In order to cause her destruction, he cuts off the head of the Arab's child one night, and places the knife beneath Repsima's couch. Next morning he accuses her of the murder, but neither the Arab nor his wife could believe her capable of such a horrid deed. They send her away, with a gift of a hundred sequins. She comes to a certain town, where she lodges with an old woman. One day going to the baths, she sees a man being led to execution ; pays sixty sequins and obtains his pardon. This man follows her—for she leaves the town, wishing to avoid the admiration of the people for her generosity—at first out of gratitude, but he soon falls in love with her, and she rejects him. There happened to be a ship ready to sail ; the captain was still on shore ; and this ungrateful scoundrel sells Repsima to the captain for three hundred sequins. The captain takes her on board his vessel, notwithstanding her protestations that she is a free Muslim woman ; he solicits her love-favours, and at last attempts to force her, when a great tempest arises suddenly ; the vessel goes to pieces, and only Repsima and the captain are saved, but are landed at different parts of the coast. Repsima relates her adventures to the people of the island on which

¹ As Petis' French translation has divested the original of most of its Oriental colouring, and the English version made from it is certainly no improvement, I content myself with an abstract of the story, including all the principal incidents.

she lands, who give her a place of abode, where she lives retired, spending several years in prayer. The folk venerate her for her great sanctity.

In course of time the queen of the island died and left the throne to Repsima. In this capacity she also did well and wisely; fasting frequently; sick folk had recourse to her; she prayed and they were healed. Queen Repsima built hospitals for the poor, richly endowing them, and their fame was noised abroad, wherefore the sick came thither from all quarters. One day it was told her that there were six strangers who wished to speak with her; one was blind, another was dropsical, another was paralytic. Repsima consents to receive them, seated on her throne, with her face concealed by a thick veil. Her husband Tamím comes forward, leading his blind brother, and relates how, on his return from his trading voyage, his brother had informed him of his wife's crime and punishment, and that he had brought him to her majesty in order that he should be cured of his blindness. Repsima asks: "Is it true that the woman who was buried alive did betray thee? What dost thou think of it?" Tamím replies: "I cannot believe it, when I bring her virtue to my remembrance." Then the Arab with his paralytic negro slave makes obeisance; the ship-captain, who is dropsical, and confesses his crime of buying a free Muslim woman and attempting to force her to yield to his lust; and the young man whom she had rescued from death, and who had sold her to the captain, states that he is haunted day and night with furies. Next day the merchant's brother and the negro confess their wickedness, and Repsima having fervently prayed to Heaven, all the afflicted ones are immediately cured of their maladies. After this Repsima causes Tamím to sit in a chair of gold, and offers him one of her fairest female slaves in marriage, and that he should live at her court. Tamím at this bursts into tears, and says he can think of no other wife than his beloved Repsima;—he will spend the rest of his days in mourning over the place where she was buried alive. Repsima now lifts her veil, and Tamím recognises his own wife, who embraces him and relates her adventures in presence of the assembled courtiers. Then she gives rich gifts to those persons who had used her so ill, and whom she

had healed of their diseases and ailments. The laws of that kingdom would not permit Repsima to resign the throne in favour of her husband, she tells him, but in future he will dwell with her and share all her good fortune.

It seems to have hitherto escaped notice that to this group also belongs one of the tales in the Persian romance entitled *Bakhtyār Nāma* (see *ante*, p. 353, note 1), the date of which is not precisely ascertained, but it was probably composed before the 15th century, since there exists in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, a unique manuscript of a Turkī version, written, in the Uygur language and characters, in the year 1434, an account of which, together with a French translation of the story in question, is furnished by M. Jaubert in the *Journal Asiatique*, tome x., 1827. An Arabian version of the romance is found in the Breslau-printed text of the *Thousand and One Nights*. In 1800 Sir William Ouseley published the Persian text with an English translation, under the title of *The Bakhtyar Nameh, or Story of Prince Bakhtyar and the Ten Viziers*;¹ and in 1805 M. Lescallier printed a French rendering, *Bakhtiar Nameh, ou Le Favori de la Fortune: conte traduit du Persan*. Farther particulars regarding the different versions are given in the Introduction to my (privately printed) edition of Ouseley's translation, from which the following story is taken, with some explanatory notes from the Appendix: it may be entitled

The Vazir's Pious Daughter :

A PERSIAN ANALOGUE.

THERE was a certain king named Dádín, who had two vazírs, Kárdár and Kámgar; and the daughter of Kámgar was the most lovely creature of the age. It happened that the king, proceeding on a hunting excursion, took along with him the father of this beautiful damsel, and left the charge of government in the hands of Kárdár. One day, during the warm season, Kárdár, passing near the palace of Kámgar, beheld this lady walking in the garden and

¹ By a droll typo. blunder, in the article on Sir Wm. Ouseley in *Allibone* the title is given as "Prince Bakhtyar and the *Ten Virgins*!"

became enamoured of her beauty ; but having reason to believe that her father would not consent to bestow her on him,¹ he resolved to devise some stratagem whereby he should obtain the object of his desires. "At the king's return from the chase," said he to himself, "I will represent the charms of this damsel in such glowing colours that he will not fail to demand her in marriage ; and I shall then contrive to excite his anger against her, in consequence of which he will deliver her to me for punishment ; and thus my designs shall be accomplished."

Returning from the chase, the king desired Kárdár to inform him of the principal events which had occurred during his absence. Kárdár replied that his majesty's subjects had all been solicitous for his prosperity ; but that he had himself seen one of the most astonishing objects of the universe. The king's curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to describe what he had seen ; and Kárdár dwelt with such praises on the fascinating beauty of Kám-gár's daughter, that the king became enamoured of her, and said : "But how is this damsel to be obtained ?" Kárdár replied : "There is no difficulty in this business. It is not necessary to employ either money or messengers ; your majesty has only to acquaint her father with your wishes."

The king approved of this counsel, and having sent for Kám-gár, mentioned the affair to him accordingly. Kám-gár, with due submission, declared that if he possessed a hundred daughters they should all be at his majesty's command ; but begged permission to retire and inform the damsel of the honour designed for her.² Having obtained leave, he hastened to his daughter, and related to her all that had passed between the king and himself. The damsel expressed her dislike to the proposed connection ;³ and her father,

¹ The lithographed Persian text, published at Paris in 1839, reads : "He said to himself, 'Kám-gár is an ascetic (*záhid*) and a religious man (*pársá*), and would not give me his daughter.'"

² The lith. text adds, "and, in conformity with the law of Muhammed (*shar'at*), obtain her consent"—a proof that the lady had attained marriageable age, since the consent of a girl not arrived at the age of puberty is not required.

³ The lith. text : "The daughter said, 'I am not worthy of the king ; besides, once in the king's service, I cannot [devote myself to the] worship [of] God the Most High ; and for the least fault the king would punish

dreading the king's anger in case of a refusal, knew not how to act. "Contrive some delay," said she : "solicit leave of absence for a few days, and let us fly from this country." Kámgar approved of this advice ; and, having waited on the king, obtained liberty to absent himself from court for ten days, under pretence of making the preparations necessary for a damsel on the eve of marriage ; and when night came on he fled from the city with his daughter. Next day the king was informed of their flight, in consequence of which he sent off two hundred servants to seek them in various directions, and the officious Kárdár set out also in pursuit of them. After ten days they were surprised by the side of a well, taken and bound, and brought before the king, who in his anger dashed out the brains of Kámgar ; then looking on the daughter of the unfortunate man, her beauty so much affected him that he sent her to his palace, and appointed servants to attend her, besides a cook, who, at her own request, was added to her establishment.¹ After some time Kárdár became impatient and enraged at the failure of his project ; but he resolved to try the result of another scheme.

It happened that the encroachments of a powerful enemy rendered the king's presence necessary among the troops ; and on setting out to join the army, he committed the management of affairs and the government of the city to Kárdár, whose mind was wholly filled with plans for getting the daughter of Kámgar into his power. One me." The Turkí version says : "Kerdár was the father of a maiden of beauty so perfect that one could not find in the whole world anything to vie with it ; and she was so pious that not only did she recite the Kurán all day, but she passed the nights in prayer. Impressed by the greatness of her devotion, King Dádín became enamoured of this maiden without having seen her, and he demanded her of her father in marriage, and he promised to advise her. He did so, but she replied ; 'Passing my life in prayer, I cannot agree to become a great lady, and my ambition is limited to the service of God.'"

¹ According to the litho. text, in place of a cook, "in the service [of the late vazír Kámgar] there was a good man (*Khayyir*) who had acted as a spiritual guide (*buzurg*), whom the king did not admit in his harem. This holy person, who had been constantly at the side of the daughter, wrote a letter [to this effect] : 'Do thou confirm the reward of service, and speak to the king about my wish, in order that he may admit me into thy service, seeing that I should perish from disappointment.' . . . [The king gave his consent.] . . . And the daughter continued her devotions in peace and tranquillity." In M. Lescallier's version the individual in question is described as a *bouffon*, or jester—scarcely the sort of person suitable for the companion of such a devout young lady.

day he was passing near the palace, and discovered her sitting alone in the balcony;¹ to attract her attention, he threw up a piece of brick, and on her looking down to see from whence it had come, she beheld Kárdár. He addressed her with the usual salutation, which she returned. He then began to declare his admiration of her beauty, and the violence of his love, which deprived him of repose both day and night; and concluded by urging her to elope with him, saying that he would take as much money as they could possibly want; or, if she would consent, he would destroy the king by poison, and seize upon the throne himself. The daughter of Kámgar replied to this proposal by upbraiding Kárdár for his baseness and perfidy. When he asked her how she could ever fix her affections on a man who had killed her father, she answered that such had been the will of God, and she was resolved to submit accordingly. Having spoken thus, she retired.

Kárdár, fearing lest she should relate to the king what had passed between them, hastened to meet him as he returned in triumph after conquering his enemies; and, whilst walking along by the side of the king, began to inform his majesty of all that had happened in his absence. Having mentioned several occurrences, he added that one circumstance was of such a nature that he could not prevail upon himself to relate it, for it was such as the king would be very much displeased at hearing. The king's curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to relate this occurrence; and he, declaring it was a most ungrateful task, informed the king that it was a maxim of the wise men, "When you have killed the serpent, you should also kill its young."² He then proceeded to relate that one day during the warm season, being seated near the door of the harem, he overheard some voices, and his suspicions being excited, he concealed himself behind the hangings, and listened attentively, when he heard the daughter of Kámgar express her affection for the cook, who, in return, declared his attachment for her; and they

¹ *Bálkhána*, a latticed window in the upper storey of the harem—whence our word "balcony."

² Thus Sa'dí in his *Gulistán* (Rose-Garden), i. 4: "To extinguish a fire and leave the embers, or to kill a viper and preserve its young, is not the act of wise men."

spoke of poisoning the king in revenge for his having killed her father. "I had not patience," added Kárdár, "to listen any longer." At this intelligence the king changed colour with rage and indignation, and on arriving at the palace ordered the unfortunate cook to be instantly cut in two.¹ He then sent for the daughter of Kámgar, and reproached her for her design of destroying him by poison. She immediately perceived that this accusation proceeded from the malevolence of Kárdár, and was going to speak in vindication of herself, when the king ordered her to be put to death; but being dissuaded by an attendant from killing a woman,² he revoked the sentence, and she was tied hands and feet, and placed upon a camel, which was turned into a dreary wilderness, where there was neither water nor abode, nor any trace of cultivation. Here she suffered from the intense heat, and from thirst, to such a degree that, expecting every moment to be her last, she resigned herself to the will of Providence, conscious of her own innocence. Just then the camel lay down, and on that spot where they were a fountain of delicious water sprang forth; the cords which bound her hands and feet dropped off; she refreshed herself with a hearty draught of the water, and fervently returned thanks to Heaven for this blessing and her wonderful preservation.³ On this, the most verdant and fragrant herbage appeared around the borders of the fountain; it became a blooming and delightful spot, and the camel placed himself so as to afford the lady a shade and shelter from the sunbeams.

At this time it chanced that one of the king's camel-keepers was in search of some camels which had wandered into the desert, and without which he dared not return to the city. He had sought them

¹ A horrible mode of putting a culprit to death, and peculiar, it is said, to the criminal code of Persia.

² The Persians seldom put women to death, as the shedding of their blood is supposed to bring misfortune on the country. But when found guilty and condemned, the injunction prescribed by the law, of another man's wife being never seen unveiled, is strictly observed, by conducting the culprit, enveloped in the veil habitually worn by her, to the summit of a lofty tower, and throwing her thence headlong.

³ This two-fold miracle does not occur either in the Turkí (Uygur) or the Arabian versions: in the former an old woman mounts the damsel on a camel, takes her to the desert, and leaves her there; in the latter this is done by one of the king's eunuchs.

for several days amidst hills and forests without any success. At length coming to this spot he beheld the daughter of Kámgar and the camel, which at first he thought was one of those he sought, and the clear fountain with its verdant banks, where neither grass nor water had ever been seen before. Astonished at this discovery, he resolved not to interrupt the lady, who was then engaged in prayer; but when she had finished, he addressed her, and was so charmed by her gentleness and piety, that he offered to adopt her as his child, and expressed his belief that, through the efficacy of her prayers, he should recover the strayed camels. This good man's offer she thankfully accepted; and having partaken of a fowl and some bread which he had with him, at his request she prayed for the recovery of the camels. As soon as she had concluded her prayer the camels appeared on the skirts of the wilderness, and of their own accord approached their keeper. He then represented to the daughter of Kámgar the danger of remaining all night in the wilderness, which was the haunt of many wild beasts; and proposed that she should return with him to the city and dwell with him in his house, where he would provide for her a retired apartment, in which she might perform her devotions without interruption.¹ To this proposal she consented, and, being mounted on her camel, returned to the city, and arrived at the house of her companion at the time of evening prayer. Here she resided for some time, employing herself in the exercises of piety and devotion.

One day the camel-keeper, being desired by the king to relate his past adventures, mentioned, among other circumstances, the losing of his camels, the finding of them through the efficacy of the young woman's prayers, the appearance of a spring of water where none had been before, and his adopting the damsel as his daughter. He concluded by informing the king that she was now at his house,

¹ The litho. text reads: "I will prepare an oratory (*sawma'd*), and make ready for thy sake the means (*asbáb*: furniture) for devotion (*asbáb-i-'ibáda*)"—such as a prayer-carpet (*sajjáda*), having a mark upon it pointing towards Mecca, the *kibla* of the Muslims, or point to which they direct their faces in saying their prayers, as Jerusalem is that of the Jews and Christians: within the mosque it is shown by a niche, and is called *el-mihráb*. There should also be a fountain of running water (for ceremonial ablution) and a copy of the Kurán.

engaged day and night in acts of devotion. The king on hearing this expressed an earnest wish that he might be allowed to see the young woman, and prevail with her to intercede with Heaven in his behalf. The camel-keeper, having consented, returned at once to his house, accompanied by the king, who waited at the door of the apartment where the daughter of Kámgar was employed in prayer. When she had concluded, he approached, and with astonishment recognized her. Having tenderly embraced her, he wept, and entreated her forgiveness. This she readily granted, but begged that he would conceal himself in the apartment, whilst she should converse with Kárdár, whom she sent for. When he arrived and beheld her with a thousand expressions of fondness, he inquired in what manner she had contrived to escape death, and told her that on the day when the king had banished her into the wilderness he had sent people to seek her and bring her to him. "How much better would it have been," added he, "had you followed my advice and agreed to my proposal of poisoning the king, who, I said, would endeavour to destroy you as he had killed your father! But you rejected my advice, and declared yourself ready to submit to whatsoever Providence should decree. Hereafter," continued he, "you will pay more attention to my words. But now let us not think of what is past: I am your slave, and you are dearer to me than my own eyes!" So saying, he attempted to clasp the daughter of Kámgar in his arms, when the king, who was concealed behind the hangings, rushed furiously on him and put him to death.¹ After this he conducted the damsel to his palace, and constantly lamented his precipitancy in having killed her father.²

¹ This, it seems to me, is quite after the manner of a modern European play or novel—when in the catastrophe the "villain" is made to unmask himself by a pious *ruse* of "injured innocence." I cannot call to mind a similar scene in any other Eastern tale.

² In the Turkí and Arabian versions King Dádín (or Dádbín) deservedly meets with a very different fate. It is the cameleer of the King of Persia who is looking for his strayed beasts, when he discovers the fair devotee. He tells the king on his return how he had recovered the camels at the intercession of a pious maiden in the wilderness. The king visits her—even causes a tent for his own use to be erected beside hers; and having heard her story, he sets out with a great army and takes prisoner King Dádín and the wicked vazír Kárdán—as he is called in those texts. After confession of his crimes the vazír is taken to the same desert where the maiden had been left, and there

The oldest written form of the story seems to be found in the *Contes Dévots*, a collection of miracles of the Virgin Mary, first composed in Latin, in the 12th century, by Hugues Farsi, a monk of St. Jean de Vignes, from which selections were rendered into French verse by Coinsi, a monk (afterwards prior) of St. Médard de Soissons, who died in 1236. Coinsi's version is reproduced in Méon's *Nouveau rec. de fabliaux*, etc., tome ii. pp. 1—128. Under the title "De la bonne Impératrice qui garda loyalement la foi du mariage; *aliàs*, de l'Empereur de Rome qui fit le voyage d'outre mer," Le Grand has given an *extrait* of it, which is substantially as follows:¹

Early French Version.

AN emperor of Rome was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre to fulfil a vow that he had made during sickness. Before setting out, he left the administration of his kingdom to his brother, but in such a manner that the empress his wife should have a general control, and that nothing of importance should be done without her consent. This brother, during the absence of the emperor, becomes enamoured of the empress. He declares his passion to her, which she rejects with indignation; but he is so insolent that at last she causes him to be arrested and shut up in a tower. Some time after this the emperor returns, and the lady, in order to spare him the grief he must have suffered at seeing his brother in prison, and not being herself able to reveal the cause to him, sets the brother at liberty. Instead of being grateful for this leniency, the brother, resolved to be revenged on the empress, accuses her to the emperor in her presence of gross misconduct, adding that she had caused him to be shut up in the tower because he opposed her improper desires. The too-credulous husband at once condemns his wife to death, and delivers her into the hands of three knights, ordering them to go and throw her into the sea. But when they are about to obey his command, they hesitate from respect and compassion. They content

dies of hunger and thirst. King Dádín is beheaded for the murder he had committed, and his kingdom is given to the faithful servant who urged that the maiden should not be put to death.

¹ Le Grand's *Fabliaux et Contes*, etc., Ed. 1781. Vol. v. pp. 164—169.

themselves by exposing the empress upon a barren rock in the midst of the waters, at the same time stripping off her upper garments, in order to be able to assure the emperor that they had put her to death. In this plight she has recourse to God, and especially to the Virgin, whom she had always faithfully served. The Virgin appears before her, assures her of her protection, and shows her an herb, the virtue of which was such that any leprous person who should drink [an infusion] of it should be infallibly cured, provided that he confessed without reservation and repented of his sins. Just then a galley, driven by the winds and freighted with passengers who were going on a pilgrimage, approached the rock. They were surprised to find there a beautiful woman *en chemise*, and questioning her as to the cause of her being in such a forlorn condition, she answered as she thought fit. Then they provided her with clothes, and took her into the vessel. When the pilgrims arrived at their destination, the lady went on shore, and lodged in the house of an old female devotee, where she worked for her livelihood. The sovereign of the country was leprous, and she healed him by means of the herb. All who had the same disease came to her and were likewise cured.

At length these wonders multiplied to such an extent that the noise of them reached Rome. Since the calumny against the empress, the brother-in-law who had aspersed her fair fame had suffered from a frightful leprosy which consumed his flesh and caused his skin to shrivel up. All the remedies employed for his cure had produced no good effect; and when the emperor heard of the wonders performed by the foreign lady he despatched an ambassador to the king of the country to request him to send her to his court. The lady arrives, covered with a large veil, and announces to the sick man that if he wishes to be cured he must make to her a full confession of all his sins. He feigns to consent to this, but keeps silent regarding the calumny by which he had injured his sister-in-law, and therefore the herb has no effect. The lady then reproaches him for wishing to deceive Heaven, and warns him that he cannot be healed so long as his conscience remains sullied. The love of life at last overcomes him; he confesses with a loud voice that not

only was the empress innocent of the crime of which he accused her, but that it was he himself who was guilty of incestuous love for her. At this avowal all the courtiers burst into tears, lamenting the loss of the virtuous empress. Her husband, who had rashly condemned her and wished her dead, is horror-struck. Without making herself known, the lady attempts to console him, but he answers that he can never be consoled for his loss, moreover, he will be doubly unfortunate, since henceforth his subjects will hate him. "But this wife," says she, "whom you have lost, you loved her then very much?" Then the emperor broke forth into eulogiums of her goodness, her sweetness of disposition, and the many other virtues of the empress. Suddenly she raises her veil and shows herself. They throw themselves into each other's arms. The lady then relates her strange adventures, and how she had been protected by the Virgin. The three knights who had saved her life receive each for reward a thousand marks of silver. The brother, at the moment of his confession having been healed of his leprosy, is pardoned by the emperor, but ordered to depart out of the kingdom. At the same time, in compliance with the precept of the evangelist, to return good for evil, he gave him much money. As to the two spouses, they loved one another the rest of their lives: they both devoutly served our Lady, and merited at their death that she should open Paradise to them.¹

Contemporary, or nearly so, with Coinsi was Vincent de Beauvais, who was born in 1190 and died in 1264, and who gives the story in two parts (*Speculum Historiale*): cap. xc., "De Imperatrice ejus castitatem à violentia servorum eripuit," and cap. xci., "De alio casu consimili circa eandem Imperatricem," which are joined together in the following translation:

¹ A French "mystery," of the end of 14th or beginning of 15th century, generally agrees with this; but the knights simply affirm their obedience, and produce no proof.—See Mommerque and Michel: *Théâtre Français au moyen âge*, p. 365.

Vincent of Beauvais' Latin Version.

A ROMAN emperor lived in loving union with his legal spouse, celebrated for her noble bearing, beauty, and chastity. He sets out, with her consent, on an extended tour of the world, including visits to the sacred places. He commends her in his absence to his younger brother; but the latter falls violently in love with her, and so wearies her with his importunity, that at last she pretends she will consent. Meanwhile she causes a tower to be prepared, in which she places two young men and two girls to act as servants, and attaches ropes by which supplies may be drawn up. She invites the youth to go with her to this tower. He is overjoyed, but just as he enters she shuts him in and leaves him there with the attendants, and thus she is once more at peace. Five years after the emperor's return is announced: she is very glad, and orders the towns on the route to be decorated, sets free the youth, and prepares to receive her husband. But the youth hastens on, and first meets the emperor. When asked why he is so worn, pale, and broken-down, he replies that the empress is an abandoned woman, whose embraces are open to all, and whose attempts upon himself he had resisted, so as to draw on him the dire punishment of imprisonment in a tower. The emperor falls down in astonishment, and does not recover for an hour. Next morning the emperor arrives at his capital. The empress, advancing towards her husband, receives a blow in the face from him, and he straightway orders two slaves to take her away into a dark wood and put her to death. They accordingly lead her off, but, considering that a fairer woman could not be found in the world, they resolve to enjoy her before fulfilling their orders. As they attempt to violate her, she looks to heaven and begs aid from God and the Holy Virgin Mary. Her cries are heard by a nobleman and his retinue on their way to visit Rome and the apostolic shrines, and are at first supposed to be those of some wild beast caught in a net; but on discovering the true cause, the two lustful slaves are slain and the empress saved.

On being asked who she is and why the two slaves should have made such an attempt upon her, the empress conceals her dignity,

and in a humble tone asks the nobleman to take her with him as a servant. He does so ; she is well received by his wife, and their only son is committed to her care for his education. She attends to him with greater solicitude than if he had been her own ; she avoids all gaiety and frequents the church, but not even there does the evil spirit cease to tempt, yet in vain. A certain captain of the court sought to obtain favours of her by fair words and many promises. But she assured him, by the love of their lord, whose brother he was, that she declined to have anything to do with him. Whereupon the wretch considered how he might kill or drive away a woman who held him so lightly in esteem. He goes, led by the devil, in the dead of night, to the room where she slept, with the child in her bosom, quietly cuts the child's throat, and having placed the knife in her hand, steals off. The blood flows down the bed and over the woman, causing her to awake, and with wild cries she summons the mother and father of the child, who rush in along with the whole household. The wicked homicide comes also, with feigned tears, and, addressing his brother, says she is an abandoned wretch, who had been adjudged to death in another country, and urges that she should be at once committed to the flames. But the "noble hero and his wife" will not consent. They commit her to some seamen at the nearest port, with instructions to carry her beyond the seas to another country. The sailors are taken with her beauty, and in the course of the voyage make unchaste proposals to her. She repels them, upon which they offer her the choice of granting their wishes or of being drowned in the sea. She accepts the latter. They, however, leave her on a lonely rock in mid ocean. Three days are spent by her on that spot, without sleep or food. At last she sinks into a brief slumber, when the Holy Virgin Mary appears to her, commends her constancy, which she says has been perfect under every trial. As a reward she is told to gather the herbs under her head, and whatever leper she gives to drink of a decoction thereof shall be healed in the name of the Lord.¹

¹ We are not informed how the lady got away from the rock ; and the subsequent incidents of her curing her penitent persecutors and her re-union with her husband are omitted. It is evident that Vincent did not take his materials from the slightly older French story, in which the murder of the

Dunlop—who does not appear to have known of Trivet's *Life of Constance*—says, in his *History of Fiction*, that Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale is taken from Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, *Il Pecorone*, Day I., nov. 10, of which he gives the outline as follows :

Ser Giobanni's Italian Version.

THE Princess Denise, of France, to avoid a disagreeable marriage with an old German prince, escapes into England, and is there received in a convent. The king, passing that way, falls in love with and espouses her. Afterwards, while he is engaged in a war in Scotland, his wife brings forth twins. The queen-mother sends to acquaint her son that his spouse has given birth to two monsters. In place of the king's answer, ordering them to be nevertheless brought up with the utmost care, she substitutes a mandate for their destruction and also for that of the queen. The person to whom the execution of this command is entrusted allows the queen to depart with her twin children to Genoa. At the end of some years, she discovers her husband at Rome on his way to a crusade; she there presents him with his children and is brought back with him in triumph to England.

There can be little doubt that this novel was adapted from Nicolas Trivet's *Life of Constance*, whose Chronicles were written at least 40 years before Ser Giovanni began to compose his work, in 1378 (it was not printed till 1558), while the *Canterbury Tales* were probably written very soon after, if not some of them before, that date.—A number of later Italian versions seem to have been directly or indirectly derived from the French. Of these, two miracle-plays, cited by D'Ancona in his *Sacre Rapp.*, vol. iii.,¹ are peculiarly interesting; one is the *Rappresentazione di Santa Gugli-*

child does not occur.—John Herolt reproduces the story in his *Sermones Discipuli de Tempore et de Sanctis, cum promptuarium exemplorum, et de B. Virgine*, of which an edition, now extremely rare, was printed in 1476; there is a copy dated Basil, 1486, in the Euing Collection, Glasgow University Library, and one in the British Museum, printed at London, 1510.

¹ *Sacre Rappresentazione dei secoli XIV., XV., e XVI.* Raccolte e illustrate per cura di Alessandro D'Ancona. 3 vols. Firenze, 1472.

elma, written by Antonia, wife of Bernardo Pulci, at the end of the 15th century :

Italian Miracle-Play of Santa Guglielma.

THE King of Hungary, newly converted to Christianity, determines to marry, and having heard of the beauty and worth of Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, sends an embassy, consisting of his brother and some noblemen, to demand her hand. She objects, having resolved to dedicate her virginity to Christ, but ultimately is persuaded by her parents to consent. Guglielma induces her husband to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and desires to accompany him, but he refuses to take her, and leaves her to rule the kingdom in his absence, commending her as queen to the obedience of his brother and the nobles. The king's brother makes an attempt upon Guglielma's virtue, but is repulsed, and he resolves to be avenged. On the king's return, his brother goes to meet him, and answers his inquiries after Guglielma by accusing her of disgraceful conduct. The king, plunged into grief, directs him to do justice upon her. His brother accordingly gives orders to burn her ; but she is released by the executioner at the stake, and only her clothes are burnt, on the condition that she quits the realm forthwith, so that the executioner's disobedience may not be discovered. In the desert the Virgin Mary appears to her and comforts her, promising that all her torments shall, by her constancy, be turned into joy. Two angels procure her a guide (*padrone*) and escort, and provide her with a ring as a means of paying them for their services. She heals one of her escort of a disease. The guide leads her to a nunnery, in which she is received as a sister, calling herself simply by the name of "Sinner," and praying the abbess to inquire no farther after her name, origin, and history. She is made a door-keeper, and heals many blind and sick. The king of Hungary's brother is stricken with leprosy by the judgment of God, and the king sends for his physicians. They declare that the disease cannot be cured speedily or without great expense. A servant advises the king to send away the doctors, and take his brother to be healed by Guglielma at the nunnery ; so he commits the realm to his nobles,

and taking his brother to Guglielma, prays her to heal him. She recognizes them, but they do not know her. She consents to pray for the sick man's restoration to health, but says that he must first declare in the king's presence whether he ever in his life injured him, at the same time requesting the king to forgive him any offences which he might confess, which the king promises to do. His brother then confesses his double crime of tempting Guglielma and afterwards falsely accusing her to the king and causing her to be burnt to death. The king forgives him, upon which he is healed at Guglielma's prayer, and he vows himself to the service of God. Guglielma takes off her veil and discovers herself to the king, and tells him how she had escaped death, and of her subsequent adventures. She returns home with the king and his brother, and the king, giving up his kingdom, retires with his wife and brother to the desert, where they become hermits.¹

D'Ancona also notices an obscure play, or poem, of the 16th century, entitled "Del duca d'Angio e de Costanza so mojer," from an account of it by Adolfo Mussafia, contained in the *Atti dell' Accademia di Vienna*, 1866 :

Italian Miracle-Play of the Duchess of Anjou.

LOUIS Duke of Anjou, while being hospitably entertained by the Doge of Venice, falls in love with and marries his daughter Constance. Going to the Holy Land, he commits her to the care of his nephew Glifet, who tempts her, but she resists and flees. Glifet, however, gets her again into his power, and, unable to effect his wishes, gives her in charge to four ruffians to put her to death. Arrived in a wood, they release her, taking her shift and dipping it in the blood of a wild beast which they slew on purpose, and produce it to Glifet as proof of their obedience. Constance obtains shelter with a washerwoman, and is afterwards taken into the service of a

¹ For this and the following abstracts and notes from D'Ancona I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, who has an able and almost exhaustive paper on a cognate cycle of tales, which he aptly entitles "The Outcast Child," in the *Folk-Lore Journal* for October, 1886.

countess, whose clothes she had washed. The countess commits her only son to her care. The count's nephew, Girardetto, falls in love with Constance, and after tempting her ineffectually, to revenge himself, he gains access by night to her room and strangles the count's little son, sleeping by her side, and in the morning accuses her of the murder. He advises the count to burn her to death, and scatter her ashes to the winds; but at the countess's intercession her life is spared, and she is abandoned in her shift on a desert isle. There an angel appears before her, and gives her a pot of ointment, informing her that she should leave the island on the following day. She is taken off by a pirate, who conducts her to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, where she is admitted as a servant, and obtains a great reputation for sanctity. She begins to heal all manner of diseases by means of the ointment, and her fame spreads far and wide. Meanwhile, her husband returns from the Holy Land, and Glifet makes him believe that she had fled without leaving a trace. On hearing of this, the duke falls sick, and Glifet is presently stricken with leprosy. They are advised to go to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, in order to be cured. Accordingly they go thither, and after confession of all their sins are cured by Constance, who then makes herself known to the duke, and she pardons the count for the evil he had done her.

In discussing the obscure Italian poem of which the foregoing is an abstract, D'Ancona divides the plot into three heads:

I. A prince confides his wife to his brother, who seeks to seduce her; and she, by the traitor's wickedness, is brought into great peril of her life.

II. The innocent lady is saved by a gentleman, who receives her into his house and places his son in her care; but one of the family, enamoured of her and repulsed, slays the child and accuses her of his death, in consequence of which she is again exposed to apparently certain death.

III. The lady is once more saved, and endowed with power of curing the sick. They who have injured her are attacked by disease, and having made confession of their crimes are healed by her.

Spanish Version.

AFTER citing as belonging to this group the “ Rappresentazione di Santa Guglielma,” D’Ancona, referring to a number of MSS. and editions, mentions “ La Peregrina Doctora ” of Juan Miguel de Fuego, 18th century (*Romancero general*, ed. Duran, Madrid, 1849-51, and the 10th and 16th vols. of the *Biblioteca de autores españoles*, Nos. 1269-70). The scene is laid at Lisbon. The cut-throats employed by the husband to put Ines de Hortocarrero to death come to a fight among themselves for the possession of her, and the chief is killed. After an apparition of the Virgin Mary, Ines flies, and a lion conducts her to a cave. The ruffians cut out the eyes and heart of their dead chief and carry them to the husband in proof of having executed his commands, but recount the truth to his brother Frederic, the calumniator of the lady, who goes to the cave, but is repulsed by the lion, who wounds him in five places. The Virgin appears again to Ines, and gives her the ointment as usual. Ines returns to Lisbon, and cures many sick persons, among them Frederic, now repentant, and is finally recognised.

German Versions.

THE legend of Ildegarde (Grimm : *Deutsche Sagen*, ii. 102 ; Bäckström, ii. 266) preserves the simplest form of the story. Even the supernatural is wanting in it. In the wood is a gentleman who saves the lady from the hands of the ruffians, and the medical art which she afterwards so happily practises she had learned long before.

D’Ancona refers to three German versions : (1) a poem of the 12th century (*Kaiserchronik* : ed. Massmann, v. 11,367, ed. O. Schade, Berlin, 1853) ; (2) a prose version taken from a MS. of the 15th century (Haupt : *Altd. Bll.*, i. 300 ; Wackernagel : *Lesebuch*, i. 987) ; and (3) an old print of the 16th century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna ; which tell the story thus : Narcissus, king of Rome, and Elizabeth, his wife, have two sons, both called Theodoric. Their parents having died, the pope orders that he shall reign who first takes a wife. Crescenza, daughter of the king of Africa (or, as

in the 3rd version, of Octavian the emperor), is demanded by both the brothers in marriage. She chooses Theodoric, the ugly but virtuous brother. Setting out on an expedition, the ugly husband confides his wife to his brother, who, having sought to seduce her, is imprisoned in a tower, but afterwards set free. Hence he calumniates Crescenza to her husband on his return, and the latter causes her to be flung into the Tiber, whence she is drawn by a fisherman in his nets and taken to his own house. Reproved for not having caught any fish during the day, the fisherman relates what has happened, and Crescenza goes then to the court of a certain duke. (In version 3 it is the Virgin who conducts Crescenza to the fisherman's cottage, where she is to change her clothes, and the duchess, having seen her, takes her away.) The duke's minister falls in love with Crescenza, and on being repulsed ill-treats her. She suffers all with patience, but the minister, to revenge himself, kills one of the duke's sons, aged three years. The duke delivers Crescenza into the minister's hands, who causes her to find a miraculous herb. Crescenza offers to cure the duke and his minister on their confessing their sins. They are cured, but the duke causes the minister to be thrown into the water. (In version 3 the Virgin saves Crescenza and gives her the herb, and the duke pardons his minister at the desire of Crescenza.) She then returns to Rome and heals her husband at once and his brother after confession, and is recognised. Soon after this Theodoric and Crescenza separate and end their lives in the cloister.

Other Italian Versions.

THERE is another Italian narrative of the 14th century, found in *Novelle d'incerti autori del sec. XIV.*, Bologna, Romagnoli, 1861, p. 31, in which are combined the two principal events: the brother-in-law's treachery and the murder of the child. It also contains the apparitions of the Virgin, the lion which shows the deserted lady the way, and the miraculous cure of the brother-in-law. After the reconciliation the lady builds two convents, one for monks and the other for nuns, to which she and her husband respectively retire.—The story of the Duchess of Anjou (D'Ancona remarks) agrees fully with

none of these versions. It is a new version, which is distinguished from all others by the intelligent selection of the events, and their clear and simple connection. There Glifet is not brother but nephew of the husband. Apparently the intention is to excuse in a certain measure the crime by the greater youth of the culprit. This is the more evident in those places in which the struggles which Glifet sustains are recounted. In short, a more regular and truthlike development is here found than in the other versions. Is the merit (asks D'Ancona) of this to be awarded to the Italian versifier, whose power of expression is so small, and whose introduction is out of harmony with the design of the poem? The names of persons and places point to France, and he conjectures that the poem was derived mediately or immediately from the French.

The foregoing observations appear to be in substance those of Mussafia in publishing the Italian poem "Del duca d'Angio et de Costanza so mojer." D'Ancona farther contributes the following: It is stated in the *Illustrazione storico-monumentale-epigrafica dell'abbazia di Chiaravalle* of Michael Caffi (Milan: Gnecchi, 1842), p. 110): "Four centuries before our Guglielma (the Bohemian), another of the same name and with similar vicissitudes rendered famous the land of Brunate in the territory of Como. She also called herself a king's daughter, she also led a religious and beneficent life, and died with the fame of sanctity and miracles. More fortunate than the Bohemian, or more circumspect in her behaviour, she aroused no suspicions of her teachings, and no sentence came to disturb the peace of her ashes. At Brunate her memory is ever held in veneration. Childing and suckling women, who have her as their advocate with the Dispenser of Mercies, go thither to make or to perform their vows." A note to this says: "After 795 Teodo, king of Hungary, married Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, but having gone very soon to Palestine, he left the kingdom and his wife in the care of his brother. The latter tempted in vain his sister-in-law's honour, and to revenge himself of the repulse accused her to his brother of infidelity. She was condemned to death, but succeeded in eluding the vigilance of her guards, flying in disguise. She was found by the

huntsmen of the king of France, who took her before their prince. He received her at his court, where a steward fell in love with her, and finding her intractable to his desires, accused her of infanticide, and she was again condemned to death. She is liberated, and goes to Italy, to shut herself in a nunnery, where by means of an exemplary and austere life she acquires a reputation for sanctity and wonder-working. Moved by this her great fame, the king of Hungary, having come to ask her forgiveness, takes her back to his own country, and there she piously ceased to live. At Morbegno and at Brunate she is venerated with special devotion." An account of her life, written by one Padre Andrea Ferrari, is in the Vatican. Pietro Monti, the present incumbent of Brunate, writes me concerning this Guglielma as follows (Oct. 11, 1842): "There still is at Brunate a tradition that a lady from beyond the mountains, by name Guglielma, came in former times and lived here for many years, having been compelled to leave home by domestic misfortune, and that her husband, having heard of her, came and led her back to her own country. In this parish church is a fresco of her, venerated by pious persons, who come hither in certain months of the year, which appears to me to be of date of 1450, or thereabouts. In 1826 the wall in the church adjoining the picture was demolished, and there I saw many other figures (previously covered with a layer of mortar) which formed a retinue to the picture still existing. They related the story of Guglielma—that is, how she left her husband's house, came to Brunate, and there lived a solitary life, clad in sackcloth, and usually with only one little maid-servant, in company with a crucifix and an image of Our Lady. There were some lines of Latin in Gothic characters, few words of which, however, I could put together and read. It was a sin that a hundred years ago the builders covered with mortar these old pictures of the 15th century, and partly ruined them by the fresh mortar. In 1826 it was believed that in that state [in which they then were] they could not be preserved. The convent of Brunate was founded by certain sisters Pedraglio, of Como, about the year 1350, as appears by memorials in my possession, and by the brief of Pope Martin V. of the 6th April, 1448. Guglielma, however, came here some centuries before the foundation

of the convent, and certainly before the 10th century ; but according to tradition, where the nunnery was afterwards erected she passed part of her life in a private and obscure condition. The tradition here concerning Guglielma is very ancient, and so much as I have heard of it from the 'oldest inhabitants' agrees with a document sufficiently authentic, old, and in print, in my possession, and very rare, which makes Guglielma to have lived long before [the year] 1000. In this are noted her country, husband, her saintly and heroic Christian virtues, and the vicissitudes of her life, afflicted by private calamities. More I will not say of her, because when I have time I intend to publish a life of her."¹

D'Ancona, referring to the foregoing communication from the priest of Brunate, goes on to say, that he had written to Como to ascertain whether the incumbent had ever carried his intention into

¹ The simplicity of this worthy ecclesiastic's account of the saintly, wonder-working lady is very refreshing. He claims a high antiquity for the local tradition, but one should like to know something definite regarding the "document, sufficiently authentic, very old and rare," which represents the pious Guglielma to have lived (at Brunate) long before the year 1000, and with which the narratives of the "oldest inhabitants" agreed. Not even the fresco of the lady-saint on the wall of the parish church—not even the whole series of mural pictures which the masons ruined by covering with mortar—is to be received as evidence that the "tradition," so far as concerns Brunate, is founded in fact. That a story of universal popularity such as that of Guglielma should be pictured on a church-wall is not at all surprising ; and through the pictures it would in course of time naturally become identified with the locality.

Nothing indeed is more common than to find world-wide stories localised in different countries, from Iceland to Ceylon, from Portugal to Japan. Thus, for example, the "legend" of the Pedlar of Swaffam—who had a dream of buried treasure which was realised, and whose picture, with his wife and three children, was, quoth Sir Roger Twysden, "on every window of the aisle" of Swaffam church, in memorial of his benefactions to that edifice—this story, which Blomefield has reproduced in his *History of Norfolk*, is not only known in Holland and Germany, but is found in the works of Arabian and Persian writers who were gathered to their fathers centuries before Swaffam church was erected. The Welsh "tradition" of Gellert the faithful hound, whose tomb "with stately sculpture decked" is shown even unto this day, was known in India thirteen hundred years ago, and has been domiciled in the south of France for many centuries. Our nursery tale of Whittington and his Cat was related by Wasif the Persian historian, and moreover was current in different countries of Europe long before that Worshipful Lord Mayor of London town was born. The *fabliau* of 'Le Sacristan de Cluni' is reproduced by Heywood in his *History of Women*, under the title of 'The Faire Ladie of Norwich,' and again in Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, where the murderer of the amorous monk is, strangely, represented to have been Sir Thomas Erpingham. So much for local "traditions" !

effect, or if anything could be found among his papers; and he obtained the following information, extracted from the papers of Pietro Monti: A life of St. Guglielma was printed at Como by Niccolo Caprani, episcopal printer, 1642, collected by M. R. Padre Frate Andrea Ferrari of S. Donato, and incumbent of the church of S. Andrea at Brunate. Frate Andrea says at the beginning of this life that he was induced to write it by having a little book accidentally fall into his hands, which treated of the life of the saint, and adds that he made search in the library of the Vatican, where the same life was found described substantially in the way in which he had printed it, little different from that described in the above-mentioned book. There it is related that Teodo, king of Hungary, in the year 795, took to wife Guglielma, daughter of the king of England. A short time after his marriage he went to the Holy Land, having left Guglielma and his brother in charge of the kingdom. The brother, having in vain attempted his sister-in-law's honour, accused her to the king of adultery. She was therefore condemned to be burnt, but the executioners only burnt her clothes and an animal, and permitted her to flee from Hungary. Having reached a desert, she was there first tempted by the huntsmen of the king of France, and afterwards conducted by them before the king, who gave his first-begotten son to her charge. The seneschal, having in vain asked her in marriage, to revenge himself strangled the king's son, attributing the crime to Guglielma. She is condemned to the flames. Two angels miraculously deliver her, lead her to a certain river, and consign her to a pilot. While she sails she has a vision of the Virgin Mary. She heals by blessing divers sick persons who are in the vessel. She makes known to the captain of the ship her desire to live in a convent, and he, who is nephew of the abbess of a nunnery in his own country, complies with her wish. Thither, through the fame of her miracles, the sick flocked from various parts of the world. Afflicted by leprosy, the brother of the king of Hungary and the seneschal of France come, and are set free from their disease. At this news the king of Hungary and the king of France hasten to the nunnery, and there the saint makes herself known to her husband, with whom she returns to her kingdom, where in life and after death

she works many miracles, chiefly curing headache (!). Frate Andrea, however, at the beginning of her life, says that there are few who esteem Guglielma among the saints, but her picture in the church of S. Andrea is held in great veneration, that women who want milk are persuaded that they obtain daily favours by means of her intercession, and that her pictures are seen in divers churches painted with a crown on her head.

FROM a comparative analysis of the numerous versions and variants of the ancient and wide-spread story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife it will be very evident that, while the fundamental outline is the same in all, Trivet's tale, with its direct derivatives by Gower and Chaucer, is a considerably elaborated form, and that the versions in the *Contes Dévots* and the *Gesta Romanorum* most closely preserve the Asiatic story in the principal details. In Trivet, and in the romance of Emare, however, there is introduced an incident which properly belongs to another but cognate cycle of tales, that, namely, of the malignant mother-in-law telling her son that his wife is a demon and her child a monster. In the group I refer to, envious sisters, co-wives, or mothers-in-law send the heroine's newly-born babes away to be killed, substitute puppies, cats, stones, or bits of wood, and make the husband believe she has given birth to such objects—as in the beautiful tale of the 'Swan Children' (afterwards expanded into the romance of 'Helyas; or, the Knight with the Swan') in *Dolopathos*, the oldest European form of the History of the Seven Wise Masters; in the Pleasant Nights (*Le Notti Piacevoli*) of Straparola, iv. 3; in the German tale (Grimm) of the 'Three Little Birds'; in the Norse Tale (Dasent) of 'Snow White and Rosy Red'; in the French tale of 'Les Trois Filles du Boulanger' (*Mélusine*, i. 206); in the tale of 'The Envious Sisters,' with which our common version of the *Arabian Nights* concludes; in the Indian tale of 'Truth's Triumph,' Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days*, and that of 'The Boy with a moon on his forehead,' Bahari Day's *Folk Tales of Bengal*; in the third tale of the Tamil romance *Madana Kámarájá Kadai*, etc.

The story as found in the *Contes Dévots* corresponds so closely with the *Gesta* version that we might conclude it was the source of the latter, but for one or two important differences, which render it probable that both were independently adapted from oral tradition. In the *Gesta* the lady is entrapped into a ship under pretence of showing her some clothes for sale; the master threatens to force her to comply with his desires; she prays to Heaven; a tempest rises, and all on board are drowned excepting the lady and the shipmaster. This does not occur in the *Contes Dévots*, but exact parallels to it are found in the third Arabian version and the Persian tale of Repsima, the sole difference being that the lady is sold as a slave to the shipmaster. In Trivet's tale the lady sails away with a seneschal and pushes him into the sea to save her chastity.—The murder of the child does not occur in the *Contes Dévots*, but is found in Vincent of Beauvais, the *Gesta*, the Italian poem of Santa Guglielma, the German versions, the Persian tale of Repsima, and in the first and third Arabian versions (where the child is killed accidentally in the attempt to murder the lady); in Trivet and its derivatives, it is Hermingild, the wife of Elda, who is slain; and in the second Arabian version theft is substituted for murder.—The imprisonment of the brother-in-law occurs in the *Contes Dévots*, Vincent of Beauvais, the *Gesta*, and the German versions.—For the miraculous cures performed in the persons of her evil-doers in nearly all the variants, we find in Trivet the restoring of his sight to a blind Briton by Hermingild, at the desire of Constance, making the sign of the cross on his eyes.—The German versions seem to have exclusively the incident of the lady being cast into the Tiber, and drawn out by a fisherman in his net.—The *Gesta* story is the only European version which agrees with the Eastern forms in the incident of the lady saving the man from the gallows—from the bastinado in the second Arabian, where the man, instead of inveigling the lady on board a vessel, makes a false charge against her to the sultan; but in the first Arabian the man builds the lady a cell, then betakes himself to wood-cutting, and brings her food daily. The lady's disguising herself as a dervish, her associating with the princess as her spiritual director, and the murder of the latter are details peculiar to the second Arabian

version ; while the third Arabian is singular in representing the evil-doers as afflicted with remorse, not with diseases, for their crimes. To conclude : I am disposed to consider the Innocent Persecuted Wife as of Hindú, if not of Buddhist, extraction ; and the Persian tale of Repsima, though found in a work of much later composition than most of the European versions, may perhaps best represent the original form of the tale.

GLASGOW, *November, 1886.*

NOTE.

IN the first Arabian version, p. 368, last line, the lady, on quitting the house of her rescuer, is represented as having "some-what of money with her," but we are not told how she came by it : evidently the copyist has omitted to state, as in the second version, that the shaykh gave her a thousand dirhams ; and this is also left out of the third version.—The incident, which occurs in the third Arabian and the Persian versions, of the lady being put on board a vessel as a slave, and solicited by the master bears some resemblance to that which happened to the wife of Placidus, as related in ch. 110 of Swan's *Gesta Romanorum*, and the Legend of St. Eustache, in the Greek martyr acts, to which the story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife is near akin.

19.

The Robbers and the Treasure-
Trove:

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN
VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE ROBBERS AND THE TREASURE-TROVE:

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS
OF THE *PARDONER'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

FEW stories were more widely diffused over Europe during mediæval times than that which Chaucer represents the Pardoner as relating to his fellow-pilgrims on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, of the three "riottours" who found a treasure, and perished through their own cupidity. How this simple but impressive tale was brought to Europe—for it is of Asiatic extraction unquestionably—has not been and may never be ascertained. We have already seen (*ante*, p. 131) that it forms one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, the first Italian collection of apologues and short stories, compiled, it is supposed, in the 13th century. Wright conjectures that Chaucer drew the materials of his Pardoner's Tale from a *fabliau*, and it is probable that such was also the source of the Italian *novella*. We should have expected to find the story occurring frequently in the voluminous monkish collections of *exempla*, but my friend Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell University, Ithaca, U.S., who has been long engaged upon a work on Mediæval Sermons and Story-Books, informs me that he has not hitherto met with it in any of them, which is passing strange, since it is well adapted for popular recital, its moral being so obvious.

The original form of the story seems to be one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, entitled "Vedabbha Jātaka," the 48th of Fausböll's edition of the Pāli text of the *Jātaka*-book. The meaning of "Birth-Story" has been thus explained: "According to Buddhist belief, every man living has entered on his present life in succession to a vast number of previous lives, in any one of which he may have been a man—king, monk, or goatherd—an animal, goblin, or

deity, as the case may be. For the mass of men, those previous lives have left no trace on memory, but a Buddha remembers them all, and not his own merely, but the previous births of other men. And Gautama, so the tradition runs, was in the habit of explaining facts of the present in the lives of those about him by what they had done in other births, and of illustrating his own teaching by what he had done himself in earlier births. Of the stories which he thus told of his own previous existences, 550 are supposed to have been collected immediately after his decease.”—The first to point out the identity of the Pardoner’s Tale with one of those Buddhist Birth-Stories was the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, in the *Contemporary Review*, May, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 738, and afterwards two other scholars each made the same “discovery” independently: Mr. H. H. Francis in *The Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883, and Professor C. H. Tawney, in the *Journal of Philology*, 1883, vol. xii. pp. 203—8. The Bishop of Colombo, in the *Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1884, published translations of the first fifty *Játakas*, the 48th of which, as already stated, is the “Vedabbha,” but he does not seem to have recognized it as the original of the Pardoner’s Tale. The following is Professor Tawney’s rendering of the “Vedabbha Játaka”:

Buddhist Original.

“He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha, and they all themselves perished.”

This the Master, while sojourning in Jetavana, spake concerning that obstinate friar. For the Master said to that friar: “Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and owing to thy obstinacy thou didst disregard the counsel of the wise, and wast cut asunder with a sharp sword, and didst fall dead in the way, and owing to thee alone did a thousand men perish.” When he had said this he told the following tale:

LONG ago, when Bráhmadata was reigning in Benáres, a certain Bráhman in a certain village knew a spell, Vedabbha by name. That spell was indeed of great, of priceless efficacy. When the

moon was in conjunction with a certain lunar mansion, he would repeat that spell, and look up to heaven, and then a rain of the seven kinds of precious things¹ would fall from heaven. At that time the Bodhisattva² was studying science under that Bráhmaṇ. One day the Bráhmaṇ left his village, and, taking the Bodhisattva with him, set out for the kingdom of Chedi for some purpose or other. In the way lay a certain forest, where five hundred Sending Thieves waylaid travellers. They took captive the Bodhisattva and the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ. And the reason wherefore they were called Sending Thieves was this: Whenever they took captive two men, they sent one to fetch wealth; therefore they were called the Sending Thieves. And so, if they captured a father and a son, they said to the father: "Go and bring us wealth, and then receive back thy son and depart." And in like manner, if they captured a mother and her daughter, they sent the mother; and if they captured an elder and a younger brother, they sent the elder brother; and if they captured a teacher and his pupil, they sent the pupil. Accordingly on this occasion they kept the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ and sent away the Bodhisattva. The Bodhisattva respectfully took leave of his teacher, and said: "I will return after one or two days; do not be afraid; and moreover, do this that I advise you. To-night there will be a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable you to call down a rain of wealth; now do not you, fretting under your affliction, repeat the spell, and make a rain of wealth descend; otherwise, you yourself will meet destruction, and these five hundred thieves also." Having given his teacher this advice, he went to fetch wealth.

The thieves, for their part, when the sun set, bound the Bráhmaṇ and made him lie down. At that moment the full round orb of the moon rose above the western horizon. The Bráhmaṇ, considering

¹ The seven kinds of precious things are variously enumerated by Buddhist authors. Burnouf, in his translation of the *Saddharma Pundarīka*, gives two lists. The first is from the *Saddharma* itself, a Northern Buddhist work, and runs as follows: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) lapis-lazuli; (4) crystal; (5) red pearls; (6) diamonds; (7) coral. The second is from a Southern Buddhist source: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) pearls; (4) all kinds of precious stones; (5) lapis-lazuli; (6) diamonds; (7) coral.

² Or Bodisat: a potential Buddha—in the present case, Gautama himself in a former birth.

the heavenly bodies, said to himself : "To-night there will take place a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable me to produce a rain of wealth ;—why should I any longer endure affliction ? I will repeat the spell and cause a rain of precious things to descend, and bestow wealth on the thieves, and then go where I like." Having thus reflected, he said to the thieves : "Ye thieves, why did ye take me prisoner ?" They answered : "In order to get wealth, reverend sir." He continued : "Then, if you desire wealth, quickly release me from my bonds, and have my head washed, and have me clothed in new garments, and anointed with unguents, and adorned with flowers." The thieves, hearing his speech, did so. The Bráhmaṇ observed the exact moment of the moon's conjunction with the lunar mansion, and repeated the spell and looked up to heaven. Immediately precious things fell from heaven. The thieves collected that wealth, and tied it up in bundles in their upper garments and started off. The Bráhmaṇ followed them.

Then another five hundred thieves made those thieves prisoners. The first five hundred said : "Why do you take us captive ?" The second five hundred answered : "To get wealth." Then the first five hundred said : "If you desire wealth, take captive this Bráhmaṇ ; he looked up to heaven, and made a rain of wealth fall ; it was he that gave us what we have here." Then the thieves let those other thieves go, and seized the Bráhmaṇ, exclaiming : "Give us also wealth." The Bráhmaṇ replied : "I could give you wealth ; but that conjunction of the moon with the lunar mansion that enables us to call down a rain of wealth will not take place for a year from this time. If you need wealth, wait, and then I will cause a rain of wealth to descend." The thieves were angry, and said : "What ! villain of a Bráhmaṇ, after causing a rain of wealth to descend for others, do you bid us wait for another year ?" Then they cut the Bráhmaṇ in two with a sharp sword, and left him in the road, and quickly pursuing those other thieves, fought with them, and slew them all. Then they divided themselves into two bands, and fought until two hundred and fifty were slain ; and in this way they slew one another until only two remained.

Thus those thousand men perished all but two. But those two

men deftly carried off that wealth, and hid it in a thicket near a village, and one remained guarding it, sword in hand, while the other took some rice and went off to the village to get it cooked. Truly this passion of avarice is the root of destruction,¹ for the one who was guarding the wealth said to himself: "When my fellow returns, this wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better kill him with a sword-cut as soon as he arrives." So he made ready his sword, and remained watching for his return. The other said to himself: "This wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better put poison in the rice, and give it to my fellow to eat, and so kill him, and take all the wealth for myself." Accordingly, as soon as the rice was cooked, he ate all he wanted, and put poison in the rest, and set out with it in his hand. No sooner had he put the rice down than the other cut him in two with his sword, and threw his body into a tangled thicket. Then he ate the rice, and fell dead on the spot. Thus, owing to the treasure, all these men perished.

As for the Bodhisattva, he returned in one or two days with the wealth that he was sent to fetch. When he did not see his teacher where he left him, but saw wealth scattered about, he said to himself: "In spite of my advice, the teacher must have caused a rain of wealth to descend, and no doubt they will all have perished." So he went on along the highway. As he was going along, he saw on the highway his teacher cut in two; and he said to himself: "He has lost his life through disregarding my advice." Then he gathered wood and made a pyre, and burnt his teacher's body, and offered flowers to it. And, going on, he saw five hundred men lying dead, and then two hundred and fifty, and so on, until at last he saw only two corpses, and then he said to himself: "Behold! here are a thousand men slain, save only two; there must be two thieves left

¹ Mr. Francis, in his paper on this story in *The Academy*, already referred to, has pointed out that nearly the same reflection occurs in the Latin story—meaning the singularly corrupted version found in Morlini: "*radice malorum cupiditate affecti*" (see *ante*, p. 134, l. 8);—but he was strangely mistaken in supposing the reflection to be made by the robber: under this mistake, however, he makes right merry, remarking that "it would seem as if the Devil could quote Scripture in Páli as well as in other languages," and calling the robber "a veritable Oriental Pecksniff!"

alive; they will not be able to control themselves. I wonder where they are gone." So, going on, he saw their tracks, where they had entered a thicket with the treasure, and further on he saw a heap of treasure made up in bundles, and a man lying dead upon a plate of rice. Then he understood exactly all the doings of those men, and said to himself: "I wonder where the other is," but, after searching, he found him cast away in a thicket, and exclaimed: "Disregarding my advice, my teacher not only lost his own life by his obstinacy, but caused also the death of those thousand men. Truly, those who unseasonably and wantonly pursue their own advantage meet, like my teacher, with utter ruin." And having said this, he repeated the following stanza:

"He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha,¹ and they all themselves perished."

Then the Bodhisattva made the wood resound with this utterance: "Even as my teacher, unseasonably and improperly exerting power, caused a rain of treasure to fall, and thus himself met his death, and became to others the cause of destruction—even so, whosoever, unseasonably desiring his own advantage, shall make strenuous effort, shall himself perish utterly, and shall cause ruin to others." And the sylvan deities applauded him, while he thus set forth the moral lesson contained in the above stanza. Then he deftly removed the wealth to his own house, and continued the rest of his life giving alms, and doing other righteous acts, and when he died, he attained heaven.

When the Master had given this instruction in righteousness, saying, "Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and didst meet with utter ruin," he summed up the *Jātaka* in the following words: "On that occasion this obstinate friar was the Vedabbha Bráhmaṇ and I was his pupil."

From India the story, in all likelihood, passed into Persia, where it assumed a form consistent with the Muhammedan belief in the sacred (but not divine) character of Jesus the son of Mary. In the

¹ The commentator tells us that the Bráhmaṇ was called Vedabbha because he knew a spell named Vedabbha—*Veddabhamanta-vasena Vedabbho ti lad-dhanámanam bráhmaṇam*.

12th century Ferīdu-'d-Dīn 'Attār, the celebrated Sūfī philosopher and poet, made it the subject of a poem in his *Kitāb-i Masībat Nāma*, or Book of Calamities, from a manuscript copy of which, preserved in the Gotha Library, Dr. F. Rückert published the Persian text, accompanied by a German metrical translation, in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (Journal of the German Oriental Society) for 1860, Bd. xiv. s. 280—7, and this is how 'Attār tells the story :¹

Persian Version.

JESUS, from whom beamed light, came into a village, and an evil man was his path-fellow. At that time Jesus had three loaves of bread, one of which he ate, one he gave to his companion, and one remained out of the three. Now Jesus went forward to

¹ The Sūfīs are the mystics of Islām.—Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, in his recently-published work, *Persian Portraits: a Sketch of Persian History, Literature, and Politics*, gives the following particulars regarding this illustrious poet :

Shaikh Farīd-ud-Dīn Attār, surnamed Muhammed Ibrahim, was a druggist and dealer in perfumes, from which he took his poetical name ['Attār], and only abandoned his shop on becoming a Sufi philosopher. This he did under the following circumstances, as related by Sir Gore Ouseley : Attār was one day sitting at his door with a friend, when a religious mendicant approached, and looking anxiously and earnestly into the well-furnished warehouse, heaved a deep sigh, and shed tears, meditating on the transitory state of all earthly property, and on the instability of human life to enjoy the goods of this world. Mistaking the sentiment uppermost in the fakīr's mind, and annoyed by his scrutinizing looks, Attār desired him to be gone, to which the other replied : "Yes, I have nothing to prevent me from leaving your door, or indeed from abandoning the world at once, as my sole possession is this worn-out garment ; but, O Attār, I grieve for thee, for how canst thou ever bring thyself to think of death, leaving all these worldly goods behind thee ?" Attār was so profoundly touched by the words of the dervish, that he gave up his shop without a pang, renounced all worldly concerns for ever, and commenced the study of Sūfīsm under the celebrated Shaikh Reken-ud-Dīn. He continued his studies in the mystic doctrines with such assiduity, that although he was known to be an inimitable poet, he was more famous as the most perfect Sūfī, living as a recluse, and absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine Essence.

Attār was born at a place called Shadyakh, appertaining to Naishapur, in the reign of Sultan Sanjar, and is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen years, of which eighty-five were spent at Shadyakh and in pilgrimages, and twenty-nine in Naishapur. In A.D. 1230, at the siege of Naishapur, the son-in-law of Changez Khan the Tartar was killed, and a general massacre of the inhabitants of that place was made by the Mughals, and Attār was among the number that were slain.

procure water. His companion ate that bread during his absence. Jesus, son of Mary, when he returned, perceived not the bread by the man's side, and said : " What is become of the bread, my son ? " The other replied : " I know nothing at all thereof. " And then they both proceeded on their way till they came to a sea, and Jesus took the man by the hand and walked with him over the sea. Now when he had brought him across the sea, he said : " O companion ! by the might of the Lord—that Lord who has done such a marvel, which marvel no one could do of himself : tell me now, in this place, who is it that ate the bread yonder ? " But the man said : " I have no knowledge thereof ; why dost thou question me when I know it not ? " Jesus now resumed his journey, until there came forth a roe from afar, and he called the little roe near to him, and made the dust and stones red with its blood. He roasted it then, and thereof ate a little ; but the other filled himself up to the neck. Thereafter, Jesus, son of Mary, gathered the roe's bones together, and breathed into them with his breath ; and the roe came to life immediately, and having adored him, bounded back into the desert.¹ The Saviour-Guide said to the man : " O companion, by the power of the supreme Lord, who has offered thee this proof of His omnipotence, give me now an account of that bread. " But he said : " I have never seen the bread ; why wilt thou trouble me so long ? " Then Jesus led the man on with him as before, until they came to

¹ Muslims believe that the breath of the Messiah had the virtue of restoring the dead to life. In the Persian romance of the *Four Darveshes*, a very skilful physician is named 'Isa (Jesus) in allusion to this notion. And in the Persian *Sindibād Nāma* we read : " Sweet, too, is the air of Ja'farābād [a suburb of Shīrāz], whose breezes perform the work of the Messiah. " The resuscitation of the roe from its bones will recall to storiologists similar incidents in European, and especially Norwegian and Icelandic, folk-lore. A noteworthy analogue occurs in the Older Edda. In one recension of the scurrilous Jewish " Life " of Jesus (*Toldoth Jesu*)—not that published, with a Latin translation and *castigation*, by Ulrico, at Leyden, in 1705, but the version at the end of the second volume of Wagenseil's *Tela ignea Satanae*, 1681—among the first wonders which Jesus is represented as publicly performing, by means of the Ineffable Name (which he is said to have abstracted from the Temple and concealed in the flesh of his thigh) is the raising of a man to life from bones taken out of a charnel-house. And in the Buddhist *Jātakas* we read of a youth who, by his skill in magic, resuscitated a tiger from its skeleton, an incident which has been adapted in the Persian story-book *Tūtī Nāma*, or Tales of a Parrot.

three mounds of earth, and Jesus said a pure and sweet prayer, so that the heaps of earth became pure gold.¹ And he said: "One part, companion, is thine; another is mine; and the third part belongs to him who has secretly eaten that bread." When the man now perceived the gold, it was wonderful what a change came over him. Quickly he exclaimed: "'Twas *I* who ate that bread; I was an hungered, and ate it secretly in my need." When Jesus heard this confession, he said: "For myself I desire nothing; the three are thine. Thou art of no use to me as a travelling companion; though thou shouldst desire me, yet do I not desire thee." Thus he spake; dejected was he thereat; and so he left the man, and betook himself thence.

A little while passed by, and then there came two men, who, seeing the gold, at once became at enmity with him whom they found on the spot, and who exclaimed: "All this gold is mine." But the two others said: "This gold shall be ours." Between them contention and discord arose, until tongue and hand grew weary thereof. At length the three men agreed that the gold should be shared in three [equal] parts. All three were by this time very hungry; and they could no longer breathe for very weariness. One said: "Life goes before gold. Now I will go to the town, and there procure bread." The other two said: "If thou bringest us bread, verily in death thou bringest us new life. Go, get bread; and when

¹ This power of turning earth into gold is often ascribed to holy men in Eastern fictions. Take for example the following lines from the current volume of Captain R. C. Temple's *Legends of the Panjáb* (vol. iii. pp. 214, 215: "A Miracle of the Holy Sayyid Kabír, of Jálándhar"):

"After a while a disciple came to the saint,
And found him living in the same poor way as before.
He said: 'Sir saint, I have a question:
Why dost thou dwell poorly now, and art not happy?'
Said the saint: 'Pick me up a clod from the fields,
And behold my power, granted by the God of Mercy.'
When the saint put his hand upon the clod it became golden!
Said he: 'God hath granted me all things, but it behoves me still to be
dependent on Him.'
And again he said: 'The *bil*¹ is placed there;
It is of no use—throw it away.'
When the disciple looked at it, he found it as he had left it;
Then he saw his fault and craved pardon for his presumption."

¹ Captain Temple explains that "the *bil* is a kind of receptacle used by fakírs, and consists of the hard rind of the *bil* (*agile marmelos*) fruit, the pulp being scooped out so as to form a cup."

thou returnest hither, we will share the gold in three parts as we before agreed." Straightway the man left the gold to his companions, arose quickly, and began his business. He came to the town, and there bought bread, and for a time ate of it; then he cunningly put poison in the rest of the bread, so that those two might die, and he remain alive, and all the gold be his only. But the two made a covenant on the spot that they would despatch that one, and then out of those three parts make two. As they were agreed, the man came up. The two instantly smote him dead, and then themselves died as soon as they ate the bread.

Jesus, son of Mary, returning to the spot, saw the slaughtered one and the two dead men lying there, and said: "If this gold remain here, untold numbers will perish therefore." And out of his pure soul he spake a prayer, when, lo! the gold became dust and stones again. Then if gold is indeed better than stone and dust, yet better is gold that is covered with dust.¹

In Mr. M. Cassim Siddi Lebbe's "Account of the Virgin Mary and Jesus according to Arabian Writers," contributed to *The Orientalist*, vol. i. pp. 46-7 (Kandy, 1884), we have a version which appears to be derived from the same source as that of 'Attâr, if not indeed directly from it, although varying in some of the details, and especially in the catastrophe: had Mr. Lebbe stated his authority, the question might perhaps have been easily decided:

First Arabian Version.²

IT is related that Jesus was once journeying in company with a Jew, and the Lord proposed that they should put their stock of

¹ The Persian text, with a Latin translation, of a different version, is given by Warner, but without stating the source, in his *Proverbiorum et Sententiarum Persicarum Centuria* (Leyden, 1644, p. 31): Three travellers find a treasure. One goes to procure food, and so on. Jesus comes past with his disciples, and, seeing the three dead bodies, says: "Hæc est conditio mundi! Videte quomodo ternos hosce tractaverit, et ipse tamen post eos in statu suo perseveret. Væ illi qui petit mandum ex mundo!"—This story may be considered as a link between European versions and the Buddhist original.

² I have considerably abridged the first part of this version, as it does not materially differ from that of the Persian poem.

food together, and make common property of it. Jesus had but one loaf, and the Jew had two loaves. In the absence of Jesus (to perform his devotions), the Jew ate one of the loaves, and afterwards persistently denied that he had done so. After Jesus had performed several miracles, each time conjuring the Jew to declare who had ate the loaf, and the Jew persisting there were originally but two loaves, the narrative thus proceeds: They came to a lonely place, where Jesus made three heaps of earth, and by his word turned them into three massive blocks of gold. Then, addressing the Jew, he said: "Of these three blocks, one is for me, one for you, and the other for the man who ate the loaf." The Jew immediately exclaimed: "It was I that ate the loaf, and therefore I claim the two blocks." Jesus gently rebuked him for obstinately adhering to a falsehood, and, making over to him all three blocks, left him and went away. The Jew then endeavoured to carry off the blocks of gold, but found them too heavy to be moved. While he was thus wasting his strength in trying to move the blocks, Jesus returned to the spot and said to the Jew, "Have nothing to do with these heaps of gold. They will cause the death of three men; leave them and follow me." The man obeyed, and leaving the gold where it lay, went away with Jesus.

Three travellers happened soon afterward to pass that way, and were delighted to find the gold. They agreed that each should take one. Finding it, however, a matter of impossibility to carry them, they resolved that one of them should go to the city for carts, and food for them to eat, whilst the other two should watch the treasure. So one of the travellers set out for the city, leaving the other two to guard the gold. During his absence the thoughts of his companions were engrossed in devising some means whereby they should become the sole sharers of the treasure, to the exclusion of the one who had gone to the city. They finally came to the diabolical resolution to kill him on his return. The same murderous design had entered into the mind of him who had gone to the city in reference to his companions. He bought food and mixed poison with it, and then returned to the spot to offer it to them. No sooner had he arrived, than, without a word of warning, his companions fell upon him and

belaboured him to death. They then began to eat the food, which was in its turn to destroy them ; and so, as they were partaking of the poisoned repast, they fell down and expired. A little after, Jesus and the Jew were returning from their journey along that road, and seeing the three men lying dead amidst the gold, Jesus exclaimed, "This will be the end of the covetous who love gold !" He then raised the three men to life, upon which they confessed their guilt, repented themselves, and thenceforward became disciples of Jesus. Nothing, however, could make the Jew overcome his avarice. He persisted in his desire to become the possessor of the gold ; but whilst he was struggling to carry away the blocks, the earth opened and swallowed him up, and the gold with him.

As the foregoing Arabian story was perhaps adapted from the Persian poem of Feridu'd-Dîn 'Attâr, so the second Persian version cited, in note, p. 426, may have been the source of the following, which is found in the Breslau edition of *The Book of the Thousand and One Nights* (Burton's 'Supp. Nights,' vol. i. p. 250) :

Second Arabian Version.

THREE men once went out questing treasure, and came upon a block of gold weighing a hundred pounds. When they saw it they took it upon their shoulders and carried it till they drew near a certain city, when one of them said : "Let us sit in the mosque whilst one of us goes and buys us what we may eat." So they sat down in the mosque, and one of them arose and entered the city. When he came therein, his soul prompted him to false his two fellows, and get the gold to himself alone. Accordingly he bought food and poisoned it ; but when he returned to his comrades, they sprang upon him and slew him, in order that they might enjoy the gold without him. Then they ate of the poisoned food and died, and the gold lay cast down over against them. Presently Jesus, son of Mary (on whom be the Peace !), passed by, and seeing this, besought Allah Almighty for tidings of their case ; so He told him what had betided them, whereat great was his surprise ; and he

related to his disciples what he had seen.¹ Then quoth Jesus (on whom be the Peace!) : " Had these done prudently, they had taken thought for themselves ; but they unheeded the issues of events ; for that whoso neglecteth precaution is lost, and repenteth." ²

In the Arabic texts of *The Nights* printed at Calcutta and Búlák the story is presented in such a corrupted form that nearly all the features of the original have disappeared, as will be seen from the following rendering (Burton's "Nights", vol. ii. p. 158) :

Third Arabian Version.

IN a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads, and equipped himself with goods, and set out with his outfit for such a city. Now he was followed by two sharpers, who had made up into bales what merchandise they could get ; and, giving out to the merchant that they also were merchants, wended with him by the way. So, halting at the first halting-place, they agreed to play him false and take all he had ; but at the same time each inwardly plotted foul play to the other, saying in his mind : " If I can cheat my comrade, times will go well with me, and I shall have all these goods to myself." So after planning this perfidy, one of them took food, and putting therein poison, brought it to his fellow ; the other did the same : and they both ate of the poisoned mess, and they both died. Now they had been sitting with the merchant ; so when they left him, and were long absent from him, he sought for tidings of them, and

¹ Here one of the disciples relates a short story, which has no particular bearing on the incident.—As Muslims do not believe in the divinity of Christ, though they revere him as the Spirit of God, breathed into the Virgin Mary by the angel Gabriel, he is here represented as applying to Allah for an explanation of the affair. Yet it is curious to observe that in the last version he had foreknowledge that the lumps of gold would cause the death of three men.

² With reference to the Persian and the two Arabian versions cited above, it should be observed that very possibly a Hindú form of the Buddhist story may have passed into Pahlaví, the ancient language of Persia, and thence into Arabic, after the Muhammedan conquest of that country, from which, as in the case of many other Indian tales, it would return to Persia.

found the twain lying dead, whereby he knew that they were sharpers who had plotted to play him foul, but their foul play had recoiled upon themselves. So the merchant was preserved, and took what they had.

The happy (?) dwellers in the "Vale of Cashmere"—the delights of which have been chanted by Tommy Moore,

In verses smooth and soft as cream,

albeit he was never there—have a version exclusively their own, apparently, and one which also varies considerably from the Buddhist story. Mr. Knowles, in his *Dictionary of Kashmīrī Proverbs and Sayings* (Bombay, 1885), gives the legend (p. 45) as an illustration of a Kashmīrī proverb; but I suspect that in not a few instances the story has been made to suit the proverb, instead of the proverb having its origin in the tale or fable, as, for example, in the case of the sayings, "To bell the cat," "Don't count your chickens until they are hatched," etc., the sources of which are well known. In the following I have condensed a few lines at the beginning, as they refer only to the Kashmīrī proverb :

Kashmīrī Version.

ONCE upon a time four men quitted their native land together in order to seek their fortune. As they journeyed on, it came to pass that Allah, according to His power and wisdom, caused a large golden tree to spring up suddenly, which was loaded with rich clusters of golden fruit.¹ Seeing this miracle, the travellers were astonished, and at once resolved to proceed no farther, but to take the tree home with them, and be glad for ever. In order to fell the tree, and cut it up into pieces of convenient size, it was arranged that two of the party should go to the nearest village and procure saws and axes, while the two others should remain to guard the precious treasure; and they went accordingly. The two who were left to watch the tree began to consult together how they might kill their partners, and they resolved to mix poison with their bread, so

¹ See note on treasure-trees, *ante*, p. 336.

that, when they ate thereof, they would die, and they themselves should have a double share of the treasure. But the other two, who were going for the tools, had also plotted that they might get rid of their partners left behind by the tree, and they resolved to slay them with one stroke of the axe, and thus have a double share of the treasure. And when they returned from the village they immediately slew them with one stroke of the axe. Then they began to hew down the tree, and soon cut up the branches and made them into convenient bundles; after which they sat down to eat and sleep. They ate of the poisoned bread, and slept the fatal sleep of death. Some time afterward, a party of travellers chanced to pass that way, and found the four bodies lying cold and stiff beneath the golden tree, with the bundles of golden branches ready for carrying away.

Along with Buddhism, when it spread eastwards and northwards, the story reached the plains of Tibet, but—probably in consequence of its having been long transmitted orally from one generation to another before being again reduced to writing—it has now become, in a shadowy form, mixed up with other tales, the product being “admired disorder”:

Tibetan Version.

IN long past times a hunter wounded an elephant with a poisoned arrow. Perceiving that he had hit it, he followed after the arrow and killed the elephant. Five hundred robbers, who had plundered a hill-town, were led by an evil star to that spot, where they perceived the elephant. As it was just then a time of hunger with them, they said: “Now that we have found this meat, let 250 of us cut the flesh off the elephant and roast it, while 250 go to fetch water.” Then those among them who had cut the flesh off the elephant and cooked it said among themselves: “Honoured sirs, now that we have accomplished such a task and collected so much stolen property, wherefore should we give away part of it to others? Let us eat as much of the meat as we please, and then poison the rest. The others will eat the poisoned meat and die, and then the goods will be ours.” So, after they had eaten their fill of the

meat, they poisoned what remained over. Those who had gone to fetch water, likewise, when they had drank as much water as they wanted, poisoned what was left. So when they came back, and those who had eaten the flesh drank the water, and those who drank the water ate the flesh, they all of them died.¹

One of the *Avadánas*, or Indian tales and apologues, translated from the Chinese into French by Stanislas Julien, and published, in 3 vols., at Paris, 1859, is sufficiently analogous to be also cited, as a farther illustration of the maxim that "covetousness is the root of destruction :"

THE ambition of riches exposes us to a danger as formidable as a venomous serpent. We should neither look at them nor attach ourselves to them. One day Buddha, journeying in the province of Prasirajit, saw a place where a treasure had been deposited by some one, which was composed of a quantity of precious things. Buddha said to Ananda, "Do you not see that venomous serpent?" "I see it," replied Ananda. At this moment there was a man walking behind Buddha. On hearing these words, he resolved to go and see the serpent. Having observed precious and beautiful objects, he bitterly blamed the words of Buddha, and considered them vain and foolish. "These are very precious things," said he, "and yet he said that it was a venomous serpent!" Straightway he brought all the people of his house to the spot, and by their assistance conveyed away that treasure, so that his wealth became immense. But there was a man who presented himself before the king, and told him that that person had lately found a great treasure, and had not brought it to the judge. So the king immediately caused him to be cast into prison, and demanded from him the treasure which he had found. He declared that he had spent it all. But the king would not believe him ; he caused him to be stunned with blows, and put him to the most cruel tortures. This man recognized too late the truth of the words of Buddha.²

¹ *Tibetan Tales from Indian Sources*. Translated from the Tibetan of the Kah-Gyur, by F. Anton Von Schiefner. Done into English, from the German, by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. London : Trübner & Co. Pp. 286, 287.

² *Avadánas*, tome ii. p. 89: the same story, with little variation, also occurs in tome i. p. 60.

These are all the Asiatic versions and variants known to me, and we may now return to European forms of the story, which do not very materially differ one from another. The tale of the Hermit, Death, and the Robber, in the 1572 edition of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, cited, *ante*, p. 132, closely resembles the Pardoner's Tale, and it has also a parallel in the old Italian miracle-play of St. Antonio,¹ published in D'Ancona's *Rappresentazione Sacre*, vol. ii. p. 33ff., part of the plot of which is as follows :

Italian Miracle-Play.

THE Spirit of Avarice places a silver dish in the way of St. Antonio, to corrupt his virtue, "for such a springe will snare the wisest bird." Antonio walks in the desert and finds the basin. He at once perceives the trick and its origin. Avarice, finding his device unavailing, then sets forth a great pile of gold (*monte d'oro*), resolved, should this attempt fail, to give up the game. Antonio finds the gold, and roundly rails at the enemy, whose cunning has in this instance again been foiled.

Two robbers, Tagliagambe and Scaramuccia,² meet : the latter asks the news. Trade is so bad that Tagliagambe has not a groat in his purse. Scaramuccia has been robbed of a thousand ducats at Reggio fair. He proposes that they join hands and take to the road. At this juncture Carapello, an old acquaintance, comes on the scene : they welcome him, and it is agreed that the three shall share equally all that they "convey."

The Devil (Satanasso) is introduced, ordering his fiends to soundly cudgel Antonio, whom pain, if not pleasure, may move. They do his bidding. Antonio is comforted by the appearance of Jesus, who promises him world-wide fame and an eternal reward. Healed of his wounds, Antonio walks into the desert, and meets with the robbers, whom he counsels to turn back from the death in

¹ I suppose the holy hero of this play is the Saint Anthony who preached so fervently that the very fish in the sea popped up their heads above water to listen to him. He was born at Lisbon in 1195, and died at Padua in 1231.

² Leg-slasher and Skirmisher.

their way. They take him for a madman, and go on. Finding the pile of gold, they laugh at the hermit's simplicity, who had called it Death.

The three robbers agree to draw lots for one of them to go to Damascus for food and flasks of wine, and a pair of balances to weigh the gold. The lot falls on Scaramuccia, who sets off, but on the way reflects on his folly in leaving the others in possession of the gold, and resolves to have it all for himself. He changes his lump for two and twenty ducats, purchases ratsbane of an apothecary, and plenty of victuals and wine, and, having poisoned the viands, he returns. Meanwhile the two others have concerted his death, and as soon as he appears they pick a quarrel with him and despatch him. They then sit down to their meal and dine heartily, particularly commending their late comrade's taste in wine; and while they are considering how they shall extract the most enjoyment from their treasure, the poison begins to work, and speedily makes an end of them.

Avarice, delighted at his success, returns to Satan, full of confidence, and makes his report. He is promised a crown as his reward for having brought three souls below instead of one. An angel closes the show, and dismisses the spectators with a solemn injunction to take warning by the catastrophe, and to direct their eyes upward, seeking God, who is the true riches.

German, French, and Portuguese Versions.

IN one German version three robbers murder a merchant for his money; in another three men of Balkh find a treasure; in yet another (Kuhn's *Westfälische Sagen, Gebrauche, und Märchen*) three Jews commit a robbery, and so on. Hans Sachs in a "Meisterlied," written in 1547, and again in a "Spiel," written in 1555, has the story in a form similar to that of the second Italian version (*ante*, p. 132), the only variations being that the hermit discovers the treasure in the hollow trunk of a tree, and the robbers, when he has conducted them to the place and warns them that the treasure is Death, thinking he is mocking them, instantly kill him.

M. Paulin Paris, in *Les Manuscrits français*, tome iv. p. 83, cites a version from a treatise on the Holy Scripture, "blaming the vices and praising the virtues" therein, of the 15th century, in which four rascals find a golden stone, and agree to share it when they have breakfasted. Two of them keep watch over the treasure while the other two go to buy bread, and so on. "Thus may we understand how things of earth are death to those who know not how to use them well; for a hundred men may damn themselves for an inheritance, and the inheritance remain in its place to this day. It is the golden stone which does not die."

In Theophilus Braga's *Contos tradicionais do povo portuguez*, No. 143, a version is reproduced from the *Orto do Sposo* of Frei Hermenegildo, 14th century, in which, as in the old French story, the number of the robbers is four: they open a grave near Rome, and find in it gold and silver, precious stones, and vessels and cups of gold; one of them goes to the town to procure food, for which he gives the largest and finest golden cup, and so on.¹

On comparing the several versions, it will be found that while the principal details of the original reappear in all of them without exception, one of its features has dropped out of the greater number, namely, the Bodisat's warning to the Brâhman that his own death and that of others would result from his reciting the treasure-producing *mantra*. This is represented in the first Arabian version, in which Jesus counsels the sordid Jew to leave the gold; in the first Italian (*ante*, p. 131), in which Christ tells his disciples that the treasure they had discovered was the destroyer of souls; in the second Italian (p. 132) and Hans Sachs, in both of which a hermit warns the robbers that Death (the treasure) is in a certain place; and in Chaucer also, where, however, the "old chorle" does not exactly warn, but rather directs, the three youths where they "may findin deth." In the other versions the evil-doers have no such warning, but the result is precisely the same—they perish through their own cupidity.

¹ I may state that I have in this paper reproduced and re-arranged some of the variants cited in my work on Popular Tales and Fictions.

The writer of a critical paper on the works of Chaucer in the *Retrospective Review*, 1826, vol. xiv., Part II., p. 341, says that "the Pardoner gives first a description of his preachings and his traffic, in such a style as sufficiently to show that it would have required no 'thinking time' to prepare him for 'japes and ribaudry,' and then a story, not unfit to have formed a part of one of his sermons of vulgar cajollery, which he has described himself as ranting to his customers." What there is at all approaching "vulgar cajollery" in the Pardoner's Tale no one but this writer, I will venture to assert, has ever discovered. The tale is, on the contrary, not only in itself striking, but is told by Chaucer in a manner that is superior to any other version in prose or verse. Take for example those incidents which are apparently of our poet's own invention, and which render the catastrophe still more impressive: A pestilence is raging in a certain city, and three young men, dicing in a tavern, learning that the church-bell is constantly tolling because a "privie theefe" has come and is taking away the lives of the folk, start up and swear they will seek out this traitor called Death, and slay him without fail. They meet an old man, and jeer at him because of his great age and decrepitude. He tells them that though he should walk into India, yet neither in city nor in village should he find any one willing to exchange his youth for his own old age, and so he must continue "as long time as it is Goddes will," for Death will not have him, wherefore he walks about like a restless caitiff, vainly knocking with his staff on the ground (which is his mother's gate), saying, "Dear mother, let me in!" Then the old man directs the three "riotours" to an oak-tree, at the foot of which they would find Death, who would certainly not be afraid of them. The charge, or insinuation, made by the "retrospective" reviewer, that the Pardoner's Tale is flippant, is of course utterly absurd. True to his character, the Pardoner represents himself as indulging in japes and ribaldry in the course of his trade; but he goes on to say that though he is a sinful man, yet he can tell a moral tale, and then follow a long series of just reflections upon various vices and sins, in which there is assuredly nothing of the nature of "vulgar cajollery."

GLASGOW, *December, 1886.*

20.

The Tell-Tale Bird:

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND
ASIATIC ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Manciple's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE TELL-TALE BIRD :

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND ASIATIC
ANALOGUES OF THE *MANCIPLE'S TALE*.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

THE Manciple's Tale, simple though it be in construction, is of peculiar interest to students of the history of popular fictions. In its more elaborate form—which is of purely Eastern origin—it belongs to the Woman's Wiles Cycle of tales, as will be shown in the course of this paper. Chaucer adapted his story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II, Feb. 9, where it is thus told :

Latin Source.

“**A**N, quæ per totam res est notissima Lesbos, 591
Non audita tibi est, patrium temerâsse cubile
Nyctimenen? avis illa quidem; sed conscia culpæ,
Conspectum lucemque fugit, tenebrisque pudorem
Celat: et a cunctis expellitur æthere toto.”
Talia dicenti; “Tibi,” ait, “revocamina,” corvus,
“Sint, precor, ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen.”
Nec cœptum dimittit iter; dominoque jacentem
Cum juvene Hæmonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
Laurea delapsa est, audito crimine, amanti; 600
Et pariter vultusque Deo, plectrumque, colorque
Excidit: utque animus tumida fervebat ab ira;
Arma adsueta rapit; flexumque a cornibus arcum
Tendit; et illa suo toties cum pectore juncta
Indevitato trajecit pectora telo.
Icta dedit gemitum, tractoque a vulnere ferro
Candida pœniceo perfudit membra cruore;
Et dixit, “Potui pœnas tibi, Phœbe, dedisse;

“Haven't you
heard how Nic-
temene became a
bird, for incest?”

“A plague on
your omen,”
quoth the raven,
and tells his
lord of Coronis
and a young
Harmonian.

The god in wrath
bent his bow,
and sped the shaft.

She drew it forth:
“I might have
first brought
forth, Phœbus.”

	Sed peperisse prius : duo nunc moriemur in una."	
Her life-blood flows ; she dies.	Hactenus ; et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit :	610
	Corpus inane animæ frigis letale sequutum est.	
Too late he la- ments his cruelty ; hates bird, bow and arrows ;	Pœnitet heu ! sero pœnæ crudelis amantem ; Seque, quod audierit, quod sic exarserit, odit : Odit avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi Scire coactus erat ; nervumque, arcumque, manumque Odit, eumque manu, temeraria tela, sagittas : Collapsamque fovet ; seraque ope vincere fata Nititur ; et medicas exercet inaniter artes.	
tries to revive her in vain. He groans to see her on the pyre ;	Quæ postquam frustra tentata, rogumque parari Vidit, et arsuros supremis ignibus artus ;	620
	Tum vero gemitus, neque enim cœlestia tingui Ora licet lacrimis, alto de corde petitos Edidit : haud aliter, quam quum, spectante juvenca, Lactentis vituli, dextra libratus ab aure, Tempora discussit claro cava malleus ietu. Ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores, Et dedit amplexus, injustaque justa peregit ;	
snatches the child from the flames ;	Non tulit in cineres labi sua Phœbus eosdem Semina : sed natum flammis uteroque parentis Eripuit ; geminique tulit Chironis in antrum :	
and changes the raven to black.	Sperantemque sibi non falsæ præmia linguæ, Inter aves albas vetuit considerare corvum.	632

Gower has also, and avowedly, taken this fable into his *Confessio Amantis*, Book III, as follows, according to Harl. MS. 3869, lf. 101 :

Gower's Version.

Phœbus had a lover	Phebus,* which makþ þe daies lihte, A loue he hadde, which þo ¹ hihte
-----------------------	---

* Quia litigantes ova sua cohibere nequiunt hic ponit Confessor *Exemplum* contra illos qui in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare presumunt. Et narrat *qualiter* quedam avis tunc albissima, nomine Cornus, consilium domine sue Coruide phebo denudavit ; Vnde contigit non solum ipsam Coruidem interfici ; set et coruum, qui antea tanquam nix albus fuit, in piceum colorem pro perpetuo transmutari. [Sidenote, in red, in the MS.]

¹ Then.

Cornide, whom a-bouen ¹ alle		called Cornide,
He pleseþ · bot what schal befallē	4	but love is precarious.
Of loue, þer is noman knoweþ.		
Bot as fortune hire happes þroweþ,		
So it befell vpon a chance,		She loved a young knight
A 3ong knyht tok hire aqueintance,	8	
And hadde of hire al þat he wolde.		
Bot a fals bridd, which sche hap holde		but a pet bird,
And kept in chambre of pure 3owþe,		
Discoeuereþ al þat euere he cowþe. ²	12	a crow, white as a swan,
This briddes name was as þo		
Corvus, þe which was þanne also		
Wel more whyt þan eny Swan ;		
And he þat schoot, ³ al þat he can	16	told all to Phœbus,
Of his ladi, to phebus seide.		
And he for wrappe his swerde outbreide, ⁴		and he slew Cornide.
Wiþ which Cornide anon he slowh ; ⁵		
Bot after him was wo ynowh,	20	Then he repented the deed, and, as
And tok a full gret repentance ;		
Wherof, in tokne and remembrance		a warning to slanderers,
Of hem which vsen wicke ⁶ speche,		
Vpon þis bridd he tok þis wreche : ⁷	24	changed the crow from white to black.
That þer he was snow-whyt tofore, ⁸		
Euere afterward colblak þefore		
He was transformed, as it scheweþ.		
And many a man 3it him beschreweþ, ⁹	28	So the raven's cry is ominous of evil.
And clepen ¹⁰ him into þis day		
A Raven, be whom 3it men mai		
Take euidence, whan he crieþ,		
That som mishapp it signeþ.	32	
Be war, þefore, and sei þe beste,		Tell no tales, therefore, my son.
If þou wolt be þiself in reste,		
Mi goode Sone, as .I. þe rede. ¹¹	35	

¹ Above. ² Knew. ³ "Shoot" : imp or progeny of the devil.⁴ Drew out. ⁵ Slew. ⁶ Wicked ; false. ⁷ Revenge.⁸ Before ; up to that time. ⁹ Curseth. ¹⁰ Call. ¹¹ Advice ; counsel.

Gower, it will be observed, gives the story, not only as a warning to his "son" to be circumspect in his speech—to avoid tale-telling, if he would live in peace—but also to account for the croak of the raven being considered as ominous of approaching misfortune to him who hears it. Chaucer follows his original more closely by simply telling the fable to explain why "crowes be alle blacke," and he has a serio-comic reflection on restraining the freedom of women, employing the illustrations of the caged bird and the pet cat.

But long before the time of Chaucer and Gower the fable of the Tell-Tale Bird had come into Europe in a different form and from another source, namely, an oral version of one of the tales in the Book of Sindibád, brought from the East probably during the later crusades, and included in the Western form of that celebrated work, known generally in Europe as the 'History of the Seven Sages of Rome.' It does not occur in the earliest version, the Latin work entitled *Dolopathos* (see *ante*, p. 322), which, indeed, may be regarded as unique; but it is found in the oldest French metrical version, *Li Romans des Sept Sages*, written probably towards the end of the 13th century, which Dr. Adelbert Keller published, at Tübingen, with a most learned and elaborate *Einleitung*, in 1836. The story begins with line 3150 of the MS. preserved in the National Library, Paris, and on p. 121 of Dr. Keller's edition :

THE HUSBAND AND HIS MAGPIE.

Oldest French Version.

A rich man had
a pie,

that could talk
like a woman.

It was kept in an
iron cage,

CHIL riches hom ot vne pie,
De lui est bien drois, que vous die ;

El parloit si apertement,
Et si tres entendablement,
Autressi comme che fust fame ;
Grant parole en fu par le regne.

Eu vne gayole molt bieie
De fier, ki fu faite nouuiele,
Fu enserrée cele pie,
Ki tant fu sage et ensaignie ;

5

10

A vne chaine ert fremee
 La gayole de fier doublee ;
 Vers le toit lauoit on pendue,
 Si estoit en biele veue ;
 Il ne valsist pour nul chatal,
 Que nule riens li feist mal.

fastened with a
 chain,

hanging from the
 roof.

15

En lostel ot mestier molt grant,
 Tuit le haoient li serghant ;
 Il ni eust riens mescheue,
 Que tout ne fust par li conte,
 Ne fait, ne dit chose en trestor,
 Que tout ne deist au signor.
 La dame ne fû tant hardie,
 Kele issist hors sans compaignie,
 Sel neust deus hommes ou trois,
 Et sen reuenoit de manois,
 La pie le gardoit si fort,
 De son dru li tolt le deport.
 Molt le haoient li serghant
 Communalment petit et grant,
 Et la dame molt le haoit,
 Mais mal faire ne li osoit.

Hated by the
 servants for tell-
 ing tales,

20

so that the wife
 dared not go
 abroad alone,

25

for the pie told all.

Un ior ni fu pas le signor,
 Ne de ses hommes li pluisor ;
 La dame remest et la pie
 A sa maisnie a escherie.
 Ele se sist et pourpensa,
 Confaitement sen vengera.
 Ele en apiela un serghant,
 Et cil en uint ali errant :
 Puis mege point fier en toi ?
 Oil, ma dama, par ma foi.
 Astu veu, de cele pie
 Ne me lait mener druerie,

One day the man
 goes from home,

35 so she'll punish
 the pie.

Calls a servant.

40

" You see how
 the pie won't let
 me play with my
 friend.

	Ne puis a mon ami parler,	45
	Baisier, ioir, ne acoler ;	
	Sestu ore, que te feras ?	
At night go on the roof,	Sempres par nuit ten monteras	
	Pardedesus cele maison,	
	Et si le me descueure enson,	50
	Puis ten descen sor le planchier,	
	Menuement le fai perchier,	
throw gravel through the cracks, so the pie may have a bad time ;	Cue et grauiele porteras,	
	Par les pertruis les jeteras,	
	Si que la pie soit moillie,	55
	Et quil traie male nuitie ;	
take a mallet and make a noise,	Et un maillet desus ferras,	
	Plain poing de candoilles tenras,	
flash candles, as it were a storm."	Ki seront molt bien alumees,	
	Par le pertruis seront mostrees,	60
	Quele cuide, che soit ores	
	Et merueilleuse tempestes.	
All this is done,	Chil en fist son commandement,	
	Sor la maison monta errant,	
	Et a tout auoec lui porte,	65
	Chou que la dame a devise ;	
and the pie has a sad night.	Onques ne fina toute nuit,	
	Or ot la pie mal deduit.	
At dawn he comes down,	Quant la gaite corna le iour,	
	Et li serghans tout sans trestour	70
	De la maison sen descendi,	
	Et maintenant le racouuri,	
and she bids the lover put on his clothes and be off.	Et la dame refist leuer	
	Isnielement sans demorer	
	Son ami, ki od lui gisoit.	75
	La dame molt bien li disoit,	
	Kil se hastast dapparillier.	
Saying "good- bye,"	Lors se leua le cheualier,	
	Et se vesti hastiument,	

- Puis semparti isnielement, 80
 Congie demande, si senua,
 Mais la pie li escria :
 Sire gerart, li fils tierri,
 Maluais plait nous aues basti. the pie cries,
 "Sir Gerard, son
 of Thierry, has
 served up an evil
 dish : I'll tell the
 master." 85
 Pour coi natendes mon signor,
 Quant vus gisies auoec soisor ?
 Honte grant uous en auenra ;
 Je li dirai, quant il venra.
 Cil semparti, il remanoit.
 Es vus le signor, ki venoit ; 90 The master
 comes ;
 De son palefroï descendi,
 La dame auoit lestrier saisi,
 Entor le col li mist ses bras,
 Et dist, kele amoit son solas,
 Molt se gaboit bien del baron, 95
 Quele nel prisoit un bouton.
- Li cheualiers sesmeruilla,
 Que sa pie alui ne parla ;
 Droit a la gaiole en venoit,
 Sa femme iouste lui estoit. 100
 Li sires apiela sa pie :
 Que faites vous, mehaut amie ?
 Comment vous est ? niestes vous sainne ?
 Dites le moi por sainte helainne !
 Vous solijes amoi parler, 105 You used to amuse
 me, and now
 you are coy and
 mute."
 Et molt grant ioie demener ;
 Or vous voi si coie et si mue,
 Et si pensiue et esperdue.
 Sire, lochoisons est honeste,
 Tant sui batue de tempeste, 110 "I've got cause :
 all night I've been
 beat with rain,
 wind, thunder
 and lightning ;
 Conques toute nuit ne fina ;
 Ne que liaue, caumolin va,
 Ne de plouuoir, ne de venter,
 Ne desloldir, ne de tonner ;

and your wife lay with Gerard, son of Thierry."	Et vostre femme se coucha Dedens che lit, ke vees la, Auoec gerart le fil tierri. Dist la dame : sire, merchi !	115
Says the Dame, " Don't believe it !	Ensi le deues vous bien croire, Plus a dun moys ne fist tonnoire.	120
See if it has rained !	Esgardes en cele palu, Sil la ne tant ne quant pleu. Ainsi auint or la fortune,	
The moon shone all night,	Que chelui soir raia la lune, Trestout nuit luisant et biele, De cors estoit non pas nouiele ; Que la ou li sires estoit, En la maison, ou il gisoit,	125
so much so that the knights com- plained of it."	Raia la lune desour lui ; Ki molt li faisoit grant anui ; A ses cheualiers se plaingnoit De la lune, ki si luisoit.	130
He thinks the pie has been false ;	Lors cuida il bien, que sa pie Li ait par tout dit trecherie ;	
opens the cage, takes the pie and kills it.	La iaiole auoit desfremee, Sa main auoit dedens boutee, Au maltalent, kil ot honeste, Li auoit rompue la teste ; Pui le tua de maintenant.	135
" Fly to the devil ! for thou'st often made me wroth with my wife."	Vastu au dyable volant ! Car maintes fois ma fait irier, Et ma femme corechier.	140
Presently he sees the roofing removed ;	Atant en son lit est assis, Molt corechous et molt pensis ; Contremont auoit regarde, Si vit le feste remue,	145
calls for a ladder,	Et laisil, qui fu enuiron, Et la liue de la maison, Que pendre molt en i soloit, Mais ore point nen sauoit.	150

Un sien serghant lues apiela :

Une eschiele maporte cha !

Que par ihesu, qui ne menti,

Je cuic, ma femme ma trai.

"For, by Jesus,
my wife is false!"

Et cil a leschiele aportee,

155 He climbs to the
roof,

Droit au feste si la leuee.

Li sires est amont montes,

Que plus ne si est arestes.

Vne palu auoit veue,

Ki de leue fu expandue,

160

Et le maillet i regarda,

sees the mallet

Et la cire, kil degouta

and the wax from
the candles.

Des candoiles, com le seriant

Les aloit desus bauloiant.

Or seit il bien sans trecherie,

165 Now he knows
he has killed the
innocent pie,

Qua tort auoit occis sa pie.

De maintenant atrait lespee,

and cuts off the
wife's head.

Si a sa femme decolee ;

Or a il fait comme li leus,

For one wrong he
has done three.

Pour un damage en a fait deus.

170

In the 14th century an English metrical version was made from the French under the title of *The Proces of the Seuyyn Sages*, the only copy of which exists in the Auchinleck MS., preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and it is printed in the third volume of Henry Weber's *Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries*.¹ As Weber's editions of the old romances are not always accurate, the story of the Burgess and his Magpie, which follows, has been collated with the original in the Auchinleck MS. by Mr. J. T. Clark, of the Advocates' Library, for whose kind services I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness :

¹ Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, gives an epitome of another version, from the Cotton MS. folio in the British Museum ; and Wright edited, for the Percy Society (vol. xvi.), a different MS. preserved in the University Library of Cambridge. Our prose version, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde (c. 1505), and afterwards by William Copeland (c. 1550), was made from a French translation of the Latin prose work entitled *Historia Septem Sapientum Romæ*, composed soon after the introduction of printing.

Oldest English Version.¹

There was a rich burgess in Rome,	A burgeis was in Rome toun, A richeman, of gret renoun ; Marchaunt he was, of gret auoir, ²	
who had a fair but fickle wife.	And had a wif was queint ³ and fair ; But sche was fikel under hir lok,	5
	And hadde a parti of eue smok : And manie ben ȝit of hire kinne, þat ben al bilapped þer inne !	
He had a pie that could talk in French,	þe burgeis hadde a pie in his halle, þat coupe telle tales alle	10
	Apertlich ⁴ , in French langage, And heng ⁵ in a fair cage, And seþ ⁶ lemmans comen and gon,	
and told her lord of his wife's in- trigues.	And teld hire louerd ⁷ sone anon ; And, for þat þe pie hadde i-said, þe wif was ofte iuel i-paid. ⁸	15
	And þe burgeis louede his pie, For he wiste he coupe nowt lie.	
One day when the burgess was from home,	So hit bifl vpon a dai, þe burgeis fram home tok his wai,	20
	And wente aboute his marchaundise : þe wif waited anon hire prise, ⁹	
the wife sent for her lover,	And sente hire copiner ¹⁰ fore ; And whanne he com to the halle dore,	
who came privily for fear of the pie.	He ne dorste nowt in hie, ¹¹ For þe wreiiing ¹² of the pie. þe wif him bi the hond hent, And into chaumbre anon thai went.	25
	þe pie bigan to grede ¹³ anon : “ Ya ! now mi louerd is out i-gon,	30
“You're here for no good ; I'll tell.”	þou comest hider for no gode ! I schal ȝou wraie, bi þe rode ! ”	

¹ Auchinleck MS. fol. 60, c, line 6 from foot.² Possessions.³ Neat.⁴ Openly ; plainly.⁵ Hung.⁶ Sees.⁷ Lord ; master.⁸ Ill-pleased.⁹ Opportunity.¹⁰ Lover.¹¹ Rashly.¹² Discovering ; betraying.¹³ Cry.

þe wif þouȝte schent¹ ȝe was ;
 A wrenche² ȝhe þouȝte napelas,³
 And clepede a maide to make here bed,
 And after, bi hir boȝer⁴ red,⁵
 A laddre þai sette þe halle to,
 And vndede a tile or two ;
 Ouer þe pie þai gan handel
 A cler bacyn⁶ and a candel ;
 A pot ful of water cler
 þai schadde upon þe pies swer.⁷
 With bacyn beting and kandel liȝt
 þai bobbed⁸ the pie bi niȝt,
 And water on him gan schenche :⁹
 þis was on of wommannes wrenche.
 þo¹⁰ the dai dawen gan,
 Awai stal the yonge man.
 Men vnlek dore and windowe ;
 The pie hir schok with mochel howe,¹¹
 For sche was fain that hit was dai :
 þe copiner was went his wai.
 þe gode burgeis was hom i-come ;
 In to þe halle þe wai he nome.¹²
 þe pie saide : " In God Almiȝt !
 þe copiner was her to-niȝt,
 And haȝ i-don thè mochel schame ;
 I-mad an hore of oure dame ! "¹³
 And ȝit hit had ben to-niȝt
 Gret rain and þonder briȝt ;
 Sehchen¹³ ich was brid in mi nest,
 I ne had neuere so iuel rest."
 þe wif haȝ þe tale i-herd,
 And þouȝte wel to ben amered ;¹⁴

The wife devises
a trick.

35 Calls a maid
to her.

By means of a
ladder they undid
a tile or two,

40 flashed a basin
and candle over
the pie,

and shed a pot
of water on her
neck.

45

At dawn the lover
stole away.

50

The burgess
comes home.

55 The pie tells him
of the lover,

60 and how it had
thundered all
night.

The wife, hearing
this, says :

¹ Shamed. ² Stratagem ; trick ; wile. ³ Nevertheless.

⁴ Bother = of both. ⁵ By their joint counsel.

⁶ A clear basin—polished so as to reflect the light.

⁷ Neck. ⁸ Deceived. ⁹ Same as *shenke*, to pour out.

¹⁰ Then. ¹¹ Much care. ¹² Took : nime = take. ¹³ Since.

¹⁴ Examined ; proved innocent : *amerian*, Sax.

"Sir, you should not believe a pie.	And saide : "Sire, thou hast outrage To leue a pie in a kage !	65
The night was clear, and she says it thundered.	To-niȝt was þe weder fair and cler, And þe firmament wel fair ; And sche saip hit haþ ben thonder ;	
Many a lie she's told, but I'll be revenged of her."	She haþ i-lowe ¹ mani a wonder ; But ich be ² awreke of here swiþe, Ne schal I neuer ben womman bliþe !"	70
He learns from his neighbours that it had been a fine night.	The godeman askede his neȝebours Of þat niȝt and of þe ours. And þai saide þat al þat niȝt Was the weder cler and briȝt.	75
So he said the pie should lie no more, and broke her neck.	þe burgeis saide þe pie Ne scholde him namore lie. Namo wordes he þar spak, But, also swiþe, his nekke to-brak.	80
But he is soon sorry, and suspects foul play.	And whanne he seȝ his pie ded, For sorewe coude he no red : He seȝgh ³ hir and his cage, He þouȝte ⁴ of gile and of outrage.	
He goes out ; sees the ladder ; climbs up to the roof ; finds the pot with the water,	He wente him out, þe ladder he segȝ, ⁵ And up to þe halle rof he stegȝ ; ⁶ þe pot wiȝ þe water he fond (þat he brak wiȝ his hond) ;	85
and the other things.	And mani oþer trecherie þat was i-don to his pie.	90
He goes down in a great rage, and with a staff beats his wife out of doors, and bids her go to the Devil.	He went him doun, wiȝouten oþ, In his herte grim and wroþ ; And wiȝ a gode staf, ful sket, His wife ate dore he bet, And bade hire go, þat ilche day, ⁷ On alder ⁸ twenti denel wai ! ⁹	96

¹ Laid.² But = except, unless.³ Beheld.⁴ Suspected.⁵ Seeth.⁶ Mounteth. *Sax.* stigan.⁷ That very day : that very instant : there and then.⁸ Alder = of all.⁹ On the way of all the twenty devils, to hell.—Here the injured husband contents himself with driving his wife out of doors, but in the French version he cuts off her head.

About a century before the monk of Alta Silva composed his *Dolopathos*, a Greek version of the Book of Sindibád, entitled *Syntipas*, was made from the Syriac by one Andreopulos, regarding whom nothing is known; but there is no evidence that the French monk was acquainted with this or any other written Eastern version of the work. With a parrot in place of a magpie our story occurs in all the Asiatic texts of the Book of Sindibád, and this is how it goes in the Greek text as edited by Dr. Eberhard:

Greek Version.

THERE was a man of the tribe of Agarenes [*i. e.* Arabs] who, being officiously and curiously inquisitive into what was done in his house, purchased a bird which spoke articulately, that which in common parlance is called "parrot." And putting the bird in a cage, he brought and kept it in his house, and charged the bird to watch his wife closely, [saying], "and if, when I am away from home, the woman do aught amiss, take care to tell me." So the man, having charged the parrot in this manner, departed on a journey. But then a certain man entered the house and committed adultery with the woman, her handmaid also being aware of this. Now when the man came back from his journey, he asked the parrot what he had seen the woman doing. The parrot declared to his lord all the licentious conduct of the wife; and the man was sorely grieved, and lay no longer with her. And the wife suspected her own handmaid of having reported her affairs to the man, and calling her, said wrathfully and bitterly: "Hast thou of a truth reported to my husband all that I have done?" And the handmaid swore a great oath that she had not told her master a word about her. "But know, mistress, it is the parrot that has told all about thee to the master." When the woman heard of the bird's accusation, she had recourse to an artifice to prove to her husband that the bird was false. The next night, taking the parrot with his cage where she lay, she set near it an upper millstone and turned it, wherefrom a noise as of thunder was heard; and before the bird's eyes she moved a mirror about, so that it seemed to shoot forth lightnings; moreover, suspending a wetted sponge above the parrot,

she made water to stream upon it. Now the parrot, while all this was going on, hid itself in a corner of its cage, and to the bird it seemed all the night through to rain, and roar, and lighten, and thunder. In the morning the woman's husband went to the parrot, and said to it: "What hast thou seen this night?" And the parrot made answer: "The rain and thunder and lightnings of the night have not suffered me to see what happened this night." Then the man, hearing these words of the bird, said within himself: "Indeed there was nothing true in all that the bird reported to me, but all he told me was false and deceiving, as is plain from what he has just now told me. For nothing has happened this night, nor did rain come down, nor thunders roar, nor lightnings flash; whence also all that the parrot told me about my yokefellow was verily falsehood and deceit."¹

The Book of Sindibád is generally allowed to have originated in India, and there is strong evidence that it is of Buddhist invention: if this be so, the classical fable of Phœbus and the Crow must be considered as an adaptation of the tale of the Merchant and his Parrot. It is probable that this idea of a man having a talking bird to watch over his wife's conduct during his absence suggested the plan of the Sanskrit collection entitled *Suka Saptati*, or Seventy Tales of a Parrot, in which a parrot detains its mistress from an illicit amour on which she was bent, night after night, while her husband is on a journey. This work is a comparatively modern version of a much older book, now lost, which was translated into Persian, under the title of *Tútí Náma*, Parrot-Book, or Tales of a Parrot, also no longer extant, but it was re-written, as is stated in some verses at the end, in A.H. 730 (A.D. 1329²), by Ziyá ed-Dín Nakhshabí, at the command of a great personage, whom he does not name. Ziyá ed-Dín assumed Nakhshabí as his *takhallus*, or poetical

¹ Here the man neither kills the parrot nor punishes his wife; and in another MS. text of *Syntipas* (Codex Dresdensis, D 33), also reproduced by Eberhard, we are told that "henceforth he loved his wife better than before, and they dwelt still in concord.—In such wise wrought that all-wicked woman against her husband."—The story also occurs near the beginning of the *Arabian Nights*, and in the Turkish *History of the Forty Vezirs* (Gibb).

² Not 1306, as stated, *ante*, p. 310.

name, from Nakhshab, or Nasaf, the modern Karshí, a town situated between Samarkand and the river Oxus—probably his birthplace.¹ The *Túti Náma* comprises fifty-two tales, and the work has not yet, I understand, been wholly translated into any European language. The twelve first stories were rendered into English “by a Teacher of Persic”—that is, the Rev. B. Gerrans—and published, at London, in 1792, and the translator did not complete his work—perhaps for lack of sufficient public encouragement.² An abridgment of the Persian text, reducing the number of the tales to thirty-five, made by Muhammed Kádírí in the last century (through which Nakhshabí's work is now mainly known in India), was translated into English and published at Calcutta and London, 1800-1, and into German by G. J. L. Iken, Stuttgart, 1837.³—In most of the Indian versions (Telúgí, &c.) the parrot is a man who has assumed the form of that bird from some cause—in consequence of a curse or otherwise—but this disappears, of course, from the Persian book. As Gerrans' book is now rarely met with outside of great libraries, I here reproduce the introduction and opening tale :

Frame of the Persian “Parrot-Book.”

IN the joyful days of peace and plenty, when every peasant ate two dates at a mouthful and each camel filled two pails at a milking,⁴ there flourished in one of the cities of Hind⁵ a merchant, whose name was Mubarak.⁶ His warehouses were filled with merchandise, his coffers overflowed with gold, and he counted his

¹ Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii., p. 753.

² Dr. Rieu does not seem to be aware that Gerrans' translation is not complete.

³ A Turkish version of the *Túti Náma* (Dr. Rieu terms it an “imitation,” but I am informed by a competent Turkish scholar that it is a fair abridgment of the Persian work) has been translated into German by Georg Rosen, Leipzig, 1858.

⁴ In other words, in the fabulous golden age, when, saith a Persian poet, “the world was free from the ills of strife, and the eye of the arrow saw not the face of the bow.” In Hindú tales the cow and the tiger are often represented as living together in amity, and the earth as yielding its fruits in abundance during the reign of a just rájá.

⁵ India.

⁶ *i. e.* Fortunate.

diamonds by sacks. His house was magnificent and convenient, his attendants numerous and splendid, and his clients as the sands of the shore. But the bowl of his auspicious fortune was embittered by the sherbet of anxiety, and the sunshine of his felicity blasted by the mildew of grief; for though the choicest mirabolans of beauty ornamented his gilded haram, yet to transmit his name to posterity the pearl-string of succession was wanting. To obtain the blessing of offspring, lowly on the dust of humility he prostrated the brow of obedience, and daily offered to the Father of Clemency the grateful incense of prayer. The odour of his supplication gained admission to the durbar of benevolence, and the sterile cloud which had long overshadowed the horizon of opulence disappeared. After nine moons had completely filled their orbs, a son was born in his house, who, in a two-fold degree of perfection, eclipsed the beauty of Yusuf.¹

¹ That is, Joseph the son of the Hebrew patriarch Jacob, whose personal comeliness is celebrated by many Muslim poets and prose writers. According to the legend, the lady friends of Zulaykha, the wife of Potiphar (who was a eunuch, it is said), having reproached her for being in love with the young slave, she invited them to afternoon tea (or its ancient Egyptian equivalent), and, after causing a fruit and a knife to be put in the hands of each lady, she secretly summoned Joseph, at the sight of whose beauteous countenance the ladies in their excitement cut their hands with the knives. Then quoth Zulaykha to them: "Do you now marvel at my love for this Hebrew youth?"

This is how Kádírî's version begins: "One of the princes of former times, whose name was Ahmad Sultan, possessed much riches and effects, with a numerous army, so that one hundred thousand horses, fifteen hundred chains of elephants, and nine hundred strings of camels of burthen stood ready at his gate. But he had no children, neither son nor daughter. He therefore continually visited the worshippers of God [*i. e.* devotees, or darveshes], to engage their intercession in his favour; and day and night, morning and evening, was himself offering up prayers for a son. After some time the Creator of heaven and earth bestowed on the aforesaid king a son, of beautiful form, his countenance resplendent as the sun, and his forehead resembling the moon. From the delight occasioned by this event, the heart of Ahmad Sultan expanded like a new-blown rose. He bestowed many thousand rupís and pagodas on darveshes and fakírs. For three months the omras, vazírs, sages, learned men, and teachers in the city were feasted, and he gave away costly dresses." Here we have—quite unnecessarily, and indeed inconsistently—the merchant Mubarak transformed into a powerful monarch.—The want of children is considered by Asiatics as a great disgrace; and by far the greater number of Eastern tales begin by describing the unhappiness of a prince, vazír, or rich merchant, because he had not a son. This is perhaps imitated in the *Tale of Beryn* (Chaucer Society Publications, Second Series, xx., p. 28, l. 845 ff.), where Fawnus and Agea, in answer to their prayers to Heaven, obtain the "blessing" of an heir after twelve years of wedlock. It does

To this decorator of the mansion of joy Mubarak gave the name of Maymún;¹ and when the season of life had put the down of his cheek to flight, he obtained for him a virgin bride, whose name was Khujasta.² The mutual joys of this happy pair were manifested by a thousand marks of delight, and no greater portion of happiness did the Predestinator at any period decree to a lover and a beloved object than that which existed between Maymún the rich and Khujasta the happy. The demon of perfidy never assailed the skirts of their fancy, and the breeze of mistrust ruffled not the surface of their minds; but, equally worthy of each other, they long reposed on the sofa of ease, and quaffed the wine of enjoyment.

One day, as Maymún passed through the bazár, the common crier, by order of the clerk of the market, was offering a parrot for

seem rather strange to find Asiatics lay the want of offspring so much to heart, but their prophets and lawgivers have from very remote times reiterated the imperative duty of "replenishing and multiplying"; and in order to enforce this, the sacred books of the Hindús denounce dreadful *punishments* in the next world on all who have died without leaving issue. For example, in the Introduction Book (*Adi Parva*) of the ancient Hindú epic, *Mahābhārata*, sect. xiii, we are told of a sage who "once undertook a journey over the world, equipped with spiritual energy. And he visited divers holy spots, and rested where night overtook him. And he practised religious austerities, hard to be practised by men of undeveloped minds. And he lived upon air, and renounced sleep for ever. Thus going about like flaming fire, one day he happened to see his ancestors, hanging head foremost in a great hole, their feet pointing to the sky. On seeing them Jaratkaru (the sage) addressed them thus: 'Who are ye thus hanging head foremost in this hole, by a rope of *virana* fibres that is secretly eaten into by rats living here?' The ancestors said: 'We are vow-observing *rishis* [holy men] of the Yayavara sect. We have come by this low state in consequence of want of descendants. We have a son named Jaratkaru. Woe is us! that wretch hath entered upon a life of austerities, and the fool doth not think of raising offspring by marriage. It is for that reason that we have met with this fate.'" The sage (or "fool," as his suffering ancestors termed Jaratkaru) at once sets about the task of begetting a son.—In the same Book, sect. cexxi, a *rishi* is thus addressed by celestials: "Without doubt, it is for religious rites, study according to the ordinance, and progeny that men are born debtors. These debts are all discharged by sacrifices, asceticism, and offspring. Thou art an ascetic, and hast also performed sacrifices; but thou hast no offspring. These [celestial] regions are shut against thee only for want of children. Beget thee children, therefore! Then shalt thou enjoy multifarious regions of felicity. The *Vedas* have declared that the son rescueth the father from a hell called *Put*. Then, O best of Brāhmanas, strive thou to beget offspring!"—and so he *did*, and succeeded. One should not have supposed any such commands and threats at all necessary, as human nature is constituted!

¹ *i. e.* Auspicious.

² *i. e.* Prosperous, fortunate, &c.

sale. Approaching the vender, he demanded the price, and was answered a thousand dinárs,¹ to which Maymún replied indignantly : "He must surely be bound with the rope of ignorance who would expend so much money for a bird !" The parrot exclaimed : "O master, before you are acquainted with my qualifications, you have no reason to find fault with my price. If my body is not full of delicate flesh, yet do I possess many accomplishments. The learned are confounded by my eloquence, the illustrious charmed on beholding me, the populace delighted by my loquacity, while my wit is the salt of assemblies. I am neither angel nor apostle, but like them my mantle is green. I am neither húrî nor hermit, but my beauties resemble the one, and my virtues surpass the other. I am neither fakír nor Muslim, but a flying chief and rapid companion. I am no king of mortals ; but the verdant earth is my carpet, the summit of the air my throne, and my dominions are the boundless regions which separate the earth from heaven. The concealed actions of good or evil fortune, which are hidden in the womb of futurity from mortals, have been explored by my enlightened eye, and the decrees of the table of destiny are engraved on my retentive memory. To furnish a proof of my prescience, know that before three days shall elapse there will be so great a demand for sandal-wood,² by the sale of which, if you listen to my advice, you may pay the sum demanded for me, and gain considerably besides. Purchase me therefore on this condition, that, if after the period I have mentioned, you choose to

¹ About five hundred pounds.

² In Kadirî's abridgment spikenard is substituted for sandal-wood. "The sandal-tree," says Forbes, "is indigenous on the rocky hills of the Onore districts, and if permitted would grow to a tolerable size ; but the wood is so valuable that the tree is cut down at an early stage, and we seldom meet with any more than a foot broad. The wood is either red, yellow, or whitish brown ; and, from its colour and size, is called the first, second, and third sorts of sandal-wood, each varying in price, the best from 150 to 200 rupis the *caury*, of 560 pounds' weight. The wood of the brightest colour and strongest scent is most esteemed, having a fine grain, and an aromatic smell which it communicates to everything near it ; it is therefore used in small cabinets, escritoirs, and similar articles, and no insect can exist nor iron rust within its influence. From the dust and shavings is extracted an aromatic oil ; the oil and the wood are used by the Hindús and Parsís in their religious ceremonies, but the greatest part of the wood is reserved for the China markets, where it sells to great advantage."—*Oriental Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 308.

retain me in your service, you make good your payment for me with part of your profits, and if not, you may return me to my present master." This marvellous relation of the green-mantled prattler found access to the auditory of Maymún's approbation, and he bought him on the conditions proposed; after which he purchased all the sandal-wood in the city, and before three days were expired he paid the thousand dinárs with an inconsiderable part of the profit, and added the remainder to his capital.¹

Some days after, as the merchant passed by the same bazár, the clerk of the market was in like manner offering for sale a sbaryk,² which he purchased and placed by the side of the parrot, hoping that an agreeable companion would mollify the rigour of servitude, and reconcile him to the confinement of a cage.

When the parrot had given the most surprising proofs of his wisdom and ingenuity, Maymún exhibited him as a prodigy before crowded assemblies, consulted him in all his affairs, and entrusted him with the most important commissions. One day as he sat by his cage, after discoursing on a variety of subjects, the conversation accidentally changed to the advantages of travel, which the green-mantled secretary so clearly proved that his master, though he had never beheld the sea, began instantly to draw on his boots, and make preparations for a voyage.

Then he repaired to Khujasta, and thus addressed her: "Amiable essence of my soul! beloved rennet of my existence! a young man is a slave to the revolutions of time. Autumn robs the rose-tree of

¹ A sagacious parrot often figures in Hindú stories, where it is generally represented as a human being re-born in the form of that bird. In the *Bahár-i Dánish* (see *ante*, p. 313) Jehandar Shah, having learned the magical art of transferring his own soul into any dead body, reanimates a deer, when his treacherous tutor in the art immediately transfers his spirit into the king's body, returns to the palace, and personates Jehandar. The king afterwards enters the dead body of a parrot, allows himself to be captured by a fowler, and bids him ask in the market a large sum of money for him, which he should certainly obtain. A merchant is induced to purchase the parrot by the sagacious observations which he makes, and the bird soon becomes famous for his shrewd decisions in difficult cases.—The idea of this story was probably borrowed from the Prakrit poetical romance of Vikramaditya, king of Ujjain; and it also occurs in the *Kátha Sarit Ságar*, the Turkish *Forty Vazirs*, and other Eastern story-books.

² A kind of nightingale that can be taught to imitate the human voice with wonderful precision.

bloom, and the chilling blasts of winter scatter her verdant honours around; yet at the gay return of spring the vital sap re-ascends. But when the autumn of manhood is past, and the winter of old age crowns the heads of mortals with snow, the spring of youth returns no more. While the season of life permits, therefore, I am determined on a foreign expedition, in order to collect the bread of industry from the ocean of immensity; each wave of which rolls wealth to the shore, and the bark of the merchant is surrounded with treasure. A man without riches is fatherless, and a house without money is deserted. He that is void of cash may be considered as a nonentity, and he wanders in the crowd unknown. It is therefore every man's duty to procure money: gold is the delight of our lives; it is the bright live-coal of our hearts—the yellow links which fasten the coat of mail—the gentle stimulative of the world—the complete coining-die of the globe—the traveller who speaks all languages, and is welcome in every city—the splendid bride unveiled, and the defender, register, and mirror of the kings of the earth!”

Nakhshabí, the man who has dirhams¹ is handsome;
 A hundred worms gnaw the bowels of the poor;
 Gold will be the resuscitation of a people.
 The sun ever shines inauspicious on the man without money.²

¹ That is, money; *Scottice*, “siller”; Fr. “l'argent.” A dirham is a silver coin, about equal in value to sixpence.

² This eulogium of riches may be compared with the following maxims from the *Hitopadesa*, in which there is, I think, veiled sarcasm:

“With wealth every one is powerful; through wealth one becomes learned.”

“He who has riches has friends; he who has riches has relations; he who has riches is a man of consequence in the world; he who has riches is even a sage.”

The Hindú poet Bhartrihari says (*Níti Sataka*, 41): “If a man be wealthy, he is of good family, he is wise, he is learned in the Scriptures, he is virtuous, eloquent, beautiful. All the virtues attach themselves to gold.”

In the Burmese story-book, *Decisions of Thoo-dhamma-tsari*, we read that “a man without substance is base and contemptible.”

The Arabian poet El-Hariri (*ob.* 1121 A.D.) thus addresses a gold dínár, in his *Makamat*, as translated by Preston:

Hail, noble coin! of saffron colour clear,
 O'er regions wide who *pascest* far and near!
 Thy worth, thy titles, *current* still remain;
 Thy lines the secret pledge of wealth contain;
 Successful industry thy steps attend;
 Thy aspect bright all welcome as a friend;
 Endeared to all, as though thy precious ore
 Had e'en been molten from their own heart's core.

"Allowing the advantages of a sea-voyage to be great," replied Khujasta, "and that every surge rolls wealth to the shore, yet the accidents and misfortunes are greater. The merchant of blest independence can never be considered wise, who through a sordid love of gold should leave the port of security, hoist to the gale of accident, and expose himself to a thousand dangers on the ocean of ruin. What is gold, but the manacle of the abject—the chain of the contemptible—the blinder of the covetous—the fetter of lovers—the source of insincere friendship—the gaudy idol of the insensate multitude—the wild plum which ripens with the barley of the hypocrite, and the coined image of the enslavers of mankind? But," continued the lady, "if you are determined upon this expedition, permit me to accompany you; for the sages affirm that the presence of a wife in a voyage will fill the sails with delight and smooth the brow of suspicion."

Maymún rejoined: "O Khujasta, the sages also compare a wife to a threshold: as that is at all times immovable, so a wife should be always at home. Imitate, then, the threshold's constancy, and

Whose purse thou fillest boldness may display,
 Though kindred be remiss or far away;
 With thee the great their influence maintain;
 Without thee pleasure's sons of want complain.
 What heroes thy collected might hath quelled!
 What host of cares one stroke of thine dispelled!
 How oft an angry churl whose fury burned,
 Thy whispered mention hath to mildness turned!
 Through thee the captive, by his kin forgot,
 Is ransomed back to joy's unmingled lot.
 Such power is thine, that if I feared not blame,
 I e'en would say, "Almighty is thy name!"

But the same ingenious poet also considered the fascinating piece of metal from a different point of view, saying that it benefits its possessor only when it takes flight, and concluding that—

Wise is he who spurns without delay
 Thy proffered aid, and flings thee far away;
 Who, deaf to all thy soft enticing tones,
 With scorn unfeigned thy sordid love disowns,
 And sternly bids thy glittering form begone,
 How bright soe'er its false allurement shone."

And William Rowley, in his *Search for Money* (1609), says that "its best part is but earth, and its too much worshipped greatness, in my poor judgment, is but a bare-legged passage through many acres of briars for a handful of rushes on the other side, being found not worth half the toil." Nevertheless, as learning is never despised by a learned man, so wealth is always appreciated by a wealthy man—the ignorant and the poverty-stricken are of no account!

during my absence communicate all your affairs to the parrot and the sharyk : ask their advice, and transact no concern of moment which exceeds the boundaries of your comprehension without the joint concurrence of these two sagacious birds. Virtue is the child of prudence, and prosperity and safety will be the progeny of attention."

Here the merchant concluded his lecture, and bade adieu to the sweet paste of his affections, who punctually observed all his commands for a considerable time after his departure.

When Maymún had prolonged the moons of his absence, it chanced that as Khujasta was one morning standing on the roof of her house, to inhale the breeze of health, the son of the rájá of the city was passing by with his train, whom she no sooner beheld, but the subtle poison entered at her eyes and pervaded her enamoured frame. The battle-axe of prudence dropped from her feeble hand ; the vessel of continence became a sport to the waves of confusion ; and while the avenues leading to the fortress of reason remained unguarded, the sugar-cane of incontinence triumphantly raised its head above the rose-tree of patience. The sirdar of the vanguard of tranquillity was overpowered by the hurrawal of passion ; and the sultan of inconstancy placed his victorious standard on the citadel of her bleeding heart. If some remaining sparks of honour and duty at first laid the reins of prohibition on the courser of desire, they were finally extinguished by the torrent of inclination, and, resigned to her infamy, she said : "Day is the veil of lovers, and night the season of stratagem to those who long to see an absent favourite. This day, when the extensive carpet of splendour shall be folded up, and the obscure curtain of night let down, I will hasten to the abode of my prince."¹

¹ This incident is related differently in Kádír's version : "At the end of six months, one day Khujasta, after having bathed herself and adorned her person, was looking out of a window at the top of the house into the street, when a prince of another country, who had travelled into this city, having beheld the glowing cheeks of Khujasta, was distracted with love, and Khujasta also was fascinated at the sight of the prince. The same hour the prince sent a procuress to Khujasta privately, with a message that, provided she would only take the trouble to visit his house any night for four hours, he, in return for this condescension, would present her with a ring estimated at a lakh of pagodas. At first, however, she did not agree to his proposal, but at length

Accordingly, when the season of evening had arrived, and the sun was retired behind the veil of the west, Khujasta removed the veil of modesty from her countenance, and, imagining that her feathered counsellors would, through friendship and complaisance to a lady, commend her resolution and facilitate her departure, she thus addressed the sharyk: "O bird of a thousand songs, a serious accident has befallen me, and powerful obstacles impede the execution of a most important business. This night I am determined to go secretly to the mansion of a lover, and moisten my thirsty soul with the wine of society. What approbation do you show to my purpose, and what indulgence do you give to my expedition?"

The sharyk, with the key of zeal, unlocked the gates of sincerity; expanded the doors of eloquence; and in the most affectionate manner began to exhibit the chapters of precaution. But the manna of his salutary counsel was wasted on an ungrateful soil; for, inflamed with rage, and distracted with impure desire, the daughter of infamy drew forth the unfortunate songster from the cage, and with the rude hand of violence dashed him upon the pavement of death.

After this, glowing with indignation and stained with cruelty, she repaired to the parrot's cage, and said: "Secretary of the verdant mantle, what advice have you to offer, and what indulgence do you give to my passion?" The bird of sagacity, after clawing his head, ruffling up his feathers, and rubbing his beak on his perch, drew from the treatment of his comrade this conclusion: "If, in the beaten path of sincerity, I unlock the springs of exhortation, I shall experience the sharyk's fate; and if, by unbounded indulgence and ill-timed connivance, I encourage her in her idleness and infamy, we shall both fall from the battlements of honour into the bottomless abyss of ruin. Some plan must therefore be concerted to rescue me from the precipice of danger, extricate her from the labyrinth of incontinence, and secure my master's honour."

the instigations of the procuress prevailed, and she returned him for answer, that as day reveals and night casts a veil over our actions, she would wait upon the prince after midnight."—Gerrans probably omitted the business of the go-between as being "improper"; but by so doing he represented the lady as more depraved than she really was.

The parrot accordingly commiserated her situation, quenched the fire of indignation with the water of flattery, in these words : “Immaculate governess ! since the table of destiny has decreed that the eyes of your affection should be transferred from your consort to a lover, and the bird of disloyalty has built his inflammable nest in your bosom, pluck the thorn of care from your heart, bind yourself with the zone of hilarity, and by my powerful mediation you shall arrive at the tent of delight, and enjoy the musky presence of your beloved. Should Maymún return during your absence, and the particulars of your secret connections be whispered by the breath of envy, or transmitted on the leaves of explanation, I have an antidote ready to counteract the poison of malevolence ; for the son of Mubarak will listen to me, like the merchant Purúbal, who believed his cockatoo, and was reconciled to his wife.” Khujasta inquired what sort of a story that was, and her ingenious secretary proceeded to gratify her curiosity by relating the tale of

THE PRUDENT COCKATOO.¹

IN one of the principal cities of Hindústán there lived a merchant, whose name was Purúbal, who had a cockatoo of such marvellous accomplishments that he committed to his care the management of all his affairs, and made him steward of his household ; which important trust the bird discharged with honour and integrity, and gave an exact account to his master of everything that passed. It happened on one occasion that the merchant was obliged to go abroad on some business, and before leaving home he commanded his wife to form no connection or transact any business of importance without the advice and approbation of the bird of instruction. The lady promised faithfully to follow his injunctions, though indeed nothing was farther from her purpose, for the day after his departure she became so deeply enamoured of a youth in her neighbourhood that she entertained him in her house every night, and converted the nuptial sofa into the couch of adultery. The cockatoo, through fear, pretended not to observe what was going on, saying to himself,

¹ In Kádírí the story is told of the Parrot of Farukh Beg.

in the words of Shafei,¹ "May the blessings of Allah rest on the extremity of my pretended ignorance!"

When the merchant returned, the parti-coloured steward gave a faithful and circumstantial account of all that had occurred in his absence, except the intrigue, which he plunged into the gulf of oblivion and impressed with the signet of silence, charitably concluding that a disclosure of the affair would strip the bark from the tree of union. But in spite of the bird's reticence, his master was soon acquainted with the whole matter from another quarter, for love and musk cannot remain long concealed, as the wise have said. The merchant's wife sorely lamented that the tale of her infamy was thus manifested on the carpet of scandal, and, believing that her husband had been informed of her intrigue by the cockatoo, became inimically disposed towards the bird of intelligence, permitted the seed of rancour to be sown in her heart, which by diligent cultivation ripened into the fruit of vengeance.

One night, seizing the opportunity, she cruelly extracted one of the longest feathers of his wing; another night she spoiled his food; and on a third she plucked him from his cage. The hapless bird, crying aloud for help, brought some of the household to his cage; but seeing it empty concluded that he had been carried off by a cat.² But fresh disasters awaited him; for the lady, thinking it too much indulgence to kill him at once, disguised herself in a variegated robe, placed a diadem on her head, and drawing her gaudy train like a bird of paradise, ascended a canopy of state, then commanded a slave to tie a string about the foot of the harmless feathered secretary, by which he was suspended from the ceiling, turning round like a darwesh;³ and to augment the horrors of his situation, the one while made a noise like a lapwing, at another counterfeited the crowing of a cock, the cry of a woman in labour, or

¹ The founder of one of the four "orthodox" sects of Muslims.

² In Kádîrî's version it is said that the lady "took an opportunity at midnight of plucking off the bird's feathers, and, flinging him out of doors, called out to the male and female slaves of the family that a cat had carried away the bird."

³ One of the "dancing," or twirling, Muslim devotees, whose extraordinary performances are described in Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, ch. xi., and Lady Isabel Burton's *Inner Life of Syria*, vol. i. ch. xiii.

the monthly lamentations made for the dead. As when the baleful hail-storm copiously descends on the peaceful flower-garden, the tender shoots languish, the branch is stripped of verdure, the root withers and internally decays; the fragrant volume of the full-blown rose, in fragments torn, becomes the sport of adverse winds, the distressed rose-bud alters, and his green robe is changed into a deadly blue colour; the jasmine, the snow-drop, and the lily that decorates the vale become livid, and the tulip, variegated with white and red, droops like an expiring lover.

Nakhshabí, lament with the people who mourn :
 The clamour of a woman is like the sound of a bell ;
 The lamentations of the populace are sweet to exalted souls.

If the sorrows for the dead and this lady's behaviour to the cockatoo have any analogy, they differ in this particular: for the sages affirm that the departed spirit is insensible of their prayers and complaints, because in the flowery bowers of Paradise, where pleasures are uninterrupted and eternal, no crevice can possibly remain open to admit the voice of affliction; whereas the poor bird was so deeply affected by the lady's behaviour that it nearly cost him his life. In the neighbourhood was a cemetery,¹ to which the mutilated bird repaired, limping, and made choice of a solitary corner from which he never issued but in the night time to procure himself a scanty meal.

While affairs were in this condition, the infamous behaviour of the lady spread the gloom of melancholy on her husband's brow, and rent the caul of his heart with the briars of distraction. For the loss of his cockatoo he exhibited the energy of woe, and the daughter of adultery he drove from his house; and though conciliating friends poured the wine of peace and the oil of concord into the wounds of jealousy, he departed not from the basis of his determination.

Nakhshabí, attempt not to move by persuasion the heart afflicted with grief.
 The heart that is overwhelmed with the billows of sorrow will, by slow degrees, return to itself.

When the lady saw that the mediation of friends was vain to bind her husband with the zone of reconciliation, she execrated her wretched existence, and, void of hope, departed to the cemetery,

¹ According to Gerrans' version, a mosque, but this is evidently an error, and I have substituted cemetery, as in Kádírí.

where she determined to pass the remainder of her days in devotion.

One night, as she rolled on the pavement of sorrow, tormented with the thorn of remorse, the cockatoo exclaimed from a hole in a monument: "Contaminated daughter of lewdness, overwhelmed with the waves of despair, to obliterate thy enormous crimes, and reconcile thee to thy injured husband, the table of destiny decrees that thou, with thine own hand, pluck every hair from thy head, and spend forty days of penance on the dust of contrition." The penitent instantly complied, voluntarily inflicting on herself this ignominious punishment, upon which the bird, coming forth from its concealment, thus addressed her: "The garment with which you clothed me you yourself shall wear. The ground you have cultivated shall yield its increase, and the seed which you have sown you shall reap. I am that innocent bird whom you so unjustly dishonoured and abused. May this oracular monument bear witness, that the punishment I received from your hand you shall, in due measure, receive from me, and the balance of justice shall no longer be suspended in vain. While I conducted your affairs with rectitude, and carefully guarded your bread and salt, and impressed your misconduct with the seal of silence, and disclosed not to your husband the history of your enormities, you treated me as a perfidious accuser, and made the corners of the public bazar and the roofs of the bathing-houses echo my imaginary crimes. How shall I mark the packet of your cruelty with the signet of oblivion or forgiveness? How can I attempt to clothe you with the white robe of innocence, or with the tongue of hypocrisy impose on my master's credulity?"

The next morning, when the imperial golden-winged cockatoo of day appeared on his oriental perch, and the serene sharyk of the night had retired to his occidental cage, the bird of loquacity, resolving to excel himself in generosity, returned to the merchant's house, and with the tongue of congratulation bestowed on him the *salâm* of health. The merchant asked in surprise: "What art thou?" The bird of ingenuity, unlocking the springs of invention, answered: "I am thine ancient secretary, who was torn from my

cage by the fangs of cruelty, and deposited in the voracious belly of a cat." The merchant, struck with wonder, doubted the testimony of his senses, and questioned the bird on the manner of his resurrection, and was answered: "Your innocent and immaculate wife, whom, in the effervescence of your jealous indignation, you turned out of doors, and branded with the name of adulteress, with no other testimony of her guilt than the letter of a calumniator unknown, has now taken up her residence in the neighbouring cemetery. To the virtue of her supplication I owe my restoration to life, and I am now sent to you to be a witness of her chastity, and to testify to the world that whatever has been reported of her lewdness has no foundation in truth." The merchant, full of admiration, exclaimed: "Into what a fatal labyrinth of error has the green-eyed monster of jealousy conducted me! What an unpardonable crime I have committed! My chaste and virtuous wife, whose prayers are so powerful as to raise the dead, has been by me accused of incontinence!" He then hastened to the mosque, prostrated the forehead of obsequiousness on the threshold of contrition; humbly implored pardon for the injuries he had inflicted; imprinted on her face and cheek the salutation of peace; and brought her back to his house with all honour.

The parrot goes on thus every night relating stories to the amorous dame, taking care to prolong his recital until it was too late for the assignation, and on her husband's return—according to Kádiri's version—when the "green-mantled secretary" has informed him of all that had transpired in his absence: the lady's intended intrigue; her slaying the sharyk; and his own clever device to preserve her chastity—of *body*; that of her mind being, as we have seen, already soiled—he immediately put her to death. Gerrans, in his Prolegomena, says that "all ends well," from which we may suppose that in his text the husband was reconciled to his wife. In one Telúgú version (*Totí náma cat'halú*) the lady kills the bird after hearing its recitals; and in another the husband, on learning what had occurred, cuts off his wife's head and becomes an ascetic—the cruel and foolish man!

This device of a parrot relating diverting stories to keep a wanton wife at home is reflected in one of the Kalmuk tales of *Ardshi Bordshi* (Sanskrit, Raja Bhoja), where a merchant having purchased a wonderfully clever parrot, for a very large sum of money, leaves it to keep watch over the doings of his spouse while he is abroad; and when the lady purposes going out on the pretence of visiting her female friends, the parrot detains her all night by telling her the story of the woman who swore falsely that she had not dishonoured her husband, and yet spoke the truth in so doing, which will be found, *ante*, p. 357.

In Professor T. F. Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*, pp. 167-183, there are no fewer than three stories of a similar kind, which must have been derived—indirectly, of course—from some Eastern, probably Syriac, version of the 'Parrot-Book.' One of these is from Sicily: A merchant who is very jealous of his wife is obliged to go on a journey, and at her own suggestion he shuts her up in the house, with an abundant supply of food. One day she looks out of a window which the husband had inadvertently left open, and just at the moment a gentleman and a notary happen to pass and see her. They lay a wager as to which of them should first speak to the lady. The notary (very naturally?) summons an evil spirit, to whom he sells his soul on the condition that he win the bet. The devil changes him into a parrot, who gains access to the lady's presence, and to entertain her relates three stories. On the merchant's return the parrot is placed on the table at dinner, splashes some of the soup into the husband's eyes, flies at his breast and strangles him, and then escapes through the window. After this the notary assumes his proper form, marries the merchant's widow, and wins his wager with the gentleman.—In a version from Pisa the story is told very differently: A merchant had a beautiful daughter, of whom both the king and the viceroy were deeply enamoured. The king knew that the merchant would soon have to go abroad on business, and he would then have a chance of speaking with the damsel. The viceroy was also aware of this, and considered how he could prevent the king from succeeding in his design. He goes to a witch, and gives her a great sum of money for teaching him how to transform himself

into a parrot. The merchant buys him for his daughter and departs. When the parrot thinks it about time for the king to come, he says to the young lady: "I will amuse you with a story; but you must listen to me, and not see any one while I am telling it." Then he begins, and after he has got a little way in it, a servant enters and tells his mistress that there is a letter for her. "Tell her to bring it later," says the parrot, "and now listen to me." The mistress said to the servant: "I do not receive letters while my father is away," and the parrot continued. After a while, another interruption; a servant announced the visit of an aunt of her mistress: it was not her aunt, however, but an old woman who came from the king. Quoth the parrot: "Don't receive her—we are in the best bit of the story," and the lady sent word that she did not receive any visits while her father was absent; so the parrot went on. When the story was ended, the lady was so pleased that she would listen to no one else until her father returned. Then the parrot disappeared, and the viceroy visited the merchant and asked his daughter's hand. He consented, and the marriage took place that very day. The wedding was scarcely over when a gentleman came to ask the lady's hand for the king, but it was too late. And the poor king, who was much in love with her, died of a broken heart; and so the merchant's daughter remained the wife of the viceroy, who had proved himself to be more cunning than the king.

It is curious to observe the transformations which the Parrot-story has undergone after having been brought to Italy, as in all likelihood it was, by Venetian merchants trading to the Levant in the 14th and 15th centuries, and it is not less strange that the story has not found a place among the popular fictions of other European countries.

A very remarkable form of the Parrot-story is found in one of the numerous legends of the Panjábí hero Rájá Rasálú recited by the Bhats or minstrels, a class rapidly disappearing, and therefore a deep debt of gratitude is owing by all who are interested in the genealogy of folk-tales to Captain R. C. Temple for the valuable collection he is publishing, under the title of *Legends of the Panjáb*,

of which two, if not three, volumes have already been completed (London agents, Messrs. Trübner & Co.). The following version of the Parrot-story is from Captain Temple's first volume : for the notes which have not the letter T appended I must be held responsible :

Panjabi Legend.

RÁJÁ RASÁLÚ having played at *Chaupur* with Rájá Sarkap for their heads and won, he spared his opponent's life on condition that he should never more play for such a stake, and give him his new-born daughter Kokilán¹ to wife, the legend thus proceeds :

Then Rájá Rasálú went to the Múrtí hills and there planted a mango branch. There he had the Rání Kokilán placed in an underground palace, and said : "When the mango branch blossoms then will Rání Kokilán arrive at her full youth." After twelve years the mango tree began to blossom and give forth fruit, and the Rání Kokilán became a woman. One day she said to Rájá Rasálú : "What is it that people say happens when you shoot an animal in the *jangals* ?" He replied : "When I shoot an animal with an arrow it falls down in a faint, after running seven paces towards me." "This is a very wonderful thing," said the Rání, "and I shall not believe it till I see it with my own eyes." So next morning the Rájá made Kokilán ride on a pillion behind him, and he wore some coarse clothes over his own, so that her perspiration should not injure him. In this way he went forth into the *jangals* to shoot. Presently he shot a deer, and the deer as soon as it was wounded ran seven paces away from him and fell down. "Last night," said the Rání Kokilán, "you told me that when you hit an animal it would fall seven paces towards you, but this has fallen seven paces away from you. Your words have not come true." "My virtue has left me," said the rájá, "because you have been riding on the same horse with me." "I will catch the deer with my hands," said she, "and will bring them to you." And so she opened out seven locks of her scented hair, and sat on a tower of the palace, and the sweet scent filled the

¹ *i. e.* Cooing-dove.

air. Two deer, called Hírá and Nílá, came to where she was sitting, attracted by the scent of her hair, and stood by her. Then Rájá Rasálú determined to try the power of attraction of Rání Kokilán's hair, and frightened the deer with his bow. As soon as the deer Nílá heard the twang of the bow he ran for his life, but the deer Hírá was so attracted by the scent of Rání Kokilán's hair that he remained where he was. "It would be a pity to kill this deer that is so fond of my wife," thought the rájá, "but I will mark him well." He cut off the tail and ears to mark him, and then the deer said to the rájá: "I have not injured thy fields, nor have I broken thy hedge: why hast thou cut my tail? what damage have I done? I am but a deer of the thick *jungal*; I will bring a thief into thy palace." Saying this the deer Hírá went off to join his fellows, but they cast him out of their herd, because he had no ears or tail. So he became very sorrowful and went into the kingdom of Rájá Hodí, son of Rájá Atkí Mall, where he joined a herd of deer. After a while he brought the whole herd into Rájá Hodí's garden and destroyed it. As soon as Rájá Hodí heard of this destruction he sent in men to catch the deer, and they all ran away except the deer Hírá, who remained hidden in the garden. Presently Rájá Hodí came himself into the garden, and then the deer ran off, followed by the rájá on a horse. The deer led Rájá Hodí to the palace of Rájá Rasálú, in the Múrtí hills, and then said to him: "Why have you followed me so far?" "Why did you destroy my garden?" said the rájá. "I have followed you to kill you." "I destroyed your garden because Rání Kokilán ordered it," said the deer. "Who is she?" asked the rájá. "She is sitting in that little latticed window above in the palace."

When he heard this the rájá looked up and saw the Rání Kokilán, and they began to talk; meanwhile the deer Hírá hid himself in a bush. Said the rání: "O rájá, wandering beneath the palace, art thou a true man or a thief? Art thou an enemy to my rájá? or does an animal stand there?" Hodí replied: "Thieves wear dirty clothes, rání, true men, clean. Nor am I Rasálú's enemy, nor does an animal stand here. I came afar after my quarry; I stand here of necessity." Then he said: "The black rain-clouds

fall from the clouds,¹ what jeweller made thee? O thou of the nose-ornament! O lips red with the betel-leaves! What king's daughter art thou? what king's wife? Leaving thee in the palace, where has the fool gone?" The rání answered: "I fell from no rain-cloud, rájá; no jeweller made me. My nose is a sword-point;² betel-leaves are on my lips. I am Rájá Sarkap's daughter; I am Rájá Rasálú's wife: leaving me in the palace, he has gone to hunt in the river-side swamps." And then she asked: "Where is thy city, rájá? Where is thy home? What king's son art thou? What is thy name?" The rájá replied: "Sindh is my city, rání; Atak is my home. I am Rájá Atkí Mall's son; Rájá Hodí is my name." Said the rání: "The green grapes are ripe; the pomegranate drips: none such as thou can have a footing in the rájá's house." Then said Hodí to her: "Show me how to get to you"; and she pointed out where the steps were, saying: "There is a large stone at the entrance of the staircase; you have only to remove that and come up." The rájá did as he was bidden, but could by no means remove the stone, so he said: "I am a pedlar of Sindh; I sell black camphor: take into thy presence what merchandise thy heart doth desire." Then the Rání Kokilán pointed out another flight of three steps, but Hodí said when he saw the steps: "I am not a bird that I can fly. If you really want me, let down a rope for me to climb up."³ So Rání Kokilán let down a rope, and Hodí climbed up it. He found in the palace two cages, in one of which was a *mainá*⁴ and in the other a parrot.

As soon as the parrot saw Rájá Hodí he hid his head under his wing and told the *mainá* to do the same. And the *mainá* did so, while Rájá Hodí climbed up the rope and got on to the first step. Then she said to the parrot: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: stay not here, parrot, where is nor friend

¹ Apparent reference to the dark complexion of Kokilán.—T.

² *I. e.* I am very fascinating.—T.

³ In the *Shah Nāma* (Book of Kings), by Firdausí, the Homer of Persia, when Zál visits the beauteous Rúdába, she lets down her long hair, by which he climbs up to her balcony—but their interview is innocent, for the hero's "intentions" are perfectly virtuous.

⁴ A hill starling.

nor relative. I have seen a wondrous thing, a crow eating the rájá's grapes." "What have you to do with it, *mainá*?" said the parrot. "Be quiet and hide your head under your wing." Meanwhile Rájá Hodí had climbed on to the second step, and the *mainá* said to the parrot: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, a dog eating the rice." But the parrot frightened the *mainá* again, and meanwhile Rájá Hodí reached the third step and called out. Then the *mainá* said again: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, an ass braying in the rájá's palace." Then the parrot said to the *mainá* again: "I have often told you to be quiet, but you pay no attention." But the *mainá* said: "This thief comes into the house and shouts. This is what makes me angry and prevents me from being quiet." In the meantime the rájá had got in, and being very thirsty asked the rání for water. But the water could not be easily got, and they both began to break away the stones at the brim of Rájá Rasáli's well to get at the water. After a while Rání Kokilán got up some water in a pitcher and gave it to Hodí to drink. The rájá stopped two or three hours with Rání Kokilán and then began to inquire about going away again. "Stay all night," said the rání, but he was afraid and would not stay. So the rání began to weep bitterly, and when Hodí saw her tears he said he would be back in four or five days, and he wiped away her tears with his own hands. Her eyes were covered with *kájal*,¹ and as he wiped them his hands got black from

¹ *Kájal*, or *káyala*, is a pigment applied to increase the beauty of the eyes. An Indian poet tells his lady-love that her eyes have completely eclipsed those of the deer—"then why add *káyala*? Is it not enough that thou destroy thy victim, unless thou do it with poisoned arrows?" The Arab poet Ibn Hamdis as-Sakali (*ob.* 1132 A.D.) says: "To increase the blackness of her eyes, she has applied antimony around them, thus adding poison to the dart which was already sufficient to give death." And our English poet Sir John Suckling has thus expressed the same idea:

"Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the poisoning of the dart,
Too apt before to kill."

Thomson's "beauty unadorned" would find no admirers among Asiatics: "Beauty," says a Persian poet, "decorated with ornaments, portends disastrous

it. "I will be back in three days," said the *rājā* as he got ready to go. "You made me a promise before and broke it,"¹ said the *rání*, "and when you get among the women of your palace you will forget me and never return at all." "There are no women in my house," said the *rājā*. "I will not wash my hands of this *kájal*, nor will I eat again, till I come to eat with you here."

That night *Rājā Hodí* started for *Atak* and reached the bank of the river *Sindh*. Being very thirsty, he lay down on the bank and drank water with his mouth like an animal, for he was afraid of washing the *kájal* from his hands if he used them. A *dhobí* was washing on the opposite bank, and seeing the *rājā* drinking like a wild beast, he said to his wife: "Listen, O wife beloved, loved best of all—listen to my words: On the far side has come a prince; nor friend nor company with him. He drinks water like a deer: what is the matter with his hands?" Said the *dhoban*: "If you will give me golden ornaments to wear, I will tell you the real truth of the matter." "I will give you the golden ornaments when I go home, if you will tell me the real truth." Then said the *dhoban*: "Listen, O beloved husband, best loved of all—listen to my words: On the far side has come a prince, nor friend nor company with him. A woman pleased him at night. She wept and he wiped the lamp-black from her eyes with his hands." When the *dhoban* said this the *dhobí* gave her a great beating, and she began to weep bitterly. When *Rājā Hodí* heard the sound of her weeping he loosed the martingale of his horse and swam across the river. When he got across he spoke angrily to the *dhobí*: "You foolish washerman, you are a brave man to go beating your wife in my presence." "Lord of the world," answered the *dhobí*, "she said such unworthy things of you that I cannot repeat them." Then the *rājā* suspected that the *dhoban* had knowledge of things that are hidden, and said to her: "I know thee for a washerwoman; I know thou hast been beaten.

events to our hearts. An amiable form, ornamented with diamonds and gold, is like a melodious voice accompanied by the *rabāb*!"

¹ Other versions of the legend state that *Hodí* frequently visited the young wife of *Rasálú* after he was first conducted to her by the vengeful deer, and it was evidently to one of those visits that *Kokilán* alludes when she says, "You made me a promise before and broke it."

How is she passing the time, *dhoban*, who is separated from her lover?" Answered the *dhoban*: "She is making fair her arms, *rájá*: wash thou thy hands. How many husbands has the swan, *rájá*? Young women are in thousands." So *Rájá Hodí* washed his hands, as the *dhoban* said, and entered into his palace.

Meanwhile *Rájá Rasálú* had come home from hunting, and *Rání Kokilán* said to him: "O gray-horsed *rájá*! thy quiver full of pearls! thy bow studded with rubies! thy shield studded with diamonds and fastened by a muslin kerchief! riding a prancing horse!—tell me, am I thy wife or sister?" He answered: "I won the stake with care, leaving four *ránis* behind. I gave thee a garden to thy desire, peaches, mangoes, pomegranates—thou hast fattened on the fruit, *rání*; thou art fair and well-liking. I, *Rájá Rasálú*, am thy bridegroom; thou, *Rání Kokilán*, art my wife. For this reason I kept thee unread; thus I know thy character." Saying this, he dismounted and went up to her; and seeing that the brim of the well was broken in, and that there were human footprints about, he said to her: "Who has thrown down the well-brim, *rání*? Who has broken the platform? Who has taken out the water in pitchers? Who has thrown down the stones? Who has broken into my palace? Footmarks are in the palace-halls! Who has lain on my bed?—the *niwár*¹ is loose!" The *rání* answered: "I broke down the well! I destroyed the platform! I took out the water in pitchers! I threw down the stones! The *mainá* loosened my hair, and the parrot broke my necklace. Releasing myself, *rájá*, I ran away: my footmarks are in the palace. My enemy lay on the bed and loosened the *niwár*." When the *rání* said this the *rájá* beat the parrot, and the *mainá* said to the parrot: "It is well that the *rájá* has beaten you, because you prevented me from telling him in the beginning the evil deeds of the *rání*." After this the *rájá* went to sleep, and next morning before the sun was risen he started off for the hunt again, and the parrot said to him: "If we happen into any trouble while you are away, where shall we find you?" He answered: "If anything happens within the next three or four days, I shall be found by the river-side swamps. If anything happens within the next two or

¹ Cotton tape stretching across the bedstead.—T.

three months, I shall be found hunting in the Kashmír mountains," and then he went away to the river-side swamps.

After two or three days Rájá Hodí came to the palace, and dismounting from his horse to see Rání Kokilán, the pair laughed together for joy. Then said the *mainá* to Rání Kokilán: "The first time you spoke evil of me and the parrot to Rájá Rasálú—what will you say to him now? Believe in God, and leave off playing and laughing with a stranger."¹ But the rání became very angry and said: "I give thee minced cakes, *mainá*; thou sittest in thy cage and eatest. What hast thou to do with this matter? Be silent! This foreigner will go off to his distant home." The *mainá* replied: "Eat thy minced cakes thyself, rání. I put my faith in God. My rájá will come, rání: I will be true to my salt."² When the *mainá* had said this the rání exclaimed: "You faithless bird, you have eaten from *my* hand always. Will you be untrue to *my* salt? The rájá wanders about in the *jungals*, and will you rather be true to *him*?" So she took the *mainá* out of the cage and cut off her head, and taking the cage she broke it into pieces and threw them away.³ Then she went up to the parrot's cage to kill him as well. But the parrot spoke caressingly in order to save his life, and said: "Thou didst well to kill the *mainá*, rání, that was such a backbiter! Female minds are vexed by such things; our masculine minds are above them. Let me out of the cage, rání; I wish to see the king's

¹ In another version, which I have before me, the virtuous bird is represented as exclaiming: "What wickedness is this?"

² Salt is a sacred pledge of hospitality in most Asiatic countries. We have in the well-known Arabian tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, a singular example of the effect of eating salt, even in the mind of a robber. When Morgiana, the faithful slave of Ali Baba, had in the character of a dancer struck a dagger into the heart of a merchant, his guest, and excited the horror of her master for such an act, she threw off her disguise and told Ali Baba that in the pretended merchant Khoja Hussain she had destroyed his cruel enemy, the captain of the robbers, to convince him of the truth of her assertion, she discovered under his robe the murderous poignard, and asked her master the simple question which caused her suspicion of his guest: "Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intention?"

³ In the other version it is Rájá Hodí who takes the *mainá* out of the cage and wrings her neck.

country.”¹ The rání thought to herself that after all he had never said anything against her, and moreover had always corrected the *mainá* when she had spoken roughly ; so considering him faithful she let him out of the cage, and then the parrot said : “ Let me go, and I will give the *mainá* two or three kicks and revenge myself of the annoyance she has given me.” So the rání, being very pleased, let him loose, and then the parrot, to please the ráuí more, gave the dead *mainá* two or three kicks and then asked the rání for a bath, “ for,” said he, “ I am a good Hindú and I have touched a dead body.” The rání, who had now become very fond of him, threw some water over him and wetted him, and then the parrot asked for some food. So the rání mixed flour and sugar and ghí² and made cakes of it, which she gave to the parrot to eat. When the parrot had eaten his fill he flew away to the top of the palace and began to weep, and the rání asked him why he wept. “ Rání, live for ever,” said the parrot ; “ but you have killed my friend the *mainá*, and have made me very miserable.” Said the rání : “ Friendly parrot, go not incontinently away. For the one *mainá* I killed I will give you ten others. For thy God’s sake come back to me. I will take away thy grief ; speak not harsh words.”

But though the Rání coaxed and comforted him much he would not remain, and flew off to Rájá Rasálú, who was sleeping under a tree in the hills by the river-side swamps. When he found the rájá the parrot went into a pool, and after making his feathers all wet and draggled, he sat on a branch of the tree just over Rasálú. As he sat there he shook himself to dry his feathers, and the water from them was sprinkled over the rájá, who, thinking it was rain, got up, and then the parrot said to him : “ O rájá, sleeping beneath the *kíkar* tree, take thy sheet from off thy face. The rání has opened her shop and is selling as a trader. A prince who came has fastened her bundle tight.”³ Answered Rájá Rasálú : “ Eight *mainás*, ten *mainás*,

¹ In Mr. Swynnerton’s version (*Folk Lore Journal*, 1883, p. 143) the parrot says to the rání : “ O queen, the king my master may return unexpectedly. If you will loose me, I will sit on the mango-tree and keep watch.”

² Clarified butter.

³ In Mr. Swynnerton’s version the parrot says to Rasálú : “ Come home at once, and you will catch the thief before he departs.”

a peacock at every window. So many witnesses, parrot: why has the thief entered the palace?" Then the parrot said: "O rájá, the rání has killed the *mainá* and I only escaped after many devices and stratagems."¹

When he heard this Rájá Rasálú fastened his cooking-spit to his girdle and mounted his horse, for when he went shooting he always took two spits with him; on one he cooked his own food which he had killed, and on the other the rání cooked hers. As he was journeying home, he passed Mārgalá and neared Sang Jáne, and then his horse got so tired that he could hardly crawl. So the rájá said to his horse: "O Bhaum 'Irákí, you used to fly along like a bird, and now when my enemy has come you have turned lazy and crawl along." And the horse replied: "Thy spurring breaks my heart, rájá. Injure not my body. The day thou wast born my mother Lakhí brought me forth. When thou wast brought up in the cellar I was fastened there; when thou didst come outside I stood at the door; when thou didst mount me the stakes were never lost. They have broken their oaths, and some day I shall lose my head."² Then the horse Bhaum 'Irákí, thinking his

¹ In my other version the parrot, on seeing the fate of the *mainá*, says to Kokilán: "O rání, the steed of Rasálú is very swift; let me out, and I will give thee timely notice of his approach;" and the rání having opened the cage, away the parrot flew to where Rasálú was hunting, and, alighting on his shoulder, said to him: "O rájá, a cat is at your cream!"

² "One powerful mark to know heroes by is their possessing intelligent horses and conversing with them The touching conversation of Achilles with his Xanthos and Balios (*Il.* 19,400-421) finds a complete parallel in the beautiful Karling legend of Bayard. Cf. also Wilhelm's dialogue with Puzzát (58, 21-59, 8) in the French original with Baucent (*Garin*, 2, 230-1), and Begars with the same Baucent (p. 230). In the Edda we have Skrimr talking with his horse (Saem. 28 b.) and Goðrún, after Sigurd's murder, with Gram."—Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. i. p. 392.

Raksh, the famous steed of Rustam, the Persian Hercules, who figures so prominently in the *Sháh Náma*, although he could not speak, was very intelligent, and understood what his master said to him. In the course of the hero's "Haft-Khan," or Seven Labours, while Rustam is asleep a monstrous dragon approaches to devour him. The watchful Raksh neighs and beats the ground so furiously that Rustam soon awakes, but the dragon has vanished, and Rustam upbraids his faithful steed for disturbing his slumbers without cause, and goes to sleep again. Once more the dragon appears, with the same result; yet Raksh was resolved not to move a step from his side, for his heart was grieved and

master to be really in need of him, went cheerfully, and Rájá Rasálú reached his palace in the Murtí hills. There too he found Rájá Hodí.

A flight of sixty steps led down from the palace, and Rájá Hodí had descended thirty of them when Rájá Rasálú cried out to him from below : " O mine enemy, strike me first, and I will see what I can do afterwards." But Hodí replied : " It is not right that I strike you first." Then said Rasálú : " Shoot at me first with your arrow, and I will shoot afterwards, and we will thus shoot alternately." So Rájá Hodí shot an arrow at Rájá Rasálú, but he parried it and cut it in two with his sword. Then Hodí got ready another arrow, upon which Rasálú cried out : " I said you were to shoot the first arrow, and now you are preparing another. Very well, shoot on, and no farther desire can remain to you." And Rájá Hodí shot another arrow, but Rájá Rasálú put it aside with his shield, and then took an arrow from his quiver to aim at Hodí, while the latter got ready a third arrow. So Rasálú said : " Thou didst shoot the first arrow, rájá, and God saved me ; thou didst shoot a second, and I was vexed ; thou hast got ready a third, and my good luck has come." As he spoke Rájá Hodí's bow broke in two, and he said to Rájá Rasálú : " My standard is at home, rájá ; my sword too is at home. I am head of a hundred clans ; we are four brothers. Forgive me to-day, and I will come to thy doors no more." Then said Rasálú : " You wretch, have you come on such an evil errand, and have brought nothing to fight with ? I will only shoot at you with

afflicted by the harsh words that had been addressed to him. The dragon appeared a third time, and Raksh almost tore up the earth with his heels to rouse his sleeping master. Rustam again awoke and sprang to his feet, but there was now sufficient light for him to see the prodigious cause of alarm, and drawing his sword he attacked the dragon, and with the assistance of Raksh, who bit and tore its scaly side, severed the monster's head.

Kyrat, the charger of Kurroglú, the celebrated Persian robber-poet, was another intelligent horse : " Whenever my enemy sets out from any place against me, Kyrat neighs ; when the foe has made half the distance, he grows restless and sneezes ; and when at last the enemy is on the point of showing himself, Kyrat digs the ground with his hoof and foams at the mouth." Kyrat dies one hour before his master, and Kurroglú's mourning song for the loss of his favourite steed is considered as amongst the most beautiful elegies in Oriental literature.

this little arrow—be careful that it does not hurt you! And then you can be master of the arrow and everything else for that matter, for I will leave this place for ever.”

And Rájá Rasálú shot the arrow at Rájá Hodí, who fell senseless, and he tore out his heart with his hands and stuck it on the spit which had no meat on it; for his own spit had meat on it, but the rání's had none. He took both spits into the palace, and Rání Kokilán asked him: “What makes my lord so pleased to-day?” He said: “Let us have a great feast. We have hitherto roasted each our own food on our own spits, but to-day I will roast your food and you must roast mine.” And saying this he gave the rání the spit with venison on it, and the rájá's heart he had put on the spit he had kept for himself. When the roasting was over they exchanged meat and began to eat, and before the rání had finished her food, she said: “How very good the meat is to-day!” And the rájá replied: “Living, thou didst enjoy him, rání; dead, thou hast eaten his flesh. Why shouldst thou not relish his flesh who did enjoy thee?” The rání quickly threw down the remainder of the meat, and asked: “What are you saying?” Then the rájá took her by the hand to the corpse of Hodí, and when the rání saw it she at first denied all knowledge of it, but at last she said: “Rájá, sitting, he will reproach me; standing, he will abuse me: I too must die with him who is my reproach.” So saying, Rání Kokilán leapt down from the palace wall and was sorely wounded.¹ The rájá lifted her up and tied her on to one side of Rájá Hodí's horse, and the corpse of the rájá he tied on the other side, and sent it away to Atak, Hodí's country. After this Rájá Rasálú set out from Múrat to Siálkot, and here it was that a Jhínwar² took the Rání Kokilán to wife and cured her wounds. And here too after a while she bore

¹ This tale of a husband's savage revenge seems to have been brought to Europe by minstrels who accompanied the armies of the Crusades. It forms the subject of Nov. 9, Day iv. of Boccaccio's *Decamerón*, into which it was avowedly taken from a Provençal source.—See a somewhat different version from Boccaccio's in Isaac D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, under the title of “The Lover's Heart.”

² The carrying caste; especially the “bheestie” (*bahishtí*) or water-carrying class.—T.

him three sons, from whom are sprung the three Jhínwar Gots who dwell there to the present day, namely, Sabír, Gabír, and Sír.¹

Such is the ghastly tale of Rájá Rasálú and his beautiful but frail young wife, as chanted by the minstrels of the Panjáb. Rasálú is no imaginary hero, and it is probable that the main incidents of the legend are historically true; and in later times the two speaking birds, the *mainá* and the parrot, have been introduced into it from the *Tútí Náma* for the sake of dramatic effect. It is said that Rasálú lamented the loss of his young bride—reflecting, doubtless, when too late, that he had needlessly exposed her to temptation by leaving her solitary during his frequent hunting excursions—and caused a magnificent fountain to be erected in her memory, in front of his palace. The ascent of Rájá Hodí to the rání's chamber has been a favourite subject of native artists for mural pictures.

¹ The tragedy according to Mr. Swynnerton's version concludes differently. It is not the heart but some of the flesh of Hodí that Rasálú cuts off and causes to be cooked for his wife. When she asks what food it is, as she thought she had never tasted any so good, he replies :

“What food is this so dainty and sweet?
 Alive he languished at your feet.
 Now dead and gone, he pleases still—
 You eat his flesh, nay, eat your fill!
 But O may she whose heart is proved untrue,
 Ascend the funeral pile and perish too.”

On hearing this, the rání leaps from the battlements, and falling on the rocks is killed. Rasálú throws her body and that of Hodí into the river.—There can be no doubt that these deviations from the generally accepted legend are of quite recent date, as is also the introduction of a Muslim washerman and his wife towards the end.

GLASGOW, *September, 1887.*

21.

The Knight and the Loathly Lady:

VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

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THE KNIGHT AND THE LOATHLY LADY:

VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES OF THE *WIFE OF BATH'S TALE*.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

GOWER anticipated the Wife of Bath's characteristic Tale by a few years in his *Confessio Amantis*, but there seems no good reason to suppose Chaucer to have borrowed from his friend, the two versions differing so very considerably in details, and it is probable that both poets drew their materials independently from a French source, or sources. This is Gower's story, from the First Book of the *Confessio Amantis*, Harl. MS. 3869, beginning on leaf 34 :

Gower's Tale of Florent.

T HER* whas wylom be daies olde	[leaf 34]	
A worpi knyht, and as men tolde,		
He was Neuo ¹ eu to themperour,		Florent, nephew
And of his Court a Courteour.	4	to the emperor,
Wifes he was, Florent he hihte ;		
He was a man þat mochel myhte ;		a worthy and
Of armes he was desirous,		brave knight,
Chiualerous and amorous ;	8	
And, for þe fame of worldes speche,	[fol. 34b.]	in quest of ad-
Strange auentures for to seche,		ventures,

* The marginal note, in red, is as follows :

Hic *contra* amori inobedientes, ad commendacionem Obediencie Confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, vbi dicit, quod cum quidam Regis Cizilie filia in sue inuentutis floribus pulcherima, ex eius Nouerce incantacionibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit: Florencius, tunc Imperatoris Claudii Nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus, amorosisque legibus intendens, ipsam ex sua obediencia in pulcritudinem pristinam mirabiliter reformauit.

¹ Nephew.

	He rode þe Marches al aboute ;	
	And fell a time as he was oute,	12
	Fortune, whiche may every þred	
	To-breke ¹ and knette of mannes sped,	
	Schop, ² as þis knyht rod in a pas,	
	That he be strengþe take was,	16
came to a castle,	And to a Castell þei him ladde,	
	Wher þat he fewe frendes hadde.	
the heir of which, Branchus, he had slain.	For so it fell þat ilke stounde, ³	
	That he haþ wiþ a dedly wounde,	20
	Feihtende ⁴ his oghne hondes, slain	
	Branchus, which to þe Capitain	
	Was sone and heir ; wherof ben wroþe	
	The fader and þe moder boþe ;	24
	(That knyht Branchus was of his hond	
	The worpiest of al his lond ;)	
They would be avenged,	And fain þei wolden do vengeance	
	Vpon Florent ; bot remembrance	28
	That þei toke of his worþinesse,	
	Of knythode and of gentilesse,	
but feared the anger of the emperor.	And how he stod of cousinage	
	To themperour, made hem assuage,	32
	And dorsten ⁵ noghit slen him for fere.	
	In gret desputeison ⁶ þei were	
	Among hemself ⁷ what was þe best.	
The grandmother of Branchus, a sly woman, devised a plan for causing his death without blame to them.	Ther was a lady, þe slyheste	36
	Of alle þat men knewe þo,	
	So old, sche myhte vneþes go, ⁸	
	And was grantdame vnto þe dede ; ⁹	
	And sche wiþ þat began to rede, ¹⁰	40
	And seid how sche wol bringe him inne,	
	That sche schal him to deþe winne,	

¹ To break in pieces. ² Shaped. ³ Same time.⁴ Fighting with. ⁵ Durst, dared. ⁶ Dispute ; discussion.⁷ Themselves. ⁸ Scarcely walk.⁹ Grandmother to the dead Branchus. ¹⁰ Advise.

Al only of his oghne grant,	
Thurgh strengþe of verray couenant,	44
Wipoute blame of eny wiht.	
Anon sche sende for þis kniht,	She sends for
And of hire sone sche alleide ¹	Florent,
The deþ; and þus to him sche seide :	48
“Florent, how so þou be to wyte ²	
Of Branchus deþ, men schal respite	
As now to take vengeance,	
Be so þou stonde in iuggement,	52 and says he'll be
Vpon certain condicion,	quit if he answer
That þou vnto a question	a question,
Which I schal axe, schalt ansuere ;	[fol. 35.]
And ouer ³ þis, þou schalt ek swere,	56 but failing, he
That if þou of þe soþe faile,	shall be killed.
Ther schal non oþer þing auaile,	
That þou ne schalt þy deþ receiue.	
And for men schal þee noght deceiue,	60
That þou þerof myht ben auised,	
Thou schalt haue day and time assised ⁴	He'll be allowed
And leue sauflý for to wende,	to depart, and
Be so þat, at þi daies ende,	time for inquiry.
Thov come aȝein wiþ þin auys. ⁵	64

T HIS knyht, which worþi was and wys,	The agreement is
This lady preiþ þat he may wite, ⁶	sealed.
And haue it vnder Seales write,	68
What question it scholde be,	
For which he schal in þat degre	
Stonde of his lif in ieupertie.	
Wiþ þat sche feigneþ compaignie,	72
And seiþ : “Florent, on loue it hongeþ,	
Al þat to myn axinge longeþ,	

¹ Alleged ; charged against him. ² Blame. ³ Besides.

⁴ Fixed.

⁵ Opinion ; answer to the question.

⁶ Prays that he may know.

She asks, "What do women most desire?"	'What alle wommen most desire'; This wole I axe, and in thempire Wher as þou hast most knowlechinge, Take conseil vpon þis axinge."	76
Florent returns to his uncle's court, and tells him of his pact.	F LORENT þis þing haþ vndertake; The day was set, þe time take; Vnder his seale he wrot his oþ In such a wise, and forþ he goþ Hom to his Emes ¹ Court azein, To whom his auenture plein He tolde, of þat ² him is befallē.	80
The wisest men are sent for,	And vpon þat, þei weren alle, The wiseste of þe lond, asent, ³ Bot natheles of on ⁴ assent	84
but can't agree, each having a different opinion as to women's chief desire.	Thei myht[e] noght a-corde plat: ⁵ On seide þis, anopre þat, After þe disposicioun Of naturel complexioun :	88
	To som womman it is plesance, That to an oþre is greuance; Bot such a þing in special, Which to hem alle in general	92
	Is most plesant, and most desired Aboue alle oþre, and most conspired, ⁶ Such o ⁷ þing conne þei noght fynde	96
So Florent must needs go forth to inquire,	Be constellacioun ne kynde. ⁸ And þus Florent, wipoute cure, Most stonde vpon his auenture, And is al schape vnto þe lere; ⁹ As in defalte of his answeare.	100
for he would rather die than break his word.	This knyht hath leuere ¹⁰ for to dye Than breke his trowþe, And for to lye In place þer as he was swore,	104

¹ Uncle's (the Emperor's).² Thing which.³ Sent for.⁴ One.⁵ Agree fully.⁶ Longed for.⁷ One.⁸ Star-gazing or nature.⁹ Loss.¹⁰ Rather; sooner.

- And schapp¹ him gon aȝein perfore. 108
 Whan time cam, he tok his leue,
 That lengere wold he noght beleue,²
 And preiþ his Em³ he be noght wroþ,
 For þat is a point of his oþ; 112
 He seiþ, þat noman schal him wreke,
 Thogh afterward men hiere speke
 That he *par* auenture deie.
 And þus he wente forþ his weie 116 Alone he goes,
 Alone, as knyht auenturous;
 And in hys þoght was curious wondering what
 To wite⁴ what was best to do. to do.
 And as he rod al-one so, 120
 And cam nyh þer he wolde be,
 In a forest, vnder a tre,
 He sih⁵ wher sat a creature,
 A lopy, wommannysch figure, 124
 That for to speke of fleisch and bon,
 So foul ȝit syh he neuere non. so foul as never
 This knyht beheld hir redely, was seen before.
 And as he wolde haue passed by, 128
 Sche cleped⁶ him, and bad abide;
 And he his horse heued a side
 Tho⁷ torneþ, and to hire he rod;
 And þere he houeþ,⁸ and abod 132
 To wite what sche wolde mene.
 And sche began him to bemene,
 And seide: "Florent, be þi name,
 Thov hast on honde such a game 136
 That, bot þou be þe betre auised,
 Thi deþ is schapen and diuised,
 That al þe world ne mai þe saue,
 Bot if þat þou my conseil haue." 140

¹ Shapes; purposes. ² Remain.³ Uncle (the Emperor).⁴ Know.⁵ Saw.⁶ Called.⁷ Then.⁸ Halts.

Florent begs her
counsel.

FLORENT, whan he þis tale herde,
Vn-to þis olde wyht answerde,

And of hir conseil he hir preide ;
And sche aȝein to him þus seide :

144

"What will you
give me if I save
you?"

"Florent, yf I for þe so schape
That þou þurgh me þi deþ ascape,
And take worschipe of þi dede,

[fol. 36.]

What schal I haue to my mede?"

148

"Anything."

"What þing," quod he, "þat þou wolt axe."
"I bidde neuere a betre taxe,"

"Good; but first
you must promise
to marry me."

Quod sche ; "bot first, er þou be sped,
Thou schalt me leue such a wedd¹

152

That I wol haue þi trowþe in honde,
That þou schalt be myn housebonde."

"That I can't do."

"Nay," seiþ Florent, "þat may noght be."

"Away, then, to
thy fate."

"Ryd, þanne, forþ þi wey," quod sche ;

156

"And if þou go wiþoute rede,
Thou schalt be sekerliche² dede."

He promises much
goods and lands,
but she refuses
them.

Florent behihte hire good ynowh,³
Of lond, of rente, of park, of plowh ;
Bot al þat comptep sche at noght.

160

He ponders the
matter,

Tho fell þis knyht in mochel þoght ;
Now goþ he forþ, now comp aȝein ;
He wot noght what is best to sein ;

164

and resolves to
wed her, or forfeit
his life;

And þoghte, as he rod to and fro,
That chese he mot⁴ on of þe tuo :

Or for to take hire to his wif,
Or elles for to lese his lif.

168

thinking she
couldn't live long,

And þanne he caste his auantage,
That sche was of so gret an age

That sche mai liue bot a while,

and he'd hide
her out of men's
sight.

And þoghte put hire in an Ile,
Wher þat noman hire scholde knowe,
Til sche wiþ deþ were ouerþrowe.⁵

172

¹ Pledge.

² Surely ; certainly.

³ Promised her property enough.

⁴ Choose he must.

⁵ Overthrown ; killed.

- And þus þis 3onge lusti knyht,
 Vnto þis olde loþly wiht
 Tho seide: "If þat non oþer chaunce
 Mai make my deliuerance,
 Bot only þilke same speche,
 Which, as þou seist, þou schalt me teche,
 Haue hier myn hond, I schal þee wedde!"
 And þus his trowþe he leiþ to wedde.¹
 Wiþ þat sche frounceþ² vp þe browe:
 "This couenant I wol allowe,"
 Sche seiþ, "if eny oþer þing
 Bot þat þou hast of my techyng,
 Fro deþ þi body mai respite,
 I woll þe of þi trowþe acquite,
 And elles be non oþer weie.
 Now herkene me what I schal seie:
 Whan þou art come into þe place
 Wher now þei maken gret manace,
 And vpon þi comynge abide,
 Thei wole anon þe same tide
 Oppose³ þee of thin answere:
 I wot þou wolt noþyng for-bere
 Of þat þou wenest be þi best;
 And if þou myht so fynde rest,
 Wel is, for þanne is þer nomore;
 And elles, þis schal be my lore,
 That þou schalt seie vpon þis Molde⁴
 'That alle wommen lieuest wolde⁵
 Be souerein of mannes loue:
 For what woman is so a-boue,
 Sche haþ (as who seiþ)⁶ al hire wille;
 And elles may sche noght fulfille
 What þing hire were lieuest haue.'
- 176 So he says, "If only the answer to the question can save me,
- 180 I'll wed thee."
- 184 "Agreed; for there is no other way.
- 188
- [fol. 305.] Listen: Return and make this answer without fear:
- 192
- 196
- 200
- 204 'Woman would be sovereign of man's love, and have her own will.'

¹ Lays to pledge. ² Wrinkles. ³ Question; demand from.⁴ Mould; earth.⁵ Would most dearly, longingly.⁶ As folk say.

	Wip þis answer þou schalt saue	208
	Thiself, and oþer wise noght.	
Then come back to me, without fail."	And whan þou hast þin ende wroght, Com hier aȝein ; þou schalt me fynde ; And let noþing out of þi mynde."	212
Florent rides back sad at heart, to think of such an ugly bride,	H E goþ him forþ wip heuy chiere, As he þat not ¹ in what manere He may þis worldes ioie atteigne ; For if he deie, he haþ a peine,	216
	And if he liue, he mot him binde To such on, wiche ² of alle kynde Of wommen is þunsemylieste. Thus wot he noght what is þe best ;	220
and comes to the castle, to live or die.	Bot, be him lief, or be him loþ, Vnto þe Castel forþ he goþ, His full answer for to ȝiue, Or for to deie, or for to liue.	224
The lord comes with his council,	Forþ, wip his conseil, cam þe lord ; The þinges stoden of record.	
sends for the old dame,	He sende vp for þe lady sone, And forþ sche cam, þat olde Mone. ³	228
and the covenant is read in presence of all there.	In presence of þe remanant, The strengþe of al þe couenant Tho was reherced openly, And to florent sche bad forþi, ⁴ That he schal tellen his avis, ⁵ As he þat woot what is þe pris.	232
Florent tries other answers,	Florent seiþ al þat euere he couþe ; Bot such word cam þer non to mowþe That he, for ȝifte or for beheste, Myte eny wise his deþ arest. And þus he tarieþ longe and late, Til þat þis lady bad algate	236 [fol. 37.] 240

¹ Ne wot : knew not. ² One, who.³ M. L. German, *mōne* : aunt ; mother ; matron. See line 251.⁴ On this account. ⁵ Opinion ; answer.

- That he schal, for þe dom final,
 3if¹ his answerē in special
 Of þat sche hadde him ferst opposed.
 And þanne he haþ trewly supposed
 That he him may of noþing ȝelpe,
 Bot if so be þo wordes helpe
 Which as þe womman hath him tawht,
 Wherof he hath an hope cawht,
 That he schal ben excused so,
 And tolde out plein his wille þo.
 And whan þat þis Matrone herde
 The manere how þis knyght answerde,
 Sche seide: "Ha, treson! wo þee be
 That hast þus told þe priuite
 Which alle wommen most desire!
 I wolde þat þou were afire!"
 Bot natheles, in such a plit,
 Florent of his answerē is quit;
 And þo began his sorwe newe,
 For he mot gon, or ben vntrewe
 To hire wicȝ his trowthe hadde.
 Bot he, which alle shame dradde,
 Goþ forþ in stede of his penaunce,
 And takþ þe fortune of his chaunce,
 As he þat was wiþ trowþe affaited.²
- T**His olde wyht him haþ awaited
 In place wher as he hire lefte.
 Florent his wofull heued³ vplefte,
 And syh þis vecke⁴ wher sche sat,
 Which was þe loþliest what
 That euere man cast on his yhe:
 Hire Nase bass⁵; hire browes hihe;
- bnt the old dame
 presses him, so
 there's no help
 for it,
- 244 and he says as
 the loathly lady
 had taught him.
- 248
- 252 "Ha!" says the
 old dame, "thou
 hast told truly—
 would thou wert
 burnt!"
- 256
- But Florent is
 safe;
- 260 and now he
 grieves anew, for
 he must keep his
 word with the
 loathly lady.
- 264
- 268 He finds the old
 witch in the same
 place;
- never saw man
 such a monster.
- 272

¹ Give. ² Tamed. ³ Head.

⁴ Witch; hag: "A rympled vekke, ferre roune in age,
 Frownynge and yelowē in hir visage."
Romaunt of the Rose, l. 4495; see l. 4285.

⁵ Low, flat.

Hire yhen smale, and depe set ;
 Hire chekes ben with teres wet,
 And riuelen as an emty skyn,
 Hangende doun vnto þe chin ; 276
 Hire lippes schrunken ben for age ;
 Ther was no grace in þe visage ;
 Hir front was nargh¹ ;¹ hir lockes hore ;²
 Sche lokeþ forþ as doþ a More ;³ 280
 Here Necke is schort ; hir schuldres courbe,⁴
 That myhte a mannes lust destourbe ;
 Hire body grete, and nothing smale ; [fol. 37b.]
 And, schor[t]ly to descriue hire al, 284
 Sche haþ non lip⁵ wiþoute a lack,
 Bot lich vnto þe wollesak,
 Sche proferþ hire vnto þis knyht,
 And bad him, as he haþ behyht, 288
 So as sche haþ ben his warant,⁶
 That he hire holde couenant ;
 And be þe bridel sche him seseþ :
 Bot godd wot⁷ how þat sche him pleseþ 292
 Of suche wordes as sche spekeþ ;
 Him þenkeþ welnyh his herte brekeþ
 For sorwe þat he may noyght fle,
 Bot if he wolde vntrew be. 296
 As a sick man
 takes bitter drugs
 with spice and
 sugar, Florent
 drinks this
 draught.
L OKE how a seke man for his hele
 Takþ baldemoine wiþ Canele,⁸
 And wiþ þe Mirre taketh þe sucre ;
 Ryht vpon such a maner lucre 300
 Stant florent as in þis diete :
 He drinkþ þe bitre wiþ þe swete ;
 He medleþ sorwe wiþ likynge,
 And liueþ as who seiþ deyng. 304

She seizes his
bridle and de-
mands his part
of the bargain,

and he would fain
flee if he could.

As a sick man
takes bitter drugs
with spice and
sugar, Florent
drinks this
draught.

¹ Her forehead was narrow. ² Hoar, gray.

³ Moor ; root ; or mulberry (?). ⁴ Curved ; bent. ⁵ Limbs.

⁶ Guárantee ; protection ; saver. ⁷ Knows.

⁸ Gentian with spice.

- His ȝouȝe schal be cast a-weie
 Vpon such on, which, as þe weie,
 Is olde, and lopy oueral.
 Bot nede he mot, þat nede schal;¹
 He wolde Algate his trowȝe holde,
 As euery knyht þer-to is holde,
 What happ so euere him is befallē;
 Thoh sche be þe fouleste of alle,
 ȝit to þonour of wommanhiede
 Him þoghte he scholde taken hiede;
 So þat for pure gentillesse,
 As he hire couȝe [he] best adresce,
 In ragges as sche was totore,²
 He sett hir on his hors tofore,
 And forþ he takþ his weie softe;
 No wonder þogh he sikeþ³ ofte.
 Bot as an oule fleþ⁴ be nyhte
 Out of alle oþre briddes syhte,
 Riht so þis knyht on daies brode⁵
 In clos him hield, and schop his rode⁶
 On nyhtes time, til þe tide
 That he cam þere he wolde abide;
 And priuely wiþoute noise
 He bringþ þis foule grete Coise⁷
 To his Castell, in such a wise
 That noman myhte hire schappe auise,
 Til sche into þe chambre cam,
 Wher he his priue conseil nam⁸
 Of suche men as he most troste,
 And tolde hem þat he nedes moste
 This best wedde to his wif;
 For elles hadde he lost his lif.
- 308 But as a true knight he must keep his troth, for the honour of womanhood;
 312
 316 and so he speaks to her as gently as he can, and
 320 sets her before him on his horse, sighing as he rode along.
 Like an owl, he hides during the day,
 324 and journeys at night, till he comes to his own castle, and smuggles in the loathly lady.
 [fol. 38.]
 328
 332 Then he consults his confidants, how to wed her.
 336

¹ "Needs must when the Devil drives." ² Tattered.

³ Sighs. ⁴ Flieth. ⁵ In broad day. ⁶ Shaped his riding.

⁷ ? Thing. *Coise*: chief; master (!)—*Hallinwell*.

⁸ Took.

The tire-women
take off her rags,
bathe and clothe
her ;

but she wouldn't
let them comb or
cut her hair.

She looked more
foul in her fine
clothes.

They were wedded
that night.

She begins to
fondle him,

calls him her hus-
band, invites him
to bed,

and offers him a
kiss.

THE priue wommen were asent¹
That scholden ben of his assent.

Hire ragges þei anon of drawe,²
And, as it was þat time lawe; 340

Sche hadde baþ, sche hadde rest,
And was arraied to þe best.

Bot wiþ no craft of combes brode
Thei myhte hire hore lockes schode,³ 344

And sche ne wolde nogh be schore⁴
For no conseil ; and þei þerfore

(Wiþ suche atyr as þo was vsed)
Ordeinen þat it was excused, 348

And hid so crafteliche a-boute
That noman myhte sen hem oute.

Bot when sche was fulliche arraied,
And hire atir was al assaied,⁵ 352

Tho was sche foulere on to se ;
Bot ȝit it may non oþer be.

Thei were wedded in þe nyht ;
So wo-begon was neuere knyht 356

As he was þanne of mariage.
And sche began to pleie and rage,

As who seiþ : " I am wel ynowh."
Bot he þerof noþing ne lowh ;⁶ 360

For sche tok þanne chiere on honde,⁷
And clepeþ⁸ him hir housebonde,

And seiþ : " my lord, go we to bedde !
For I to þat entente wedde, 364

That þou schalt be my worldes blisse,"
And profreþ him wiþ þat to kisse,

As sche a lusti ladi were.
His body myhte wel be þere, 368

Bot, as of þoght and of memoire,

¹ Sent for. ² Drawn off. ³ Shed ; part ; divide.

⁴ Shorn ; have her hair cut. ⁵ Attire was tried on.

⁶ Laughed. ⁷ Began to be gaudy. ⁸ Calls.

His herte was in purgatoire.

Bot ȝit for strengþe of matrimonie

He myhte make non essonie,¹

That he ne mot algates plie

To gon to bedde of compaignie.

And whan þei were a bedde naked,²

Wipoute slepe he was a-waked ;

He torneþ on þat oþer side,

For þat he wolde his eyhen hyde

Fro lokyng on þat foule wyht.

The Chambre was al full of lyht ;

The Courtins were of cendal pinne.³

This newe bryd which lay wiþinne,

Thogh it be noghit wiþ his acord,

In armes sche beclipte hire lord,

And preide, as he was torned fro,

He wolde him torne aȝeinward þo ;⁴

“ For now,” sche seiþ, “ we ben boþe on ;”⁵

And he lay stille as eny ston.

Bot euere in on⁶ sche spak and preid,

And bad him þenke on þat he seide,

Whan þat he tok hire be þe honde.

He herde, and vnderstod þe bonde,

How he was set to his penaunce ;

And, as it were a man in traunce,

HE torneþ him al sodeinly,

And syh a lady lay hym by

Of Eyhtetiene wynter age,

Which was þe fairest of visage

That euere in al þis world he syh.

And as he wolde haue take hire nyh,

Sche put hire hand, and be his leue

Besoghte him þat he wolde leue,⁷

He was in torment,
but must bed
with her.

372

[fol. 386.]

He lies awake,
turning his face
from the foul
sight.

376

380

384

She clips him and
prays him to turn
towards her,

388

but he lies still.

392

At last he takes
her hand,

396

and looking on
her sees a damsel
of 18, the fairest
in the world.

400

¹ Plea in excuse. L. *essonnia*, *exonia* ; Fr. *exonie*.

² In those days nightshirts were not. ³ Sendal, fine silk.

⁴ Back again to her. ⁵ One. ⁶ Incessantly. ⁷ Stop.

She bids him
choose whether
he would have
her so at night
or by day.

And seiþ, þat for to wynne or lese,
He mot on of tuo þinges chese :
Wher¹ he wol haue hire such on nyht,
Or elles vpon daies lyht ;
For he schal noght haue boþe tuo.

404

He is at a loss to
decide,

And he began to sorwe þo
In many a wise, and cast his þoght ;
Bot for al þat, 3it cowþe he noght
Deuise himself whiche was þe beste.

408

and leaves it with
herself.

And sche þat wolde his hertes reste,
Preiþ þat he scholde chese algate ;
Til ate laste, longe and late,

412

'My love, I will
be ruled by thee,
for I can't choose.'

He seide : " O 3e, my loues hele,²
Sey what 3ou list in my querele ;
I not³ what answeere I schal 3iue ;

416

Bot euere whil þat .I. may liue,
I wol þat 3e be my Maistresse,
For I can noght mi selue gesse

[fol. 39.]

420

Which is þe best vnto my chois.

Thus grante .I. 3ow myn hole vois :

Ches for ous boþen,⁴ .I. 3ou preie ;

And what as euer þat 3e seie,

424

Riht as 3e wole, so wol .I."

Quoth she, "Since
you give me
sovereignty,

" **M**I lord," sche seid, "grant mercy !
For of þis word þat 3e now sein,

That 3e haue made me souerein,

428

Mi destine is ouerpassed,

That neuere hierafter schal be lassed⁵

I shall night and
day be as you now
see me.

My beaute which þat I now haue,

Til I be take into my graue.

432

Boþe nyht and day, as .I. am now,

I schal alwey be such to 3ow.

I'm the king of
Sicily's daughter,

The kynges dowhter of Cizile⁶

I am ; and fell bot sippe a while,⁷

436

¹ Whether. ² Health ; salvation. ³ *Ne not* ; know not.

⁴ Us both. ⁵ Lessened. ⁶ Sicily. ⁷ But a while since ; a time ago.

(As .I. was wiþ my fader late)

That my Stepmoder, for an hate

Which toward me sche haþ begonne,

Forschop¹ me til .I. hadde wonne

The loue and souereinete

Of what knyht þat, in his degre,

Alle opir passeþ of good name ;

And as men sein ȝe ben þe same,

The dede proeueþ it is so.

Thus am .I. ȝoures euermo."

Tho was plesance and ioie ynowh ;

Echon wiþ oþer pleide and lowh ;²

Thei liue longe, and wel þei ferde.³

And clerkes þat þis chaunce herde,

Thei writen it in euidence,

To teche how þat obedience

Mai wel fortune a man to loue,

And sette him in his lust a-boue,

As it be-fell vn to þis knyht.

FOR-þi,⁴ my sone, if þou do ryht,

Thou shalt vnto þi loue obeie,

And folwe her will, be alle weie.

and was changed
into a foul shape
by my stepmother,

440 until a good
knight should
give me his love
and the mastery."

444

Now all was joy,
and they lived
448 long and happily.

And clerks teach
from this tale how
obedience in love
452 may lead to good
fortune.

456

The chief points of difference between the foregoing and the Wife of Bath's Tale are as follows : In Gower a knight has slain the son and heir of a great lord, whose castle he afterwards happens to come to in the course of his adventures. They dare not openly put him to death, fearing his uncle, the emperor ; but the slain man's grandmother induces him to sign a bond, by which he agrees to forfeit his life should he fail to give the answer to a certain question. In Chaucer a bachelor of the royal household is condemned to death for rape. The queen having interceded for him, the king leaves his life at her disposal, who tells him that he shall be pardoned if he answer the question, "What do women most desire?" In Gower the loathly

¹ Mis-shaped.

² Laughed.

³ Fared ; prospered.

⁴ For this · therefore.

lady who gives the knight the information of which he is in quest had been bewitched by her stepmother, and resumes her proper form when she is married to the knight ; while in Chaucer she is a benevolent fairy, who assumed a hideous form to test the knight's fidelity to his word and save his life.

Judging from the number of versions still extant, this curious tale must have been a great favourite during the middle ages, when it was so much the fashion to decry women and example-books of their profligacy and trickery were rife. The story is the subject of two long ballads in the Percy folio MS., of one of which Prof. Child gives the outline in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, Boston (U.S.), 1884, Part ii., pp. 289, 290 :

The Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnell.

ARTHUR, while hunting in Ingleswood, stalked and finally shot a great hart, which fell in a fern-brake. While the king, alone and far from his men, was engaged in making the assay, there appeared a groom, bearing the quaint name of Gromer Somer Joure,¹ who grimly told him that he meant now to requite him for having taken away his lands. Arthur represented that it would be a shame to knighthood for an armed man to kill a man in green, and offered him any satisfaction. The only terms Gromer would grant were that Arthur should come back alone to that place that day twelvemonth, and then tell him what women love best ; not bringing the right answer, he was to lose his head. The king gave his oath, and they parted. The knights, summoned by the king's bugle, found him in heavy cheer, and the reason he would at first tell no man, but after a while he took Gawain into confidence. Gawain advised that they two should ride into strange country in different directions, put the question to every man and woman they met, and write the answers in a book. This they did, and each made a large collection. Gawain thought they could not fail, but the king was anxious, and considered that it would be prudent to spend the only

¹ Sir Gromer occurs in "The Turke and Gowin," Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, i., 102 ; Sir Grummore Grummorsum, "a good knight of Scotland," in *Morte d'Arthur* ed. Wright, i., 286, and elsewhere.—Madden.

month that was left in prosecuting the inquiry in the region of Ingleswood. Gawain agreed that it was good to be speering, and bade the king doubt not that some of his saws should help at need.

Arthur rode to Ingleswood, and met a lady riding on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, but herself of a hideousness which beggars words; nevertheless the items are not spared. She came up to Arthur, and told him that she knew his counsel; none of his answers would help. If he would grant her one thing, she would warrant his life; otherwise, he must lose his head. This one thing was that she should be Gawain's wife. The king said this lay with Gawain; he would do what he could, but it were a pity to make Gawain wed so foul a lady. "No matter," she rejoined, "though I be foul, choice for a mate hath an owl. When thou comest to thine answer, I shall meet thee; else art thou lost."

The king returned to Carlisle with a heart no lighter, and the first man he saw was Gawain, who asked him how he had sped. Never so ill; he had met a lady who had offered to save his life, but she was the foulest he had ever seen, and the condition was that Gawain should be her husband. "Is that all?" said Gawain. "I will wed her once and again, though she were the devil; else were I no friend." Well might the king exclaim, "Of all knights thou bearest the flower!"

After five or six days more the time came for the answer. The king had hardly ridden a mile into the forest when he met the lady, by name Dame Ragnell. He told her Gawain should wed her, and demanded *her* answer. "Some say this, and some say that, but above all things women desire to have the sovereignty;¹ tell this to the knight; he will curse her that told thee, for his labour is lost." Arthur, thus equipped, rode on as fast as he could go, through mire and fen. Gromer was waiting, and sternly demanded the answer. Arthur offered his two books, for Dame Ragnell had told him to save himself by any of those answers if he could. "Nay, nay, king," said Gromer, "thou art but a dead man." "Abide, Sir Gromer, I have an answer shall make all sure. Women desire sovereignty."

¹ See Note at the end of this paper: "Women desire Sovereignty."

"She that told thee that was my sister, Dame Ragnell. I pray I may see her burn on a fire." And so they parted.

Dame Ragnell was also waiting for Arthur, and would hear of nothing but immediate fulfilment of her bargain. She followed the king to his court, and required him to produce Gawain instantly, who came and plighted his troth. The queen begged her to be married privately, and early in the morning. Dame Ragnell would consent to no such arrangement. She would not go to church till high-mass time, and she would dine in the open hall. At her wedding she was dressed more splendidly than the queen, and she sat at the head of the table at the dinner afterwards. There her appetite was all but as horrible as her person : she ate three capons, three curlews, and great bake meats—all that was set before her, less and more.

A leaf is wanting now, but what followed is easily imagined. She chided Gawain for his offishness, and begged him to kiss her, at least. "I will do more," said Gawain, and, turning, beheld the fairest creature he ever saw. But the transformed lady told him that her beauty would not hold : he must choose whether she should be fair by night and foul by day, or fair by day and foul by night.¹ Gawain said the choice was hard, and left all to her. "Gramercy," said the lady, "thou shalt have me fair both day and night." Then she told him that her step-dame had turned her into that monstrous shape by necromancy, not to recover her own till the best knight in England had wedded her and given her sovereignty in all points.

¹ In the Gaelic tale of "The Hoodie" (Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, i., 63) we find a similar choice. The hoodie, a kind of crow, having married the youngest of a farmer's three daughters, says to her : "Whether would'st thou rather that I should be a hoodie by day and a man at night, or be a hoodie at night and a man by day?" The woman does not leave the decision to him : "I would rather that thou wert a man by day and a hoodie at night," she replies. After this he was a splendid fellow by day and a hoodie at night.—It is a common occurrence in popular tales for the hero to have one shape at night and another by day. Thus in the Norse tale, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" (Dasent), a girl is married to a white bear, who becomes a man every night, and before daybreak changes back into a bear and goes off for the day. And in Indian fictions we often read of a girl being married to a serpent who casts aside his skin at night and assumes the form of a man. When this is discovered by his wife she burns the skin while he is asleep, and henceforth he appears only as a man.

A charming little scene follows, in which Arthur visits Gawain in the morning, fearing lest the fiend may have slain him.¹

On this ballad, Sir F. Madden suggests, was founded that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine," which Percy printed, supplying from conjecture the *lacunæ*, in the first edition of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 1765, and the two subsequent editions. It is thus given in the *Percy Folio MS.*, edited by Drs. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i., and reproduced by Prof. Child :

¹ This is the scene in the bridal chamber next morning :

- 715 I telle you, in certeyne,
 Withe joye & myrthe they wakyde tylle daye,
 And thane wolde rise that fayre maye,¹
 'Ye shalle nott,' *sir* Gawene sayde ;
 'We wolde lye, & slepe tylle pryne,
 720 And thene lett the kyng calle vs to dyne.'
 'I ame greed,' then sayde the mayde.
 Thus itt passyde forth tylle mid-daye.
 'Syr,'² quode the kyng, 'lett vs go ande asaye,
 Yf *sir* Gawene be one lyve.
 725 I ame fulle ferde of *sir* Gawene
 Nowe, lest the fende haue hyme slayne ;
 Nowe wolde I fayne preve.
 Go we nowe,' sayde Arthoure the kyng,
 'We wolde go se theyr vprysing,
 730 How welle that he hathe spede.'
 They came to the chambre, alle in certeyne ;
 'Aryse,' sayde the kyng to *sir* Gawene,
 'Why slepyst thou so long in bede ?'
 'Mary,' quode Gawene, '*sir* kyng, sicurly,
 735 I wolde be glade ande ye wolde lett me be,
 For I am fulle welle att eas ;
 Abyde, ye shalle se the dore vndone,
 I trowe that ye wolde say I am welle goone,
 I ame fulle lothe to ryse.'
 740 *Sir* Gawene rose, ande in his hande he toke
 His fayr lady, ande to the dore he shoke,
 Ande opynyde the dore fulle fayre ;
 She stode in her smoke alle by that syre,
 Her her³ was to her knees as rede as golde wyre,—
 745 'Lo ! this is my repayre.
 Lo !' sayde Gawene Arthoure vntille,
 'Syr, this is my wife, dame Ragnelle,
 That sauys onys your lyfe.'
 He tolde the kyng and the queene heme beforne,
 750 Howe sodenly frome her shap she dyde torne,
 'My lorde, nowe be your leve.'
 Ande whate was the cause she forshapene was,
 Syr Gawene told the kyng, bothe more ande lesse.

¹ mayd, *MS.*

² Syr, *MS.*

³ hed, *MS.*

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

King Arthur is at
Carlisle,

1 **K**INGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see,
And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

2 And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever,
That bride soe bright in bower,
And all his barons about him stooode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

keeping a merry
Christmas.

3 The *king* kept a royall Christmasse,
Of mirth and great honor,
And when

.

* * * *

'And for ransom
bring me word
what is the great
desire of women.'

4 'And bring me word what thing it is
That a woman [doth] most desire ;
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,
'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

Arthur agrees to
these termes,

5 *King* Arthur then held vp his hand,
According thene as was the law ;
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,
And homward can¹ he draw.

and goes back to
Carlisle,
moaning.

6 And when he came to merry Carlile,
To his chamber he is gone,
And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
As he did make his mone.

7 And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
That was a curteous knight ;
'Why sigh you soe sore, vnkle Arthur,' he said,
'Or who hath done thee vnright ?'

Arthur tells
Gawain

8 'O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
That faire may thee befall !
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

¹ 'gan, began.

- 9 'Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,¹
 A bold barron there I fand,
 With a great club vpon his backe,
 Standing stiffe and strong.
- 10 'And he asked me wether I wold fight
 Or from him I shold begone,
 O[r] else I must him a ransome pay,
 And soe depart him from.
- 11 'To fight with him I saw noe cause ;
 Methought it was not meet ;
 For he was stiffe and strong with-all,
 His strokes were nothing sweete.
- 12 'Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
 I ought to him to pay ;
 I must come againe, as I am sworne,
 Vpon the New Yeers day ;
- 13 'And I must bring him word what thing it is
 [That a woman doth most desire.]
-

 * * * * *
- 14 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,
 In one soe rich array,
 Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,
That he might keepe his day.
- 15 And as he rode over a more,
 Hee see a lady where shee sate
 Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen ;
 She was cladd in red scarlett.²

of his encounter
 with the Baron at
 Tearne Wadling,

and that to get off
 fighting him,

he must find out,

by New Year's
 Day,

what a woman
 most desires.

Arthur sets forth
 to fulfil his en-
 gagement.

Crossing a moor,
 he sees a very
 hideous lady,

¹ A town in Inglewood Forest, near Hesketh, in Cumberland ; sometimes written Tearne Wathelyne.

² This was a common phrase in our old writers ; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, says of the Wife of Bath :

"Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red."—*Percy*.

with one eye
instead of her
mouth,

- 16 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,
Then there was sett her eye ;
The other was in her forhead fast,
The way that she might see.

and a crooked
nose.

- 17 Her nose was crooked and turnd outward,
Her mouth stood foule a-wry ;
A worse formed lady than shee was,
Neuer man saw with his eye.

- 18 To halch vpon him, *King* Arthur,
This lady was full faine,
But *King* Arthur had forgott his lesson,
What he shold say againe.

She asks, 'Who
are you ?
Fear not me.

- 19 'What knight art thou,' the lady sayd,
'That will not speak to me ?
Of me be thou nothing dismayd,
Tho I be vgly to see.

Perhaps I may
succour you.'

- 20 For I haue halched you curteouslye,
And you will not me againe ;
Yett I may happen, *Sir Knight*,' shee said,
'To ease thee of thy paine.'

'Succour me,
and Gawain shall
marry you.'

- 21 'Giue thou ease me, lady,' he said,
'Or helpe me in any thing,
Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,
And marry him with a ring.'

- 22 'Why, if I help thee not, thou noble *King* Arthur,
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,
Of gentle Gawaine

.
* * * * *

At the tarn he
finds the Baron,

- 23 And when he came to the Tearne Wadling,
The baron there cold he finde,
With a great weapon on his backe,
Standing stiffe and stronge.

- 24 And then he tooke *King* Arthur's letters in his hands,
 And away he cold them fling,
 And then he puld out a good browne sword,
 And cryd himselfe a *king*.
 who thinks
 Arthur cannot ¹
 produce the ran-
 som or answer,
- 25 And he sayd, 'I have thee and thy land, Arthur,
 To doe as it pleaseth me,
 For this is not thy ransome sure,
 Therfore yeeld thee to me.'
 and claims him
 and his land,
- 26 And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
 And bad him hold his hand :
 'And giue me leaue to speake my mind
 In defence of all my land.'
 Arthur bids him
 wait a bit,
- 27 He said, 'As I came over a more,
 I see a lady where shee sate
 Betweene an oke and a green hollen ;
 Shee was clad in red scarlett.
- 28 'And she says a woman will haue her will,
 And this is all her cheef desire :
 Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill,
 This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.'
 then gives the
 answer : 'A
 woman will have
 her will.'
- 29 He says, 'An early vengeance light on her !
 She walkes on yonder more ;
 It was my sister that told thee this,
 And she is a misshappen hore.
- 30 'But heer Ile make mine avow to God
 To doe her an euill turne,
 For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,
 In a fyer I will her burne.'
- * * * * *
- 31 *Sir* Lancelott and *Sir* Steven bold,¹
 They rode with them that day,
 And the formost of the company
 There rode the steward Kay.
 A company of
 knights, riding
 out with the King
 and Sir Gawain,

¹ *Sir* Steven does not occur (says Madden) in the Round Table romances.

32 Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
 Sir Garrett¹ with them soe gay,
 Soe did Sir Tristeram, *that gentle knight*,
 To the forrest fresh and gay.

meet the hag.

33 And when he came to the greene forrest,
 Vnderneath a greene holly tree,
 Their sate that lady in red scarlet
That vnseemly was to see.

Sir Kay does not
 fancy her to kiss.

34 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,
 And looked vpon her swire ;
 ‘Whosoeuer kisses this lady,’ he sayes,
 ‘Of his kisse he stands in feare.’

35 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,
 And looked vpon her snout ;
 ‘Whosoeuer kisses this lady,’ he sayes,
 ‘Of his kisse he stands in doubt.’

Sir Gawain bids
 him be quiet,
 for one of them
 must have her to
 wife.

36 ‘Peace, cozen Kay,’ then said Sir Gawaine,
 ‘Amend thee of thy life ;
 For there is a knight amongst vs all,
That must marry her to his wife.’

Sir Kay says he
 had rather perish
 than it should be
 he.

37 ‘What! wedd her to wiffe!’ then said Sir Kay,
 ‘In the diuells name anon !
 Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,
 For I had rather be slaine !’

The others are of
 the same mind.

38 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,
 And some tooke vp their hounds.
 And some sware they wold not marry her
 For citty nor for towne.

¹ Banier, probably, according to the same authority, a mistake for Bediuer, the King’s Constable—Tennyson’s Bedivere. Bore is Bors de Gaunes (or Gannes), brother of Lionel. Garrett is Gareth, or Gaheriet, Sir Gawaine’s younger brother.—*Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall.*

39 And then be-spake him noble *King* Arthur,
 And sware there by this day,
 'For a litle foule sight and misliking

Arthur reproves
 his knights.

.
 * * * * *

40 Then shee said, 'Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
 Truth as I doe say,
 Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
 In the night or else in the day.'

Gawain's bride
 asks whether he
 will have her foul
 by day or night.

41 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
 Was one soe mild of moode,
 Sayes, 'Well I know what I wold say,
 God grant it may be good !

Gawain

answers,

42 'To haue thee fowle in the night
 When I with thee shold play—
 Yet I had rather, if I might,
 Haue thee fowle in the day.'

By day.'

43 'What ! when lords goe with ther feires,' shee said
 'Both to the ale and wine,
 Alas ! then I must hyde my selfe,
 I must not goe withinne.'

'Then I must hide
 from your com-
 panions.'

44 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
 Said, 'Lady, that's but skill ;
 And because thou art my owne lady
 Thou shalt haue all thy will.'

'No; do as you
 like.'

45 Then she said, 'Blessed be thou, gentle Gawaine,
 This day *that* I thee see,
 For as thou seest me att this time,
 From hencforth I wilbe.

'Bless you,
 Gawain,

you have cured
 me.

46 'My fater was an old knight,
 And yet it chanced soe
 That he marryed a younge lady
That brought me to this woe.

I was witched
into the likeness
of a fiend.'

47 'Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,
To the greene forrest to dwell,
And there I must walke in womans liknesse,
Most like a feend of hell.

48 'She witch my brother to a carlish b . . .

.
.
.
* * * * *

49

That looked soe foule, and that was wont
On the wild more to goe.'

'Kiss her, brother
Kay,' says
Gawain,
'and regret your
rudeness.'

50 'Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then said Sir Gawaine,
'And amend thé of thy liffe ;
I sweare this is the same lady
That I married to my wiffe.'

Kay kisses her,

51 'Sir [Kay he] kissed that lady bright,
Standing vpon his ffeete ;
He swore, as he was trew knight,
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

and congratulates
Gawain.

52 'Well, cozen Gawaine,' sayes Sir Kay,
'Thy chance is fallen arright,
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw with my sight.'

53 'It is my fortune,' said Sir Gawaine ;
'For my vncle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,
Great ioy that I may take.'

He and Kay take
the lady between
them,

54 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.

and lead her to
King Arthur,

55 King Arthur welcomed them there all,
 And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,
 With all the knights of the Round Table,
 Most seemly to be seene.

56 King Arthur beheld that lady faire
 That was soe faire and bright,
 He thanked Christ in Trinity
 For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.

who thanks God
 for Gawain's
 bliss.

57 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,
 Reioyced all that day
 For the good chance *that* happened was
 To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

All the knights
 rejoice.

The ballad of King Henry, which Scott gives in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, "from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recent fragment," may represent an older version than either of the two foregoing. Mr. Child says that this MS. was William Tytler's, "in which, as we learn from Anderson's communication to Percy, this ballad was No. 11. Anderson states that it extended to 22 stanzas, the number in Scott's copy. No account is given of the recited fragment. As published by Jamieson, ii., 194, the ballad is increased by interpolation to 34 stanzas. 'The interpolation will be found enclosed in brackets;' but a painful contrast of its style of itself distinguishes them. They were entered by Jamieson in his manuscript as well." The following is Scott's copy :

Border Ballad of King Henrie.

LET never man a wooing wend
 That lacketh thingis three :

A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
 And fu' o' courtesey.

4

And this was seen o' king Henrie,
 For he lay burd alane ;

And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
 Was seven miles frae a toun.

8

He chased the dun deer thro' the wood,
 And the roe down by the den,
 Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
 King Henrie he has slain. 12

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
 For to make burly cheir;
 When loud the wind was heard to sound,
 And an earthquake rocked the floor. 16

And darkness covered a' the hall
 Where they sat at their meat;
 The gray dogs, youling, left their food,
 And crept to Henrie's feet. 20

And louder howled the rising wind,
 And burst the fast'ned door;
 And in there came a griesly ghost,
 Stood stamping on the floor. 24

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
 Her middle ye weel mot span;
 Each frightened huntsman fled the ha',
 And left the king alone. 28

Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,
 Her nose like a club or mell;
 And I ken naething she appeared to be
 But the fiend that wons in hell. 32

'Sum meat, sum meat, ye king Henrie!
 Sum meat ye gie to me!"
 "And what meat's in this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?"¹ 36
 "O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
 And serve him up to me."

¹ *Tee* for *to* is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.—S.

- O when he killed his berry-brown steed,
 Wow, gin his heart was sair! 40
 She eat him a' up, skin and bane,
 Left naething but hide and hair.
- "Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!
 Mair meat ye gie to me!" 44
 "And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?"
- "O ye do slay your gude gray houndes,
 And bring them a' to me." 48
 O when he slew his gude grayhoundes,
 Wow, but his heart was sair!
 She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
 Left naething but hide and hair. 52
- "Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!
 Mair meat ye gie to me!"
 "And what meat's i' this house, ladye,
 That I hae left to gie?" 56
 "O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,
 And bring them a' to me."
- O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,
 Wow, but his heart was sair! 60
 She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,
 Left naething but feathers bare.
- "Sum drink, some drink, ye king Henrie!
 Sum drink ye gie to me!" 64
 "And what drink's in this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?"
- "O ye sew up your horse's hide,
 And bring in a drink to me." 68
 O he has sewed up the bluidy hide,
 And put in a pipe of wine;
 She drank it a' up at ae draught,
 Left na a drap therein. 72

- "A bed, a bed, ye king Henrie !
 A bed ye mak to me !"
- "And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,
 That ye're na wellcum tee?" 76
- "O ye maun pu' the green heather,
 And mak a bed to me."
- O pu'd has he the heather green,
 And made to her a bed ; 80
- And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,
 And o'er it he has spread.
- "Now swear, now swear, ye king Henrie,
 To take me for your bride !" 84
- "O God forbid !" king Henrie said,
 "That ever the like betide !
 That e'er the fiend, that wons in hell,
 Should streak down by my side !" 88
-
- When day was come, and night was gane,
 And the sun shone through the ha',
 The fairest ladye that e'er was seen
 Lay atween him and the wa'. 92
- "O weel is me !" King Henrie said,
 "How long will this last wi' me ?"
 And out and spak that ladye fair :
 "E'en till the day ye dee." 96
- "For I was witched to a ghastry shape,
 All by my stepdame's skill,
 Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight
 Wad gie me a' my will." 100

William Tytler's version of this ballad was adapted by Lewis for his *Tales of Wonder*, under the title of "Courteous King Jamie," ii., 453. A similar ballad, "Of a Knight and a Fair Virgin," is found in Johnson's *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, printed about the year

1600. And Voltaire has followed Chaucer in his tale "Ce qui plaît aux Dames."

Scott, in his prefatory note to the ballad of "King Henrie," after referring to its resemblance to that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine" and the Wife of Bath's Tale, cites what he considers as the "original," as follows, from Torfœus (*Hrolfði Krakii, Hist.*, Hafn. 1715, p. 49):

Iceclandic Version.

HELLGÍUS, Rex Daniæ, mærore ob omisam conjugem vexatus, solus agebat, et subducens se hominum commercio, segregem domum, omnis famulitii impatiens, incolebat. Accidit autem, ut, nocte concubia, lamentabilis ejusdam ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fædum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit; quod precibus obsecratus, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pensare didicisset, in domum intromisit; ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixè flagitabat, addens id tante referre, ut nisi impetraret, omnino sibi moriendum esset. Quod, ea lege, ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec complexu eam dignatus Rex, avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteret, eximiæ formæ virginem lecto receptam animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cæpit: causam igitur tam repentinæ mutationis curiosius indaganti, respondit Virgo, se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatum, quond thori ejusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam actis pro præstito beneficio gratiis, discessum maturans, a rege formæ ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem

K. Helgi, grieved for his wife's death, lived in a solitary house.

One night he hears a cry outside; opens the door, and sees a hideous-looking woman, whom he lets in.

She begs to share his bed, else she'll die.

He consents, but she must not touch him.

At dawn he finds by his side a lovely virgin, who tells him she is of the

race of gnomes, condemned to so foul a form till she lay with a prince.

Helgi embraces her, and she exacts his promise to receive their offspring, if any, or danger should follow.

From this he departs, when an infant is laid at his door. She comes and upbraids him, but will turn the danger on his son.

From this union Skulda, a woman, who did wonders, was born.

ex hoc congressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante fores positam in ædes reciperet, seque ejus patrem profiteri non gravaretur, secus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædixit: A quo præcepto cum rex postea exorbitasset, nec præ foribus jacentem infantem pro suo agnoscere voluisset, ad eam iterum, sed corrugata fronte, accessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum ab imminente periculo, præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exempturam pollicebatur, ita tamen ut tota ultionis rabies in filium ejus effusa graves aliquando levitatis illius pœnas exigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commixione, Skulda, versuti et versatilis animi mulier, nata fuisse memoratur; quæ utramque naturam participans prodigiosorum operum effectrix perhibetur.

This Norse tale more closely resembles the ballad of King Henrie than those of Sir Gawaine: in both a king is living in a solitary house when the loathly lady comes knocking at the door, and being admitted gets leave to lie in his bed; on the other hand, in Gawaine's Wedding with Dame Ragnell, as in King Henrie, she has a most voracious appetite, eating and drinking all that is set before her. The story is differently told from any of the preceding in another Icelandic version, of which Prof. Child gives the following abstract:

Another Icelandic Version.

GRIMR was on the verge of marriage with Lophæna, but a week before the appointed day the bride was gone, and nobody knew what had become of her. Her father had given her a step-mother five years before, and the step-mother had been far from kind; but what then? Grímr was restless and unhappy, and got no tidings. A year of scarcity coming, he left home with two of his people. After an adventure with four trolls, he had a fight with twelve men, in which, though they were all slain, he lost his comrades, and was very badly wounded. As he lay on the ground, looking only for death, a woman passed, if so she might be called;

for she was not taller than a child of seven years, so stout that Grímr's arms would not go round her, mis-shapen, bald, black, ugly, and disgusting in every particular. She came up to Grímr, and asked him if he would accept his life from her. "Hardly," said he; "you are so loathsome." But life was precious, and he presently consented. She took him up and ran with him, as if he were a babe, till she came to a large cave; there she set him down, and it seemed to Grímr that she was uglier than before. "Now pay me for saving your life," she said, "and kiss me." "I cannot," said Grímr, "you look so diabolical." "Expect no help, then, from me," said she; "and I see that it will soon be all over with you." "Since it must be, loth as I am," said Grímr, and went and kissed her; she seemed not so bad to kiss as to look at. When night came she made up a bed, and asked Grímr whether he would lie alone, or with her. "Alone," he answered. "Then," said she, "I shall take no pains about healing your wounds." Grímr said he would rather lie with her, if he had no other chance, and she bound up his wounds, so that he seemed to feel no more of them. No sooner was Grímr abed than he fell asleep, and when he woke, he saw lying by him almost the fairest woman he had ever laid eyes on, and marvellously like his true-love Lophthæna. At the bedside he saw lying the troll-casing which she had worn; he jumped up and burned this.¹ The woman was very faint; he sprinkled her with water, and she came to, and said, "It is well for both of us; I saved thy life first, and thou hast freed me from bondage." It was indeed Lophthæna, whom the step-mother had transformed into a horrible shape, odious to men and trolls, which she should never come out of till a man should consent to three things—which no man ever would—to accept his life at her hands, to kiss her, and to share her bed.²

The first part of the story of "The Daughter of King Under-Waves" in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iii., p. 403 f., was probably derived from the same source as that of

¹ See end of note, p. 500.

² Gríms saga loðinkinna, Rafr, Fornaldar Sögur, ii. 143-152.

the Icelandic tale of King Helgi, the father of Hrolfr Kraki, though some of the details and the conclusion are very different :

Gaelic Version.

ONE dark and stormy night, when the Finn were together, a creature of uncouth aspect, whose hair reached to her heels, knocked at the door of Fionn and besought shelter, but on his looking out and seeing such a hideous being, he refused to admit her, and she went away screaming. Then she went to Oisean, who also refused to let her in ; but when she next applied to Diarmaid, he said to her : "Thou art a strange, hideous creature ; thy hair is down to thy heels ; but come in." When she had entered she said : "O Diarmaid, I have spent seven years in travelling over ocean and sea, and during all that time till now I have not passed a night beneath a roof. Let me come near the fire." "Come up," said Diarmaid ; and when she drew near the fire the people of Finn began to flee, she was so hideous. "Go to the farther side," said Diarmaid to them, "and let the creature come to the warmth of the fire." So they went to the other side, but she had not been long at the fire when she sought to be under the blanket beside Diarmaid himself. "Thou art growing bold," said he : "first thou didst ask me to let thee in, then thou didst seek to come to the fire, and now thou askest leave to come under the blanket with me ; but come." She went under the blanket, and he turned a fold of it between them. She was not long thus when he started and gazed at her, and saw by his side the finest drop of blood that ever was, from the beginning of the universe till the end of the world. He called to the others to come and see the most beautiful woman that man ever saw, and they were astonished and covered her up. When she awoke, she said : "Art thou awake, Diarmaid?" and he answered : "I am awake." Then said she : "Where wouldst thou rather that the very finest castle thou hast ever seen should be built?" "Up above Beinn Eudainn, if I had my choice," and Diarmaid slept, and she said no more to him.

There went out one early, before the day, riding, and he saw a castle built upon a hill. He cleared his sight, to see if it was really

there; then he saw it, and went home, and did not say a word. Another went out and also saw it, and said nothing. Then the day was brightened, and the two came in, telling that the castle was most surely there. She sat up and said: "Arise, Diarmaid, go up to thy castle, and be not stretched there any longer." "If there were a castle to which I might go," said Diarmaid. "Look out," said she, "and see if there be a castle there." He looked out and saw a castle, and came in, saying to her: "I will go up to the castle, if thou wilt go with me." "I will do that, Diarmaid; but say not to me thrice how thou didst find me." "I will never say how I found thee," replied Diarmaid. So they went to the castle together. That was a beautiful castle! There was not the shadow of a thing that was of use for a castle that was not in it, even to a herd for the geese. The meat was on the board, and there were maidservants and men-servants about it. They spent three days in the castle together, and then she said to him: "Thou art turning sorrowful, because thou art not with thy people; and thou hadst best go to the Finn, and thy meat and drink will be no worse than they are." "Who will take care of the greyhound bitch and her three pups?" said Diarmaid. "What fear is there for them?" said she, and then Diarmaid went away and reached the people of Finn.

The rest of the story is a curious variant of the Cupid and Psyche group of legends. Fionn, Oisean, and another of the Finn, envious of Diarmaid's good luck, which might have been that of any of them had they not refused the woman admittance, visit her one after the other and each obtains of her one of the greyhound's pups. When Diarmaid returns after each of the two first visits, he says to the dog that if his bride had borne in mind how he had found her, with her hair down to her heels, she would not have given away the pup. She asks what he had said, and he begs her pardon; but when he comes back after the third pup had been given away and repeats the same remark, he finds himself without wife or castle, and lying in a moss-hole. He sets out in quest of her, and after much trouble discovers her in a palace under the sea, but his love for her is now suddenly changed into dislike—a curious departure from the usual conclusion of tales of this class.

The old traveller Sir John Mandeville, like Herodotus, is doubtless to be credited, as a rule, when he tells us of what he himself saw, but when he begins a narrative with "men seyn" we may be sure he is simply about to repeat some fabulous account of "antres vast and deserts idle; of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and other monsters. In the following tale of a damsel transformed into a frightful dragon, he takes care to let us know that it is only from hearsay:

Analogue from Mandeville.

"Some Men seyn, that in the Ile of Lango is 3it the Doughtre of Ypocras,¹ in forme and lykenesse of a gret Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme of lengthe,² as Men seyn: For I have not seen hire. And thei of the Iles callen hire, Lady of the Lond. And sche lyethe in an olde Castelle, in a Cave, and schewethe twyes or thryes in the Zeer. And sche dothe non harm to no Man, but 3if Men don hire harm. And sche was thus chaunged and transformed, from a fair Damysele, in to lykenesse of a Dragoun, be a Goddesse, that was clept Deane.³ And Men seyn, that sche schalle so endure in that forme of a Dragoun, unto the tyme that a Knyghte come, that is so hardy, that dar come to hire and kiss hire on the Mouthe: And then schalle sche turne azen to hire owne Kynde, and ben a Woman azen: But afre that sche schalle not liven longe. And it is not long siththen, that a Knyghte of the Rodes, that was hardy and doughty in Armes, seyde that he wolde kyssen hire. And whan he was upon his Coursere, and wente to the Castelle, and entred into the Cave, the Dragoun lifte up hire Hed azenst him. And whan the Knyghte saw hire in that Forme so hidous and so horrible, he fleyghe away. And the Dragoun bare the Knyghte upon a Roche,⁴ mawgre his Hede; and from that Roche, sche caste him in to the See: and so was lost bothe Hors and Man. And also a 3onge Man, that wiste not of the Dragoun, wente out of a Schipp, and wente thorghe the Ile, til that he come to the Castelle, and cam in to the Cave; and wente so longe,

¹ Hippocrates.

² A hundred fathoms long—something like a monster!

³ Diana.

⁴ Rock.

til that he fond a Chambre, and there he saughe a Damysele, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede in a Myrour; and sche hadde meche Tresoure abouten hire :¹ and he trowed, that sche hadde ben a comoun Woman, that dwelled there to receyve Men to Folye. And he abode, till the Damysele saughe the Schadewe of him in the Myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked hym, what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. And sche asked him, ȝif that he were a Knyghte. And he seyde, nay. And than sche seyde, that he myghte not ben hire Lemman : But sche bad him gon aȝen unto his Felowes, and make him Knyghte, and come aȝen upon the Morwe, and sche scholde come out of the Cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the Mowthe, and have no Drede; for I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in Lyknesse of a Dragoun. For thoughe thou see me hidouse and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene,² that it is made be Enchauntement. For withouten doute, I am non other than thou seest now, a Woman; and therfore drede the noughte. And ȝif thou kysse me, thou schalt have alle this Tresoure, and be my Lord, and Lord also of alle that Ile. And he departed fro hire and wente to his Felowes to Schippe, and leet make him Knyghte, and cam aȝen upon the Morwe, for to kysse this Damysele. And whan he saughe hire comen out of the Cave, in forme of a Dragoun, so hidouse and so horrible, he hadde so grete drede, that he fleyghe aȝen to the Schippe; and sche folewed him. And whan sche saughe, that he turned not aȝen, sche began to crye, as a thing that hadde meche Sorwe : and thanne sche turned aȝen, in to hire Cave; and anon the Knyghte dyede. And siththen hidrewards, myghte no Knyghte se hire, but that he dyede anon. But whan a Knyghte comethe, that is so hardy to kisse hire, he schalle not dye; but he schalle turne the Damysele in to hire righte Forme and kyndely Schapp, and he schal be Lord of alle the Contreyes and Iles aboveseyd.”³

¹ From the most ancient times serpents and dragons were believed to be the guardians of hidden treasure.

² I give thee to know.

³ *The Voyage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.*, etc. Reprinted from the edition of A.D. 1725; with an Introduction, Additional Notes, and Glossary, by J. O. Halliwell. London, 1839. Chap. iv., pp. 23—26.

Mandeville's wonderful tale is quite unique. In all other stories or legends of the kind the enchanted person is not apparently permitted to reveal the means by which the spell may be done away ; but here the "dragoun" young lady tells all about it to every one who visits her ; and it is passing strange that no fortune-hunter could be found bold enough to imprint a kiss on her monstrous mouth, when assured that she should be thereby instantly changed back into her original form of a super-eminently beautiful damsel, willing to reward him with her hand in marriage, and "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" ! Sir John does not give us to understand that this unhappy lady was immortal, so it were useless for any enterprising youth, with an eye on the "main chance," to think of setting forth in quest of her at this time of day.

There is an interesting analogue of the chief feature of the Wife of Bath's Tale in a Turkish story-book of a mystical cast, entitled, "Phantasms from the Presence of God," written, in 1796-7, by 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi, the Cretan,¹ which is to this effect :

Turkish Analogue.

A beautiful young orphan girl, exceedingly poor, returning home with water one day, is accosted by a very ugly old man, who asks her to marry him. She consents, for she thinks her condition could hardly be worse. After being married they sail for Abyssinia, where they reside for some little time. One day the old man was gone to the bazaar, and the girl began to long for his return, saying to herself : "Would that my husband were come, that I might talk with him." When the old man came, she ran to meet him with as much joy as if the world had become her own, and when he beheld her longing in her face, and her countenance glowing with delight, he suddenly shook himself and became a young man of seventeen years, a sun of the world—a darling of the age ; and he clasped her round

¹ *Mukhayyalât-i Ledun-i illâhî-i Giridli* 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi. . My friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has favoured me with a reading of part of his translation of this curious work, which he is preparing for publication, and from which I have made the abstract of the story that follows.

the neck and blessed her, saying : " O my lady, my Emína, like as thou hast delivered me from this plight, may God help thee in the Hereafter from the torment of hell ! " ¹ Then he took her by the hand, and they entered the inner room, and the youth addressed her thus : " My lady, I am not of the sons of Adam. I am Retím Shah, king of the fairies of the land of Jábulsá. With us a parent's curse against a child forthwith comes to pass. One day while jesting with my aged mother, I said to her : ' Thou dost not love me.' These words were grievous to her, and she said : ' If God will, my son, may thou assume a vile form of seventy years old, and until a fair girl of the children of Adam desire thy beauty, may thou not return to thy first estate.' No sooner had she uttered this speech than, lo ! I assumed that form which thou sawest, and it is full forty years that I have wandered the world in that shape, seeking a cure for my woe. I saw that thy poverty was exceeding great, and as the indications of truth and chastity were visible in thy face, I fancied that I might, with much kindness, in some way win and reconcile thee to myself. And lo ! thou hast yearned for me, and, praise be to God most high, my beauty has returned to its old estate. Now am I thy husband, and thy freed slave ; henceforth grieve not, nor sorrow for anything. Accept me again as husband, if thou desire ; send me away, if thou desire : my loins are girt in thy service till the Resurrection Day." Needless to add that Sitt Emína was more than charmed with her rejuvenated husband, who supplied her with wealth galore, and came all the way from his fairy dominions once every week to enjoy her society.

Sanskrit Analogue.

I do not remember any exact parallel to the Wife of Bath's Tale in Indian fiction, though the step-dame's transforming the damsel into a hideous hag, so to remain until a knight should consent to marry her, which occurs in other versions, has many analogues in such story-books as the *Kathá Sarit Ságará*, where a celestial being having incurred the wrath of a deity is condemned to be re-born on

¹ How very absurd is the popular notion that Muslims deny the existence of the soul in woman !

the earth in human form, or as a snake or other animal, the "curse," or punishment, to cease when certain things should occur. This power of "cursing" is also acquired by holy men—*rishis*—through the virtue of their austerities, and they often transform an offender into some kind of beast. Thus in section the eleventh of the Introductory Book of the *Mahābhārata* we are told of a rishi who was engaged in the *Agni-hotra*, or fire-sacrifice, when a friend in sport made a sham snake of blades of grass, and attempted to frighten him with it. The rishi, burning with wrath on discovering the deceit, exclaimed: "Since thou hast made a powerless snake to frighten me, thou shalt be turned even into a venomless snake thyself by my curse." The culprit, well knowing the power of the ascetic, thus addressed him, lowly bending, and with joined hands: "O friend, I have done this by way of jest, to excite thy laughter. It behoveth thee to forgive me, and to revoke thy curse." But this, it would appear, was impossible: the curse itself was irrevocable, and such being the case, rishis should certainly be careful not to "let their angry passions rise," as they do so often—in story-books. But the duration of the curse could be limited, and so the rishi, perceiving the culprit's terror, said: "What I have spoken must come to pass. But when Ruru, the pure son of Pramati, shall appear thou shalt be delivered from the curse the moment thou seest him," and this takes place in the fulness of time.

Legends similar to the tale of the Knight and the Loathly Lady seem to be of universal currency and of very ancient date. Have we not all listened to them in the nursery, and been especially charmed with the tale of "The Frog Prince"? And there are several parallels to it among the natives of South Africa. To cite two examples only, in conclusion:

Two Kaffir Analogues.

In Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore* a youth refrains from killing a crocodile, and in return it gives him many cattle and a great quantity of millet. Then the crocodile said to him: "You must send your sister for the purpose of being married to me." The

crocodile gave one of his daughters to the young man, and his sister went to the village of the crocodile to be a bride. They said to her : "Whom do you choose to be your husband?" The girl replied : "I choose Crocodile." Her husband said to her : "Lick my face." She did so, and the crocodile cast off his skin and arose a man of great strength and fine appearance, and told her that he had been so transformed by the enemies of his father's house (ed. 1882, p. 37).—In another story (p. 53) a girl goes to be the bride of the snake with five heads, who had devoured her sister because she was afraid of him ; and having baked and served him with bread to his satisfaction, he became a man, and she was ever afterwards the wife he loved best.

NOTE.

"WOMEN DESIRE SOVEREIGNTY."

THE "self-willed" disposition of women is harped upon by many of our old English authors. In a curious 16th century tract entitled *The Wyll of the Deryll* (Ballad Society Publications) occurs the following bequest : "*Item.* I give to all women sovereignty, which they most desire, and that they never lack excuse." And, in his *Breviary of Health*, Andrew Borde says of woman : "She is subject to man, except it be there where *the white mare is the better horse* ; therefore, *ut homo non cantet cum cuculo*, let every man please his wife in all matters, and displease her not, but let her have her own wyll, for that she wyll have, who so ever say nay ;"—according to the proverbial lines—

"The man's a fool who thinks by force of skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ;
For if she will, she *will*, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she *won't*, and there's an end on't."

It would appear from the above passage from Borde that the wife who ruled her husband was then called the "*white mare*"—in modern times she is termed the "*gray mare*," and the origin of the expression is thus accounted for :

A gentleman, who had "seen the world," one day gave his son a pair of horses, and a basket of eggs, saying, "Do you travel upon the high-road until you come to the first house in which there is a married couple. If you find that the husband is master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the other hand, the wife is ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses, and there is an egg remaining in your basket." Off went the youth, full of his mission, and called at so many houses without finding the husband really master that all his eggs save one were gone, and riding onward he came to a house where he must make his final trial. He alighted and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and curtsied. "Is your husband at home?" "No," but she would call him from the hay-field. In he came, wiping his brows. The

young man told them his errand. "Why," said the good wife, simpering and twiddling a corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master—aren't you, John?" To which John replied, "Yes." "Then," said the youth, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?" Quoth John, "I think we'll have the bay gelding." "If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the gray mare will suit us better." "No," replied John; "the bay for me; he is more square in the front, and has much better legs." "Now," said the wife, "I don't think so;—the gray mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one." "You must take an egg," cried the youth, giving her the only one he had left, and he then returned home, with both horses, to inform his father how he had sped in his mission.

There is a similar Arabian story told of the Khalif Harún er-Rashíd, who figures so often in the *Arabian Nights*: how he gave one of his favourite companions a great number of donkeys, one of which he was to present to each man whom he found not to be under "petticoat government"—for it is a mistake to suppose that, although women of a certain class are bought and sold for the harems of Muslims, the actual wife may not sometimes rule her lord very despotically; but on this subject see Lane's *Modern Egyptians*. The favourite returned without having disposed of a single ass, at which Harún made merry, declaring himself to be the only man in his dominions who was master of his harem, including even his chief wife, Zubaydé. Their conversation happened to take place in a room where they might be overheard by that pious but exceedingly jealous lady, and the favourite saw his opportunity of turning the laugh against the Khalif himself. So he began to describe in glowing terms the personal charms of a girl he pretended to have seen in the course of his journeyings, upon which Harún, in alarm lest Zubaydé should hear this account of the strange beauty, whispered: "Don't talk quite so loud." This was what the companion expected, so he exclaimed in great glee: "O Commander of the Faithful, it is *you* who must take a donkey!"

GLASGOW, January, 1888.

22.

The Patient Griselda:

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION

OF

Chaucer's Clerk's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.

A noble Marquesse,
 As he did ride a hunting
 hard by a forrest side,
 A faire and comely maiden,
 As she did sit a spinning,
 his gentle eye espide.
 Most faire and comely,
 And of comely grace was she,
 although in simple attire:
 She sung full sweetly,
 With pleasant voyce melodiously,
 which set the lords heart on fire.
 The more he lookt, the more he might;
 Beauty bread his hearts delight,
 And to this comely damsell
 then he went;
 God speed (quoth he), thou famous flower,
 Faire mistresse of this homely bower,
 Where love and vertue
 dwel with sweet content.

HISTORY OF PATIENT GRISSELL.

THE PATIENT GRISELDA :

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION OF THE
CLERK'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

IN striking contrast to the *motif* of the Wife of Bath's Tale is that of the Clerk's Tale of the Patient Griselda—such a wife as “ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be!”¹ The admirable note, by Professor Hales, on the characters of Griselda and the Marquis, appended to the Latin and Italian versions (p. 173 ff.), leaves little to be added by subsequent commentators. The tale may indeed be considered as a protest against the abuse of women so common in mediæval literature. But as it stands almost alone, it could have had little influence in causing a reaction in men’s minds. It may be that the *motif* of the tale was rendered abortive from the characters of Griselda and the Marquis being so very much exaggerated, or overdrawn—so much out of keeping with human nature ; and one can easily conceive that the Patient Griselda would be often held up by men to their wives in mockery of their sex in general, just as they were frequently twitted by their gross-minded lords with stories of female artifice and profligacy taken from example-books, such as that which caused a “row” between the Wife of Bath and Jenkins her husband—in which, as usual, he came off second-best. My only object in presenting the following translation of Le Grand’s prose version of the *fabliau* of Griselda is to show its close resemblance to Petrarch’s Latin story—the details of each run so exactly parallel that either they must have been derived from a common source or one has been taken from the other.

¹ According to Le Grand, in his prefatory remarks on the *fabliau* of Griselda, Noguier asserts that Griselda is not an imaginary person, but that this Phoenix of women actually lived about the year 1003 ; and Philippe Foresti, the Italian historiographer, also gives her story as true ;—it is just as true as the Italian legend of Santa Gugiema—see *ante*, pp. 409, 410.

The Fabliau of Griselda.

IN Lombardy, on the confines of Piedmont, is a noble country, called the country of Saluces, whose lords have borne from all time the title of Marquis. Of all those lords the most illustrious and powerful was Walter. He was handsome, well made, and endowed with all the gifts of nature ; but he had one fault, that of loving too much the liberty of celibacy, and displeased when marriage was hinted to him, which sorely grieved his barons and vassals. They assembled to confer on the subject, and appointed certain deputies to speak to Walter in their name, as follows : “ Marquis, our only master and sovereign lord, the love which we bear you has inspired us with boldness to come and speak with you ; for everything which you possess is pleasing to us, and we think ourselves happy in having such a master. But, dear sire, you know that years roll and pass by, and never return. Although you are in the flower of your manhood, nevertheless old age and death, from which no one is free, happen every day. Your vassals, who will never refuse to obey you, request you to allow them to seek for you a lady of noble birth, beautiful and virtuous, who would be worthy of becoming your wife. Grant, sire, this favour to your loyal subjects, in order that, in the event of any misfortune befalling your high and noble person, they should not be without a master.” To this address Walter, much affected, answered kindly : “ My friends, it is true I please myself in enjoying that liberty which one feels in my situation, and which is lost in marriage, if I may believe those who have tried it. Another inconvenience of that union is that we are not sure the children we so much desire are really our own. Yet, my friends, I promise you to marry ; and I hope that the good God will give me one with whom I shall be able to live a happy life. But I wish also that you first promise me one thing, namely, that her whom I choose, whoever she may be, daughter of rich or poor man, you will respect and honour as your lady, and that there will be no one amongst you who will dare to blame or murmur at my choice.” The barons and subjects promised faithfully to observe what the Marquis their lord demanded of them. They thanked him for having

deferred to their request, and were informed by him of the day for his marriage, which caused great joy throughout the country of Saluces.

Now at a short distance from the castle there was a village in which the labourers dwelt, and through which the Marquis passed when he went to the chase. Amongst the villagers was an old man called Janicola, poor, bowed down by infirmities, and quite unable to walk. Often in a miserable cottage dwells the blessing of Heaven; and of this that good old man was a proof, for there remained to him from his marriage a daughter, named Griselda, with a perfectly-formed person, but a soul still more beautiful, who kindly supported and comforted his old age. During the day she watched the sheep which belonged to them; in the evening, when she had brought them home, she prepared their frugal meal, raised and laid her father; in short, all those services which a daughter should do for a father the virtuous Griselda performed for poor Janicola. For a long time the Marquis had known by common report of the virtue and modest conduct of this poor girl. Often in going to the chase he stopped and looked at her; and in his heart he had already decided that if he ever did marry, it would only be Griselda.

Meanwhile the day which he had fixed for his marriage came round, and the palace was crowded with dames, knights, citizens, and people of every condition. All were making inquiries of each other regarding the wife of their lord, but no one could answer. The Marquis set out from his palace, as if with the intention of meeting his bride, and all the ladies and knights followed him. He wended his way to the village, and entered the cottage of Janicola, to whom he said: "Janicola, I know you have always loved me; to-day I exact a proof of it: grant me your daughter in marriage." The poor man, astonished at this request, humbly replied: "Sire, you are my master and lord, and I should wish whatever you wish." The maiden all this time was standing near her old father, quite abashed, for she was not accustomed to receive such a guest. Then the Marquis thus addressed her: "Griselda, I wish you to become my wife. Your father consents, and I venture to think that you will not refuse; but first answer me one question which I will ask

of you before him : I desire a wife who will be submissive to me in everything, who will only wish what I wish, and, whatever my caprices may be, will always be ready to fulfil them. If you become mine, will you consent to observe these conditions?" Griselda replied : " My lord, I shall be ever willing to do whatever you may please to command. Should you order my death, I promise you to suffer it without complaining." " Enough," said the Marquis ; at the same time taking her hand and leading her out of the house, he presented her to his barons and people, saying : " My friends, here is my wife—here is your lady, whom I request you to love and honour as you do myself." After these words he conducted her to the palace, where the matrons took off her rustic garments in order to deck her in a rich dress and nuptial ornaments. Griselda blushed, and trembled all over ; and you yourself, after having been seen a moment before in your village, should you suddenly appear with a crown on your head, I am quite sure would not be able to check the same kind of astonishment. The marriage was celebrated the same day. The palace resounded with all kinds of musical instruments ; there was everywhere nothing but shouts of joy ; subjects as well as their lord appeared to be enchanted. Hitherto Griselda had been much admired for her virtuous conduct, but now, mild, affable, and obliging, she was more loved than she had been esteemed ; and, both among those who had known her before her elevation and those who knew her afterwards, there was not one who envied her good fortune.

In due course Griselda gave birth to a daughter, who promised to be one day as beautiful as herself. Although the Marquis and his subjects would have more heartily welcomed the advent of a son, there was great rejoicing throughout Saluces. The infant was nursed in the palace by its mother ; but as soon as it was weaned, Walter, who had devised a plan for testing his wife's obedience, although, charmed day after day by her virtues, he loved her more and more, entered her chamber, and, with the air of a man troubled about something, spoke to her as follows : " Griselda, you have not perhaps forgotten what was your condition before becoming my wife. I had, however, almost forgot it myself, and my tender love for thee, of which thou hast received many proofs, might assure thee of

it. But for some time, and especially since our child was born, my vassals murmur, and even haughtily complain of being destined one day to become the vassals of a grand-daughter of Janicola, and I, whose interest it is to preserve their friendship, am now compelled to make to them a sacrifice which pains me grievously. I would not act, however, until I had forewarned you; and I come to ask your permission, and exhort you to exercise that patience which you promised me before becoming my spouse." Griselda humbly replied, without showing any tokens of grief: "My beloved lord, you are my lord and master; my daughter and myself belong to you; and you may command me in anything, for I shall never forget the obedience and submission which I promised and owe you." Such moderation and gentleness astonished the Marquis. He retired with a look of the utmost pain, while in his heart full of love and admiration for his wife. When he was alone he called an old servant, attached to him for thirty years, to whom he explained his plan, and sent him at once to Griselda. "Madame," said he, "deign to pardon the sad commission which I have undertaken, but my lord requests your daughter." At these words Griselda, recalling the conversation which she had recently had with Walter, concluded that he had sent the man to take away her child and put it to death. She stifled her grief, nevertheless, restrained her tears, and without making the least complaint or uttering a sigh, took the infant out of its cradle, looked at it tenderly for a long time, then making the sign of the cross on its forehead, and kissing it for the last time, she handed it to the servant. When Walter learned from his servant of his wife's courage and submission, he was full of admiration of her virtue; but when he took the infant in his arms, and saw it cry, his heart was so moved that he was on the point of relinquishing his cruel trial. Recovering himself, however, he commanded his trusty servitor to carry the infant secretly to his sister, the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, and desire her, in his name, to bring it up under her own care, but so that nobody—not even the count, her husband—should have knowledge of the secret. The servant accordingly delivered the child to the countess, who caused it to be privately educated, as her brother had desired.

The Marquis continued to live with Griselda as before, and often did he look on her face to discover whether she nourished either grief or resentment, but she always showed him the same love and respect, never betraying any symptoms of sadness, and neither in his presence nor absence referred to her daughter. Four years had thus passed, when Griselda gave birth to a son, which completed the happiness of the Marquis, and the joy of all his people. Griselda nursed this infant as she had done the other; but when it was two years old Gautier resolved to make another trial of his wife's patience, and came to tell her of his barons' dissatisfaction, in almost the same words he had formerly ascribed to them regarding her daughter. O what agony must that incomparable woman have felt at that moment, when reflecting that she had already lost her daughter, and now saw that her little son was about to be also taken from her! What it must have been I need not tell the tender mother—not even the stranger could at such a sentence have refrained from tears! Queens, princesses, marchionesses, women of all degrees, hearken to the answer of Griselda to her lord, and profit by the example: "My dear lord," said she, "I formerly swore to you, and still swear, never to wish anything that you do not wish. When, on entering your palace, I threw off my poor garments, at the same time I resolved to know no will except your own. If it were possible for me to guess at anything before it was expressed, you would see your slightest desires foreseen and fulfilled. Command me now in whatever you please. If you wish my death, I agree to it; for death is nothing in comparison to the unhappiness of displeasing you." Walter was more and more astonished. Any one who had not known Griselda so well would have concluded that such firmness of soul was merely want of feeling; but he, who was frequently a witness of her tenderness while she was nursing her children, could ascribe it only to the love which she had for himself. The Marquis sent his old servitor again to Boulogne with his son, where he was brought up along with his little sister.

After two such cruel proofs Walter ought to have felt certain of his wife's submissiveness to his will, and refrained from afflicting her farther. But his was one of those jealous hearts which nothing can

cure, for whom the grief of others is a source of pleasure. As for Griselda, she not only appeared to have forgotten her double bereavement, but showed herself more than ever tender and affectionate towards her husband, nevertheless he purposed to make a still more severe experiment of her obedience. His daughter was now twelve years of age, and his son eight, and he sent a message to his sister the countess, desiring her to bring them to him; at the same time he caused it to be noised abroad that he was about to divorce his wife in order to take another. This news soon reached Griselda. She was told that a young person of high birth, and beautiful as a fairy, was coming to be wedded to the Marquis of Saluces. Whether she was astounded at this, I leave you to decide. Meanwhile she continued to wait on him whom she was bound to obey in everything which he imposed upon her. Walter sent for her, and in the presence of his barons thus addressed her: "Griselda, during the past twelve years I have been pleased with you as my wife, because I have looked at your virtue instead of your birth. But I must have an heir—my subjects demand it; and Rome permits me to take a wife worthy of me. She will arrive here in the course of a few days, therefore prepare to give up thy present position. Take thy dowry with thee, and summon up all thy fortitude." Griselda replied: "My lord, I am not ignorant that the daughter of Janicola was not suited for your wife; and in this palace, of which you made me the lady, I take God to witness, that every day, whilst thanking him for that honour, I felt myself unworthy of it. I leave, without regret, since such is your will, the place where I have been so happy, and I return to die in the cottage where I was born, and where I shall still be able to render my father those services which I was forced to delegate to a stranger. As for the dowry of which you speak, you well know, my lord, that with a pure heart I could only bring you poverty, respect, and love. All the dresses which I have worn here belong to you. Allow me to leave them, and take my own, which I have preserved. Here is the ring with which you wedded me. I came away poor from my father's house, and poor shall I return thither; only wishing to carry with me the honour of having been the irreproachable wife of such a husband." The

Marquis was so moved by these words that he could not keep back his tears, and was forced to go out to conceal his emotion. Griselda left all her beautiful dresses, her jewels, and head-ornaments, and putting on her rustic clothes returned to her own village, accompanied by many barons, knights, and ladies, who were bathed in tears and regretted so much virtue. She alone wept not, but walked on in silence with head bent down. They arrived at the cottage of Janicola, who did not appear astonished at the event. From the first the marriage had caused him to fear that sooner or later the Marquis would grow weary of his daughter and send her back to him. The old man tenderly embraced Griselda, and, without exhibiting anger or grief, thanked the ladies and gentlemen for their condescension in having accompanied his daughter, exhorting them to love their lord sincerely and to serve him loyally. But imagine the sorrow which the good Janicola must have felt when he reflected that his daughter after such a long period of pleasure and luxury should be in want during the rest of her life ; this, however, gave Griselda no concern, and she cheered her father's spirits.

In the mean time the Count and Countess d'Empêche, with Walter's two children, and attended by a great company of knights and ladies, were drawing near Saluces. The Marquis, to complete this last trial, sent for Griselda, who immediately came on foot and in the dress of a peasant. "Daughter of Janicola," said Walter to her, "to-morrow my wife arrives, and as no one in my palace knows so well as you what can please me, and I wish to receive her with all honour, as well as my brother, my sister, and the others who accompany her, I desire you to superintend all arrangements, and especially to attend upon my new wife." "Sire," replied Griselda, "I have received such favours from you that as long as God permits me to live I will consider it a duty to do whatever may give you pleasure." She then went and gave the necessary orders to the officers and servants of the palace, and herself made ready the bridal bed for her whose approaching arrival had caused her own expulsion. When the young lady appeared, Griselda, instead of showing any signs of emotion, as one might have expected, went out to meet her, saluted her respectfully, and conducted her into the nuptial

room. By a secret instinct,¹ for which she could not account, she was delighted with the company of the young people, and never grew weary of looking at them and admiring their beauty.

The hour of feasting arrived, and when all were assembled at table the Marquis sent for Griselda, and showing her his bride—who to her natural brilliancy added a dazzling dress—asked her what she thought of the lady. “My lord,” replied she, “you could not choose one more beautiful and virtuous; and if God hear the prayers which I offer up for you every day, you will be happy with her. But in mercy, my lord, spare this one the painful anguish which another has endured. Younger and more tenderly brought up, her heart would not have the strength to sustain such trials, and she might die of them.” At these words tears fell from the eyes of the Marquis. He could dissemble no more; and admiring that unalterable gentleness and that virtue which nothing could weary out, he exclaimed: “Griselda, my dearly beloved Griselda! this is too much! To try your love, I have done more than any other man under heaven has dared even to imagine, and I have only found in you obedience, tenderness, and devotion.” Then drawing near to Griselda, who suddenly lowered her head at these encomiums, he clasped her in his arms, and bedewing her with his tears, he added in presence of the numerous assembly: “Incomparable woman! you only are worthy of being my wife, and such you alone shall ever be! You, as well as my subjects, believed me the executioner of your children. But they were simply removed some distance from you. My sister, in whose hands I entrusted them, has just brought them hither. Behold, there they are! And you, my daughter and son, come and throw yourselves at the knees of your honourable mother.” Griselda could not bear with so much joy coming upon her suddenly; she swooned, but when the assistance which was lavished upon her brought her back to consciousness, she took the two children, covered them with kisses and tears, and held them long pressed to her bosom. Every one of the assembled guests was

¹ This absurd notion of “blood speaking to blood” frequently occurs in Asiatic fictions; it has no more foundation in fact than the other superstition that a dog will recognize his old master after many years’ absence—as to which, see Byron!

affected even to weeping. At length cries of joy resounded, and that festival which had been prepared in honour of Walter's new wife became a triumph for the patient Griselda. The Marquis caused old Janicola to be brought to the palace of Saluces: Walter had only appeared to neglect him till he had made trial of his daughter, and he honoured the good man during the rest of his life. Walter and Griselda lived for twenty years longer in the most perfect concord. They saw their children married and their offspring; and after Walter died his son succeeded to the estate, to the great satisfaction of all his subjects.¹

The differences between the French and Latin versions, it will be seen on comparison, are few and immaterial: for the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, Petrarch has the Countess of Pavia; and while in the *fabliau* Griselda is represented as putting on her old peasant dress before leaving the palace, in the Latin story she returns to her father's cottage in her shift only, and her father had kept her old gown, expecting she should be sent back some day. In other respects both stories tally. As Petrarch plainly states that he was familiar with the tale long before he had read it in the *Decameron*, we may, I think, safely conclude that he knew it from a *fabliau*, which was probably also the source of Boccaccio's novel. Le Grand remarks, that Boccaccio has omitted the affecting and ingenuous address of the vassals to their lord, in order to induce him to marry, and the touching picture of Griselda's attentions to her bedridden father; and it seems to me that the existence of these incidents in the Latin story is alone sufficient evidence that it was not adapted from the version in the *Decameron*. Boccaccio is credited by Le Grand with "some taste" in rejecting the "improbable" statement that old Janicola, who required to be helped in and out of bed daily, lived twelve years "after being abandoned"; but Janicola was not altogether abandoned to his fate, since Griselda, when about to quit the palace, speaks of him as having been cared for, though not by one of his own kin.

¹ Le Grand's *Fabliaux, ou Contes, du XIII^e et du XIV^e siècle*. Ed. 1781, tome ii., pp. 232—252.

Whether the tale of Griselda was originally composed in France, it seems certain that it was first dramatized in that country under the title of *Mistère de Grisélidis*, of which a copy in MS. is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. In England it formed the subject of a drama, entitled *Patient Grissil*, written towards the end of the 16th century, by Thos. Dekker, Hy. Chettle, and W. Haughton, which was reprinted in 1841 for the (old) Shakspeare Society. As a puppet-play it was a popular favourite so late as the year 1770, according to Thos. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*. Under date, August 30, 1667, Pepys enters in his *Diary*: "To Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizell), and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take a coach, and she away without any trouble at all." One cannot help also "wondering" whether my Lady Castlemaine, while seeing the puppet-play performed, thought of *another* Griselda, who had left her country to become the neglected and insulted consort of the heartless and sensual Second Charles—probably not! In Pepys' day the name of Griselda, or Grissel, seems to have been as proverbial for patience as that of the Man of Uz. Butler in his *Hudibras*—the wit and humour of which, by the way, had no charm for Pepys, since he tells us "it hath not a good liking in me, though I tried by twice or three times' reading to bring myself to think it witty"—speaks of

"—— words, far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood."¹

¹ Before the Restoration the Diarist was a Presbyterian, or an Independent; and it is said that he suggested as a text for a sermon on the execution of King Charles, "The memory of the wicked shall rot"—a circumstance which, in after years, when he was "making his pile," gave him no little concern, lest it should come to be known by "old Rowley." He was all his life a Dissenter at heart, as is evident from many passages in his *Diary*, and hence Butler's incomparable satire of the Presbyter Knight who "went a colonelling" wooed his smiles in vain.

Examples of patient, dutiful wives, like Griselda, are almost as rare in Asiatic as in European popular tales, though we have seen something of the kind in versions of "The innocent, persecuted Wife" (*ante*, p. 368 ff.); and in the earlier literature of India—before it could be affected by baleful Muslim notions regarding women—there occur several notable tales of faithful, virtuous, obedient wives. A queen who figures in the *Kathá Sarit Ságará* (Tawney's translation, vol. i., p. 355 ff.) presents some resemblance to Griselda. The wives of King Virabhujá, envious of his favourite, queen Gunavará, conspire to cause her destruction. They tell the king that she carries on a criminal intrigue with Surakshita, the superintendent of the women's apartments in the palace—it is the gossip of the whole haram. The king thinks this impossible, but resolves to test them both. He sends for the young man, and with assumed anger, accuses him of having killed a Bráhmaṇ;¹ so he must at once go to the holy places, and not return until he has cleansed his soul of the sin. The young man, with every token of astonishment in his countenance and protesting his innocence, quits the royal judgment-hall and sets out on his pilgrimage. "Then the king went into the presence of that queen Gunavará, full of love, and anger, and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously: 'My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?' When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer: 'To-day, my queen, a great astrologer came to me and said: "King, you must place the queen Gunavará for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die." Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency.' When the king said this, the queen Gunavará, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him: 'Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured if I can benefit you, even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die; but let

¹ The most heinous crime that can be committed by a Hindú. The Bráhmaṇs have interpolated the *Mahábhárata* with numerous passages exalting their own caste: priestcraft is the same everywhere!

not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and the next.' Having heard this speech, the king said to himself, with tears in his eyes, 'I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Sarakshita; for I saw that the colour in his face did not change, and he seemed without fear. Alas, nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour.' After reflecting thus, the king in his grief said to the queen: 'Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, queen.' She replied: 'Very good.' So the king had a dungeon, easy of access, made in the women's apartments, and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son by telling him exactly what he had told the queen. And she for her part thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husband's pleasure is pleasure."—Needless to add that the innocence of the devoted queen and of the young man is made manifest in the end.

We have a noble example of a faithful wife in Sitá, the spouse of Ráma, as portrayed in the great Hindú epic, *Rámáyana*. She thus pleads with her husband for leave to accompany him into banishment, according to Sir Monier Williams' rendering of the passage:

"A wife must share her husband's fate. My duty is to follow thee
Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee, I would not dwell in heaven itself.
Deserted by her lord, a wife is like a miserable corpse.
Close as thy shadow would I cleave to thee in this life and hereafter.
Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity.
It is my fixed resolve to follow thee. If thou must wander forth
Through thorny, trackless forests, I will go before thee, treading down
The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path. Walking before thee, I
Shall feel no weariness: the forest-thorns will seem like silken robes;
The bed of leaves a couch of down. To me the shelter of thy presence
Is better far than stately palaces, and paradise itself.
Protected by thy arm, gods, demons, men shall have no power to haunt me.
With thee I'll live contentedly on roots and fruits. Sweet or not sweet,
If given by thy hand, they will to me be like the food of life.
Roaming with thee in desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day;
Dwelling with thee, e'en hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."¹

¹ In similar language Adam, after learning that Eve had plucked the forbidden fruit, says to her:

"If Death
Consort with thee, Death is to me as Life."—*Paradise Lost*.

So, too, in the beautiful episode of the *Mahābhārata*, the tale of Nala and Damayanti, when Nala proposes that his wife should leave him to his fate in the forest, and return to her parents, Damayanti replies (Dean Milman's graceful translation) :

" Truly all my heart is breaking, and my sinking members fail,
 When, O King, thy desperate counsel once I think on, once again.
 Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches, naked, worn with thirst and hunger,
 Shall I leave thee in a forest, shall I wander from thee far?
 When thou, sad and famine-stricken, thinkest of thy former bliss,
 In the wild wood, O my husband, I will soothe thy weariness.
 Like a wife is no physician ; in a state so sad as thine,
 Medicine none is like her kindness—Nala, speak I not the truth ? "

And in the tale of Dushmanta and Sakuntala, which is the subject of a fine drama by Kalidasa, who has been styled the Shakspere of India (another episode in the *Mahābhārata*), we are told that "she is a true wife whose heart is devoted to her lord. The wife is man's half. The wife is the first of friends. They that have wives have the means of being cheerful. They that have wives can achieve good fortune. Sweet-speeched wives are as friends on occasions of joy. They are as mothers in hours of sickness and woe."—Sentiments such as these are very seldom found in the writings of Muslims.

NOTE.

Two English versions of the Tale of Griselda will be found reprinted in vol. iii. of the Percy Society publications. One is a prose tract entitled : "The Ancient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisel, a Poore Mans Daughter in France : shewing how Maides by her Example, in their Good Behaviour, may marrie Rich Husbandes ; and likewise Wives by their Patience and Obedience may gain much Glorie. Written first in French" &c. London, 1619 ; the other is in ballad form and entitled : "The Pleasant and Sweet History of Patient Grissell, shewing how she, from a Poore Mans Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a Patterne to all Vertuous Women. Translated out of Italian." London, n. d. The editor considers that both are at least as old as 1590, and they "are in truth vernacular productions, the incidents only being derived either from one language or from the other." But I think the prose version bears unmistakable evidence of having been to a considerable extent translated from the French version of which an abstract is given in the foregoing paper.

GLASGOW, *March, 1838.*

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

"*Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans*," pp. 385-387.—M. Galland was accused by scholars of having himself invented a number of the tales in his *Mille et une Nuits*, because they were not to be found in any of the known Arabic texts of the *Elf Layla wa Layla*, or Thousand and one Nights; but M. Hermann Zotenberg has lately shown that the substance of them was communicated to the illustrious Frenchman by a Maronite of Aleppo, while on a visit to Paris. Another eminent French orientalist, M. Petis de la Croix (1645-1713), is commonly believed to have translated his *Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans* direct from a Turkish story-book entitled *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*,¹ or Joy after Distress; and I am confident that his integrity in this respect will yet be as clearly vindicated. To Chaucer students this question can possess little interest, except such as may attach to the version of "The Innocent Persecuted Wife" found in that work of P. de la Croix, of which an abstract is given, *ante*, in pp. 388-390; but pending the results of an investigation, now in progress, as to the source whence the tales in *Les Mille et un Jours* were derived, I take this opportunity of placing on record all that has been as yet ascertained.

(1) The work entitled *Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans* was first published, as a translation, by Petis de la Croix, at Paris, in five small vols., 1710-1712. It was reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, tomes xiv. and xv., Geneva and Paris, 1786. The following is from the "Avertissement" prefixed to the 14th vol. of the *Cabinet des Fées*: "Nous devons ces Contes au célèbre Dervis Moclès [i. e. Mukhlis], que la Perse met au nombre de ses grands personnages. Il étoit chef des Sofis d'Ispahan, et il avoit douze disciples, qui portoient de longues robes de laine blanche. Les grands et le peuple avoient pour lui une vénération singulière, à cause qu'il étoit de la race de Mahomet; et ils le craignoient, parce qu'il passoit pour un savant cabaliste. Le roi Schah-Soliman même le respectoit à un point, que si par hasard il le rencontroit sur son passage, ce prince descendoit aussitôt de cheval, et lui alloit baiser les étriers.² Moclès étant encore fort jeune, s'avisa de traduire en Persan des comédies Indiennes, qui ont été traduites en toutes les langues orientales, et dont on voit à la bibliothèque du roi une traduction Turque, sous le titre de *Alfaraga Badal-Schidda*, ce qui signifie la joie après l'affliction. Mais

¹ This Turkish story-book is wholly different from the Persian work, derived from an Arabic collection bearing the same title, of which a brief description is given in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii., p. 750, and which comprises nearly 300 short stories and anecdotes, mostly of the times of the early Khalifs.

² European monarchs used to assist church dignitaries to mount and alight from their horses or mules, the poor priest-ridden creatures!—not the mules and horses, but the monarchs, I mean.

le traducteur Persan, pour donner à son ouvrage un air original, mit ces comédies en Contes, qu'il appela *Hezaryek-Rouz*, c'est-à-dire, Mille et un Jour [*sic*]. Il confia son manuscrit au sieur Pétis de la Croix, qui étoit en liaison d'amitié avec lui à Ispahan en 1675, et même il lui permit d'en prendre une copie."

The passage, in the foregoing extract, in which Mukhlis the darvesh is said to have adapted the tales from "comédies Indiennes, qui ont été traduites en toutes les langues orientales," including the Turkish, under the title of *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*, is rather ambiguous. Probably the meaning is, not that the so-called Indian comedies, but the Persian Tales of Mukhlis, have been translated into several Eastern languages. The statement of the Ispahání darvesh to Petis de la Croix, that he took his tales from Indian sources, may be fairly considered as a pure fiction. Persian authors often pretend that they have obtained their materials from learned Bráhmans, when they actually took them out of the Arabic; though several Persian works of fiction have certainly been translated direct from the Sanskrit, such as the romance of Kamálata and Kámarupa.

In the "Avertissement du Traducteur" prefixed to the second vol. of *Les Mille et un Jours* as reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, t. xv., we find the Persian author and his work referred to as follows: "Comme Dervis Moclès s'est sans doute proposé de rendre son Ouvrage aussi utile qu'agréable aux Musulmans, il a rempli la plupart de ses Contes de faux Miracles de Mahomet, ainsi qu'on le peut voir dans quelques-uns de ce Volume; mais je n'ai pas voulu traduire les autres, de peur d'ennuyer le Lecteur. Il y a des Contes encore qui sont si licencieux, que la bienséance ne m'a pas permis d'en donner la traduction. Si les Mœurs des Orientaux peuvent les souffrir, la pureté des nôtres ne sauroit s'en accommoder." He adds: "J'ai donc été obligé de faire quelque dérangement pour l'Original, pour suivre toujours la même liaison des Contes. On passe tout d'un coup du 203^e Jour au 960^e. Mais ce passage se fait de manière qu'il ne sera senti que de ceux qui s'amuseront à compter les Jours. Pour les autres Lecteurs, ils ne s'en appercevront pas, et ils liront le Livre entier sans faire réflexion que les Mille et un Jour [*sic*] n'y sont pas tous employés."

(2) There are, I understand, seven MS. copies of the Turkish collection, *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda*, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. M. E. Fagnan, lately of that Library and now professor in the Ecole des Lettres, Algiers, has kindly furnished me with the titles of the 42 tales contained in one of these—No. 377, *anc. fonds*—which he thinks was written about the end of the 9th century of the Hijra (say, A.D. 1480), of which at least one-fourth are also found in *Les Mille et un Jours*; the 30th tale being similar to the story of Repsima, of which I have given an epitome, *ante*, p. 388 ff.; and that Petis de la Croix did not take this story from the Turkish book seems evident from the circumstance that in the latter the name of the heroine is not Repsima but Aruiya, which is also her name in the same story found in a collection, without a title, written probably about the beginning of the 17th century, described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum*, vol. ii. p. 759, second col. (Or. 237), and p. 760, where it is entitled "The Arab, his wife Aruiya, and his brother."¹

¹ Possibly this MS., which has several of the tales in Petis' work, is similar to that referred to by Sir William Ouseley in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 21, note: "On the

(3) The only ground, apparently, for supposing Petis de la Croix to have taken the tales of the *Mille et un Jours* from the Turkish story-book *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda* are: (1) That the transcript which he is said to have made of the Persian text while in Ispahán has never been discovered; and (2) that they are found in the Turkish collection. And the charge of imposition on the part of the learned Frenchman would seem to be strongly supported by the existence of a copy of the Turkish book dating more than two hundred years before the time when he is said to have obtained the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz* from the author himself. But it would be utterly absurd to suppose for a moment that the Persian work was derived from the Turkish: all the story-books in the Turkish language are translations from the Arabic or Persian. The tales in *Al Faraj*, &c., like those in the Persian MS. without title, by Hubbí, above referred to, are not connected by a leading or frame-story, as is the case of those in the *Mille et un Jours*, while the sequence of the tales is different in all the three. It is possible that the Ispahání darvesh adapted his tales from some Arabic or an older Persian collection, and inserted them in a frame-story, after the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, the title of which he also imitated.¹

Whatever may have become of Petis de la Croix' transcript of the *Hezár ú Yek Rúz*, several of his tales are found in Persian; his work did not appear till some years after the publication of his *Contes Turcs* (1708), a portion of the *Qirq Vezir Tárikhi* (History of the Forty Vazirs), so what possible object could he have had in issuing a translation of another Turkish collection as "Persian Tales"?

Galland informs us in the "Avertissement" to the 9th vol. of his *Mille et une Nuits*, that the tales of "Prince Zayn al-Asnám and the King of the Genii" and "Codadad (Khudádád) and his Brothers" were inserted in the preceding vol. without his knowledge; and M. Zotenberg, in his interesting essay, "Sur quelques Manuscrits des Mille et une Nuits et de la traduction de Galland," prefixed to an Arabic text of the well-known tale of "Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp" (Paris, 1888), says that these two stories were translated by Petis de la Croix from the Turkish, and were intended to appear in his *Mille et un Jours*. They are certainly found in the Turkish *Al-Faraj*, &c. But M. Zotenberg is apparently not aware that the story of Zayn al-Asnám also occurs in the Persian collection without a title, by Hubbí, described in Dr. Rieu's

same plan as these Tales [*i. e.* the *Arabian Nights*] a Persian author composed the *Hazár ú Yek Rúz*, or Thousand and one Days, a collection of entertaining stories, of which Petis de la Croix published a French translation, sufficiently accurate, though differing in some proper names from my manuscript containing part of the original work. Thus the fair Repsima of *Les Mille et un Jours* (jour 95^s) is styled Aruiāh in my copy, and her husband goes to Misr, or Egypt, not to the 'côte des Indes,' as in the printed translation."—In the work of Petis de la Croix, however, the name of Aruiya is that of the heroine of another tale ("Histoire de la belle Arouya"), in which she cleverly entraps three city dignitaries who wooed her to unholy love.

¹ I have before remarked (p. 386) that a tale somewhat similar to the frame of the *Mille et un Jours* is found in the Persian *Tuti Nāma*, which may have been imitated by Mukhlis. There is a Telúgú collection, written on palm-leaves, entitled *Kayúrābahu Charitra*, now in the Government Library, Madras, which seems formed on the same plan. It is thus described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie MSS., vol. i., p. 328: "Story of the marriage of Kayúrābahu with Mrīgānkavati, daughter of the king of Lāta, or L'r. In order to induce the prince to seek her hand, the minister, Bhāgurāyana, repeats a number of apologues and tales, which constitute the composition."

Catalogue, where it is the 12th tale, and is entitled "Zayd al-Ihtishâm, the King of the Jinns, and the slave Mubarak"; and it may be assumed that both the tales in question were in the Persian text translated by P. de la Croix. But M. Fagnan will probably ere long clear up all this mystery, and, as I believe, at the same time show that the learned French orientalist, like Galland, has been most unjustly accused of literary fraud.

The Enchanted Tree, p. 348, 351, 353.—There is a characteristic version of this story in the *Masnavi*—of which great work Mr. E. H. Whinfield has recently published a very useful epitome—by Jelâl ad-Dîn Rûmî, the celebrated Sûfi, or Muslim mystic, and founder of the sect known as the Dancing Darveshes, who was born, in Balkh, A.D. 1207, and died, at Qonya (the ancient Iconium), A.D. 1273. As in all the European versions, it is a pear-tree which the woman climbs up, and when at the top she pretends that she sees her husband act the part of a catamite with a vile sodomite. He replies: "Come down at once! Your head is dizzy—you are stark mad!" When she has come down, her husband climbs the tree, and she at once clasps her gallant to her breast. The husband cries out: "O vile harlot!" and so on. Quoth the woman: "No one is here but myself. You are mad—why do you talk so foolishly?" He continues upbraiding her, and she answers: "It is all owing to this pear-tree. When I was at the top of it I was deluded just as you are. Come down at once, and see for yourself that no one is here."—In his notice of this story, Mr. Whinfield has modestly omitted the woman's accusing her husband of pederasty, the unnatural vice to which Persians and Turks, and indeed Asiatics generally, are said to be much addicted.

A tale somewhat resembling that of the Third "Veda"—*ante*, p. 347—occurs in an Urdû book of stories turning on the deceits of women, entitled *Nauratan*, or the Nine Jewels, described by Captain R. C. Temple in a valuable paper on the Bibliography of Indian Folklore, in the *Folklore Journal* for 1886, p. 285: A man had a chaste wife, over whom he kept strict watch, despite her remonstrances, so she played a trick on him by way of retaliation. She pretended to be very ill, and declared that no one could prescribe for her complaint but her old nurse, who was sent for at once, and between the two a plan was concocted to "pay off" the husband for his causeless jealousy. Nothing could cure her, they said, but a jar of magic (*jâdi kâ matkâ*), which the husband must bring overnight and take away next morning to a place which the nurse would point out. The man paid 500 rupis for the jar of magic, and brought it home as ordered, though it was very heavy—and no wonder, for it contained a young man, who remained with the lady all night. In the morning, while it was still dark, the husband carried off the jar of "magic," but on the road he stumbled and tipped the young man out, breaking the jar, whereupon he got a good thrashing. Returning home, he was delighted to find his wife perfectly cured, and afterwards left her in peace, and never did he know what had happened to him.—This is just the sort of tale which the old Italian novelists would have delighted to recount, had it been known to them.

The Robbers and the Treasure-Trove, p. 418 ff.—Through the Arabs this story was doubtless introduced into Barbary. Under the

title of "Les Trois Voleurs" M. René Basset gives it in his *Contes Populaires Berbères* (Paris, 1887), the only variation from the Arabian version being that instead of three men finding a lump of gold, three robbers kill a traveller and take his money, as in the version from Westfalia, cited in p. 434.

Changing Earth into Gold, p. 425, l. 2, and *note*.—In an Indian story-book, described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie Oriental MSS., "a poor Jangam having solicited alms of Kinnarājā, one of Bāsava's chief disciples, the latter touched the stones about him with his staff, and converting them into gold, bade the Jangam help himself." And in Dr. R. Mitra's *Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepāl*, p. 100, we have another instance: "When Dhar-masrī was very young, Dīpankura, who was passing by, asked to be given what he could afford with good will. He gave a handful of dust, which was instantly changed into gold."—The spittle of St. Helena is said to have possessed the virtue of turning earth into the same precious metal: Christian as well as Muslim hagiology owes much to Buddhist legends.

The Tell-Tale Bird, p. 442 ff.—A different form of this story was also current in Europe during mediæval times. It is thus told in ch. xvi. of *The Book of the Knight de La Tour Landry*, compiled for the instruction of his daughters; one of the publications of the Early English Text Society:

"Ther was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde telle talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbonde made keepe a gret ele in a litelle ponde in his gardin, to that entent to yeue¹ it [to] sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyff, whanever her husbonde was oute, saide to her maide, 'Late us ete the gret ele, and y wille saie to my husbond that the otour hathe eten hym;' and so it was done. And whan the good man was come, the pye began to telle hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode² to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wiff wher the ele was become. And she wende³ to haue excused her, but he said her, 'Excuse you not, for y wote welle ye haue eten yt, for the pye hathe told me.' And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and his wiff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistress and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of alle the fedres on the pyes hede, saieing, 'Thou hast discouered us of the ele'; and thus was the pore pye plucked. But euer after, whanne the pie sawe a balled or a pilld man, or a woman with an highe forhede, the pie saide to him, 'Ye spake of the ele.'—And therfor here is an ensauple that no woman shulde ete no lycorous morcelles in the absens and without weting⁴ of her husbond, but yef⁵ it so were that it be with folk of worshippe, to make hem⁶ chere; for this woman was afterwards mocked for the pye and the ele."

In the *Masnavi* of Jelāl ad-Dīn, Book First, we are told that a parrot kept by a grocer chanced to overturn a jar full of oil, and the man, enraged at the loss of so much of his valuable stock-in-trade, struck the unlucky bird and knocked out all its head-feathers. For a long time after this the parrot sulked on its perch, and the oil-man regretted his severity towards it, sorely missing the bird's prattle, which had amused

¹ Yeue, Give. ² Yode, Went. ³ Wende = ? hoped.

⁴ Weting, knowledge; cognisance. ⁵ But yef, unless. ⁶ Hem, them.

both himself and his customers. One day, however, the parrot began to speak again. Seeing an old bald-headed darvesh stop at the shop and ask alms, the bird called out to him: "Have you also upset an oil-jar?"—This story found its way into Italy in the 15th century, when it assumed this form: A parrot belonging to Count Fiesco was discovered one day stealing some roast meat from the kitchen. The cook, full of rage, ran after the bird with a kettle of boiling water, which he threw at it, completely scalding off all the feathers from its head. Some time afterwards, while Count Fiesco was engaged in conversation with an abbot, the parrot, observing the shaven crown of his reverence, hopped up to him and asked: "What! do *you* like roast meat too?"¹—A parallel to the old English version in the Knight's "Book" is found in the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles' *Folk-Tales of Kashmír*, a recent addition to Messrs. Trübner's "Oriental Series."

The Knight and the Loathly Lady, p. 483 ff.—The inventive power of dramatists seems to be very limited. Even at the present day a French play has been based upon the Wife of Bath's Tale, as will be seen from the following paragraph which appeared in a recent issue of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"M. Claretie (a Paris correspondent says) has had a really happy thought in asking M. Theodore de Banville to read his one-act piece, 'Le Baiser,' to the committee of the Comedie Francaise. A few weeks ago the correspondent gave an account of a company of amateurs who devote their talents exclusively to the interpretation of hitherto unperformed dramatic works. 'Le Baiser' was the chief attraction of the last of the soirees given by M. Antoine, the chief actor and director of the troupe: Pierrot is about to enjoy his mid-day meal in solitude when there appears an old woman, on whom he takes pity, and she requites him for his kindness by asking him for a kiss. Her appearance is not tempting, but Pierrot accedes to her request, whereupon the old crone straightway regains her lost youth and beauty. She had been condemned to grow old on earth until the kiss of a young man should restore her to her place among her sister-spirits. Pierrot, Pygmalion-like, of course falls in love with the beauty which he has evoked into new life, but the fairy turns a deaf ear to his supplications; and when she hears the voices of her companions calling to her in the clouds she spreads her wings and is lost to view."

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Why did M. Claretie not make the fairy bestow some reward on the gallant youth who had the hardihood to kiss her shrivelled lips, and thereby restore her to her original form? In a folk-tale she would assuredly have bestowed on her deliverer a supernatural gift, or gifts—for the fairies of popular fictions are never ungrateful for services rendered them, but repay their benefactors most liberally. The dramatic effect of the fairy's ascent to the clouds is doubtless very fine—but I cannot help sympathising with poor Pierrot!

The nursery tale of "The Frog Prince" has been already mentioned as analogous to the Wife of Bath's Tale (p. 522), and I may as well reproduce here a curious Scotch version, partly in recitative and partly

¹ For an English variant, see Memoir of Rev. R. H. Barham, prefixed to 3rd Series of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, 1855, pp. 131–133.

in verse, given by Robert Chambers in his collection of Scottish Songs; an old Annandale nurse being the story-teller :

“A poor widow, you see, was once baking bannocks; and she sent her daughter to the well at the world’s end, with a wooden dish, to bring water. When the lassie cam to the well, she fand it dry; but there was a padda [*i. e.* a frog] that cam loup-loup-loupin, and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie, ‘I’ll gie ye plenty o’ water, if ye’ll be my wife.’ The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad tak him, just to get the water; and, ye ken, she never thought that the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say ony mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother; and she heard nae mair o’ the padda till that night, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o’ the door, singing wi’ a’ his micht:

‘O open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
O open the door, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

Says the mother, ‘What noise is that at the door, daughter?’—‘Hout!’ says the lassie, ‘it’s naething but a filthy padda.’—‘Open the door,’ says the mother, ‘to the puir padda.’ Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda cam loup-loup-loupin in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then out sings he:

‘O gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
O gie me my supper, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo’ the daughter, ‘wad I gie a supper to a filthy padda?’—‘Ou, ay,’ quo’ the mother, ‘gie the puir padda his supper.’ Sae the padda got his supper. After that out he sings again:

‘O put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O put me to bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo’ the daughter, ‘wad I put a filthy padda to bed?’—‘Ou, ay,’ says the mother, ‘put the puir padda to his bed.’ And sae she put the padda to his bed. Then out he sang again (for the padda hadna got a’ he wanted yet):

‘O come to your bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O come to your bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Hout!’ quo’ the dochter, ‘wad I gang to bed wi’ a filthy padda?’—‘Gae’wa, lassie,’ says the mother; ‘e’en gang to bed wi’ the puir padda.’ And sae the lassie *did* gang to bed wi’ the padda. Weel, what wad ye think? He’s no content yet; but out he sings again:

‘Come, tak me to your bosom, my hinnie, my heart,
Come, tak me to your bosom, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

‘Lord have a care o’ us!’ says the lassie, ‘wad I tak a filthy padda to my bosom, dae ye think?’ ‘Ou, ay,’ quo’ the mother, ‘just be doing

your gudeman's biddin, and tak him to your bosom.' Sae the lassie *did* tak the padda to her bosom. After that he sings out:

'Now fetch me an aix, my hinnie, my heart,
Now fetch me an aix, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

She brought the axe in a minute, and he sang again:

'Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,
Now chap aff my head, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

I'se warrant she wasna lang o' obeying him in this request! For, ye ken, what kind o' a gudeman was a bit padda likely to be? But, lock-an-daisie, what d' ye think? She hadna weel chappit aff his head, as he askt her to do, before he starts up, the bonniest prince that ever was seen. And, of course, they lived happy a' the rest o' their days."

In the German version (Grimm's collection) a princess accidentally drops her golden ball into a well, and a frog puts up his head and offers to restore it to her on condition that she'll love him, let him live with her, eat off a golden plate, and sleep on her couch. She promises to do all the frog requires, in order to get back her golden ball. At night the frog comes to her door and chants:

'Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door, to thy own true love here!
And mind the words that you and I said
By the fountain cool in the greensward shade!'

She opens the door, and after the frog has supped off a golden dish, he sleeps on her couch till morning, when he goes away. This happens three nights in succession, but when the princess awakes on the third morning, she is astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome young prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and standing at the head of her bed. He then explains how he had been enchanted by a spiteful fairy, and so on.

The close affinity which these Scotch and German tales bear to that of the Wife of Bath, and more especially to our first Icelandic and the Gaelic versions, to the Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnall, and to the ballad of King Henrie, is very evident; and the nursery form of the story may have been adapted from a more complex version, in which the grand question of "What do women most desire?" is not quite suitable for the little ones.

In another of Grimm's *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, entitled "Der Goldene Vogel," and called in one of our English translations "The Fox's Brush," three brothers set out, in succession, in quest of a golden bird for their father. The two elder ill-use an old fox they meet on their way, and are consequently unsuccessful; but the youngest (usually the favourite of Fortune in fairy tales) is kind towards the fox, who, in reward, carries him to the place and instructs him how to obtain the object of his search; and the adventurous youth not only brings home the Golden Bird, but a beauteous princess as his bride. "After the marriage, he went one day to walk in the wood, and there the old fox met him once more, and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to be so kind as to cut off his head and his brush. At last he did so, though sorely against his will; and in the same moment the fox was changed

into a prince, and the princess knew him to be her own brother, who had been lost a great many years, for a spiteful fairy had enchanted him with a spell that could only be broken by some one getting the Golden Bird and some one cutting off his head and brush."—The same story, under the title of "The Golden Bird," is found in the second series of Sir G. W. Dasent's Norse tales, called, not very aptly, *Tales from the Fjeld*. And there is one very similar in the Wortley Montagu MS. Arabic text of the *Thousand and One Nights*, preserved in the Bodleian Library—I think it is told of the Sultan of Yemen's Three Sons.—Not farther to multiply instances, I may mention that in the mediæval romance of *Cleriadus*, the hero, among other exploits, subdues a lion that had ravaged all England, but turns out to be a gallant knight, metamorphosed by the malevolence of a fairy.

The Patient Griselda, p. 528 ff.—Dutiful, obedient, submissive *husbands* are not usually held up, either in fiction or in real life, as models for imitation: on the contrary, they are the subjects of ridicule and infinite jest. Whether it be true, according to the old saw, that "he who has a wife has a *master*," I cannot say, for—

"I'm a plain man, and in a single station!"

But I strongly suspect that there exist—and have always existed—at least amongst ourselves, far more "gray mares" than Griseldas. And in these double-distilled days, when we hear so much about "Woman's Rights," I can readily conceive the utterly contemptuous feelings of one of the "Shrieking Sisterhood" (not to put too fine a point upon it) while reading the tale of the peasant girl who became the lawful wife of a prince, and submitted to the removal of her children—their very destruction, as she believed—and to be degraded from her high estate, without a murmur of remonstrance—"the poor, spiritless creature!" methinks I hear some "strong-minded female" exclaim: "Why, she did not deserve to have her children restored to her and to be reinstated in the palace!"

In fairy romances there are many instances of *male* Griseldas; for it is common, when a man is to be united to a supernatural being of the other sex, for the latter to impose upon him, as the condition of their union, unquestioning submission to whatsoever she may please to do or say. One example will suffice, especially as it presents some resemblance to the Tale of Griselda, as regards her children. It is the second tale of *Les Mille et un Jours* (concerning which work I have told all I know in a preceding note), and is entitled "Histoire du Roi Ruzvânschâd et de la Princess Cheheristani"; and it is also found in the Turkish story-book, *Al-Faraj*, &c., No. 4, under the title of the "Story of Ridzvânschâd, the Chinaman, and the Sheristâni Lady"; and also in the Persian collection, without title, written by Hubbi, preserved in the Brit. Mus., No. 15, "Ruzvânschâh and the Daughter of the Peris." In this tale, King Ruzvânschâd, of China, falls deeply in love with a surpassingly beautiful damsel, who proves to be Sheheristâni, daughter of the King of the Genii; and after numerous adventures he is finally married to the charmer—"the torment of the world," to employ the regulation Eastern phrase—on this condition: He must blindly comply with her in all things. Should she do aught that may seem strange or be displeasing to him, he must be careful not to blame or reprove her for it. Quoth he:

"So far from blaming any of your actions, my beloved, I swear to approve of them all"; and so they settled down to the duties of wedded life. In the fulness of time the lady gives birth to a son, beautiful as, &c. &c. &c. Ruzvánshád was engaged in the chase when the joyful news was brought to him, and "he returned with all speed to the palace to see the child, which at the time the mother held in her arms near a great fire. He took the little prince, and after having kissed him very gently, for fear of hurting him, he returned him to the queen, and she immediately cast him into the fire; when on the instant the fire and the new-born infant disappeared. This wonderful occurrence troubled the king not a little. But how great soever his grief might be for the loss of his son, he bore in mind the promise he had given to the queen. He indulged his sorrows in silence and retired to his closet, where he wept, saying: 'Am I not very wretched? Heaven grants me a son. I see him thrown into the flames?'" and so on, and so on. Within the following year a daughter is born (whose beauty, of course, neither tongue nor pen could describe), and the queen delivers it to the tender mercies of a great white she-dog, who vanished with the royal baby. Still poor King Ruzvánshád said nothing—he suffered in silence. In course of time his territories were invaded by the Moguls, and he bravely went forth at the head of his army to repel the insolent foe. Sheheristání appears unexpectedly, accompanied by her fairy attendants, whom she causes to destroy all the food which has been brought to the camp. *This* proved more than her hitherto submissive spouse could endure, and he demanded to know why she had thus exposed his entire army to certain starvation. And now the beauteous Sheheristání condescends to explain her former conduct with regard to the children. "The great fire," said she, "was really a wise salamander, to whom I entrusted the education of the young prince. The white she-dog was a fairy who has instructed the princess in all accomplishments." Then she ordered the children to be brought to her, and the king on beholding their grace and beauty was quite ravished. He presently finds, however, that the most severe affliction is in store for him. The queen proceeds to explain that she caused the food to be destroyed because it had been poisoned by the chief of the commissariat, who had been bribed to do so by the enemy. "And now," says she, "I must take away our children and leave you for ever; since you have broken our compact by questioning one of my actions"; and before the poor king could say "Jack Robinson," the charming Sheheristání and the children vanished! After some time, however, they were all reunited, and lived long and happily.—And may such also be the lot of all who read this *true story*!

W. A. C.

GLASGOW, May, 1888.

* * *

CHAUCER'S "SQUIRE'S TALE."

I may here mention that I am engaged in collecting materials for an Essay on the 'Squire's Tale,' as an Introduction to John Lane's 'Continuation,' which has already been issued to Members.

W. A. C.





APPENDIX.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.¹

[*Shirley's vellum MS. Harl. 7333, leaf 30, back.*]

¶ Here next folowith a LiteH Tretys by Wey of
compleint Ageins Fortune.

F ortune alas · alas what haue I gylt	The playntif	1
In prison thus to lye here desolate		
Art thou the better to haue thus yspylt.		
Nay nay god wote . but for þou wilt debate		4
With euery wight . eiper erly or late		
And art chaungeable eke as is the mone		
From wele to woo thou bringest a man ful . sone.		7
For like a whele that turnyth ay aboute		8
Now vp now down . now est west north & south		
So farist thou now . þou drivest ynne & oute		
As don the wedris oute of the wyndis mouth		11
In the no trust is secher ² / thou art so selcouth	[² or en]	
And canst neuer stih where abide.		
When men wene sekir to be . þou makest hem slide		14

¹ This was sent by accident to the printer, and set. So it's just put here to get rid of it, as more or less an illustration of Chaucer's *Fortune*.

¶ I wote ful wele both lordis prince and kyng 15
 Thou hast or this welewors I-ouerthrowe.
 Thi condicion is euer so varying
 That now þou laughist . & now þou makist a mowe 18
 Alas fortune who may the trust or trowe
 But yit I pray . that in somme manere wise
 So turne thi whele . þat I may yit arise. 21

¶ Why nad I rather died an Innocent/ 22
 Or seke in bed ful ofte whan I haue layn
 Than had my name be paired not ne shent
 Better hit had be so . þan thus to haue me slayn 25
 But what to stryve with the it may not geyn
 And yit thou wotest/ I suffre and shame.
 For þat / that I god wote am not to blame. 28

¶ But whō a long hit were . wold I wete 29
 That wrongfully I lye thus in prison
 Saturnus or Mars . I trow I may hit wyte
 Or some infortunate constellacion 32
 But this I wote as for conclusion
 Be it by destynny or fortunece chaunce
 In prison here I suffre moche myschaunce. 35

Peas of thi wordis þat are both lewid & nyce Fortune 36
 Wenest thou . þat god chastith þe for nought
 Though þou be giltles I graunt wele of this vyce
 Hit is for synnes þat thou hast forwrought 39
 ¶ That now perauntre full litleH are in thi thought ~[col. 2]
 Therefore be glad . for hit is writen thus
 Maxima etemin morum semper paciencia virtus 42

¶ Thow wotest wele eke god chastiseth whom he lovith 43
 That of his grace þe graunt be oon of thoo
 Eke who þat wiþ be saued hym behovith
 Suffre in this world aduersite or he go. 46
 Thus fortune grace wyne for present woo.
 The best conceyt eke I can yeve the.
 Esto forti Animo cum sis dampnatus unquam. 49

¶ Fare wele fortune þan & do right as þe liste 50
 Complayne wiþ I now . to the Sustres thre.
 That whan I crope oute of my modirs cheste
 Forthwith anon thei shope my desteney 53
 Cloto come forth . what seist thou let se
 Wilt thou no lenger þe stace of my lif holde
 Or be my yeris come vp . dey I shulde 56

¶ If it be so the nombre of my daies 57
 Be comen vp . that I may not hem pace
 Why nadde I than by othir maner weyes
 Ordeyned me to dye . in othir place 60
 And not in prison / is there non othir grace
 Wille . lachesis my threde no lenger twyne
 Be-ster the than & aþ my sorow fyne. 63

¶ And Antrapos þat makis an ende of aþ 64
 Cut of the threde . wherto wilt þou tarye
 And help me hens sith I nedis. shaþ
 That men to Chirch my corps myght carye 67
 And my soule to god & seint mary
 I now be-take / and pray hem yeve me space
 My rightes . Aþ to receiue or I pace. 70

- ¶ The worste of' Aȝ / that grevith me so sore 71
Is that my fame is lost & aȝ my good los
And spredith wyde euer lengere the more
As wele amonge my frendis as my foos 74
For wykked sclaundre . wiȝ in no wise be close.
But *with* the wenges of' envy fleth a lofte
There as good los slepith fuȝ stiȝ and softe. 77
- ¶ Whan I was fre . and in bounchief at ese 78
In company ouer aȝ where I went
No man seid þan . þat I did hem displese
Ne worthie was no thing to be shent' 81
And thus *with* faire wordis was I blent
And he þat seid wold me neuer faile.
I myȝht for him synke or saile. 84
- ¶ Thei wold me onys not yeve a draught of' drynke 85
Ne say ffrend . Wilt þou aught *with* me.
The soȝh is said . such frendship sone doȝh synke
That from his frend fleeth in aduersite 88
And wiȝ not bid / but in prosperite
Suche fayned frendis lord þere be fuȝ many
Fy on her flatteryng / þai are not worth a peny. 91
- ¶ I haue no ffrende þat wiȝ me now visite 92
In prison here to comfort me . of' care
Of sorow y-now I haue . of' ioy but lite.
Fare wele my blys . & aȝ my welfare 95
To telle my sorowe / my wittes be aȝ bare.
There is no man can telȝ my heuynesse.
Saue oonly . Ekko / that can bere me witnesse. 98

- ¶ Now & oure lord / þe kyng of blis Thesus 99
 Shuld with his fynger here on erth write.
 Amonges hem that me accusen thus [leaf 31, col. 1]
 I trow thei wold on me haue liteH dispite 102
 And with her mouthis say but right alite
 Nomore þan ded þe men) . þat soughten wreche
 Vpon the woman) . þat take was in spouce breche. 105
- ¶ Fy on this world it is but fantesye 106
 Seurete is non . in no degre ne state
 Aswele a kyng as a knafe shal dye
 Not wetyng where ne whan erly or late 109
 When men be meriest . alday deth seith chek mate
 There is no man shaH here alway abide
 The richest man eke / from his good shal slide. 112
- ¶ Then best is þus / þe world to set at nought 113
 And mekely suffre aH aduersite.
 That may vs vaile of synnes we haue wrought
 In mede encresyng or relesyng parde. 116
 Of peynes which in purgatory be
 And so wille I be glad . so god me save
 To suffre men me wrongfully deprave 119
- ¶ Ther is nomore I se now at eize 120
 þes fayned goddis & goddesse . vaile right nought
 Fortune & eke thi Sustresse I defie
 For I wiH go to him . þat me hath bought 123
 To whom I pray and euer haue be-sought
 My synnes aH / þat he wold relese.
 And furthermore yit pray I or I cesse. 126

¶ AH holy Chirche þat is þi veray spouse	127
Benigne lorde kepe from aȝ damage	
And make thi people to be vertuouse.	
The for to <i>serue</i> in euery maner age	130
With fervent loue & hertes hool corage	
And alle þat erre ; oo lord in any side	
Or þou do right/ let mercy be her guyde	133
¶ And stedfastly þou make vs to perceyver	134
In veray feith & hooly Chirche beleve	
And vs to blys bryng þat lastith euer	
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And of this world when we take oure leve.	
Or þat the fende oure soulys þan betrappe	
Helpe blisful quene. & couer vs with thi lappe.	140
¶ Lette not be spilt . þat thi sone dere bought	141
Vpon þe crosse with deth and woundis smert/.	
And namely hym þat his synnes forthought	
Here in þis lyf . with meke & contrite hert/.	144
And þe of grace . to aske ay vpstert/.	
Now lady swete I can nomore now say	
But rew on me . and helpe me when I dey	147

¶ Explicit le compleint Agein Fortune./



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